FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Oui

AUGUST 1978 $2.00

A BORING INTERVIEW WITH PETER FRAMPTON

TWO GIRLS AT A SEXY PHOTO SESSION

AN UNBLEEPED LOOK AT THE GONG SHOW

CONFESSIONS OF A FEMALE SPORTSCASTER

THE CURIOUS MYSTIQUE OF THE PORSCHE

MEET COVER GIRL VANESSA ON PAGE 60

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD UNDRESSED

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More and more smokers prefer the mellow flavor, cooling menthol, and total satisfaction.

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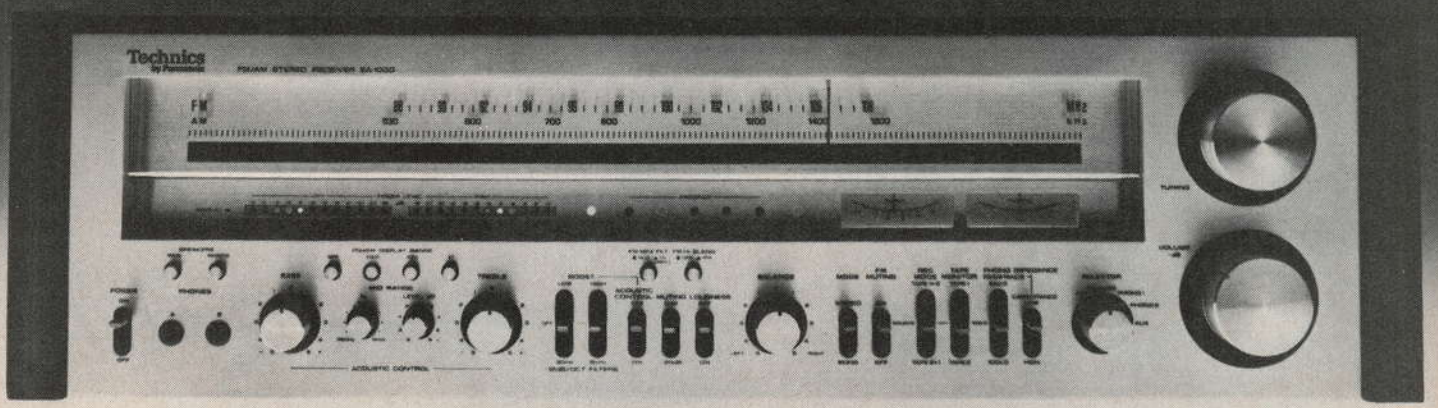

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VOLUME 7 NUMBER 8

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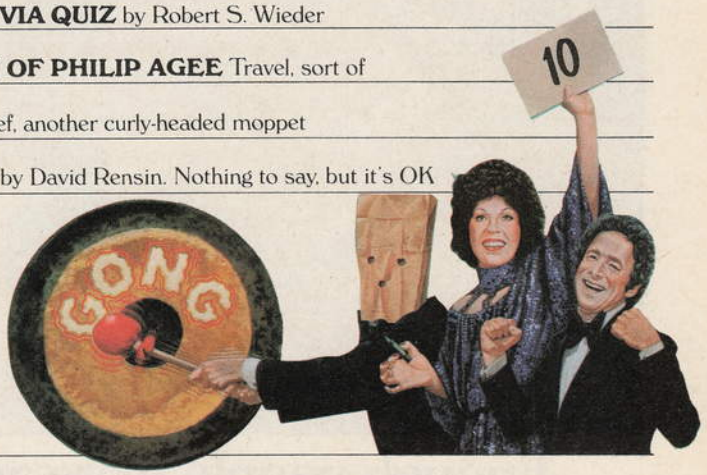

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Enough people were arrested for marijuana in 1977 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota. Don't you think it's time we stopped?

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COVER: 22-year-old Vanessa Francis, a recent transplant to Southern California, makes her modeling debut in this issue of OUI. "I'm a very private person," says Vanessa. "No one has ever taken a nude photo of me before." Speaking of firsts, she confides her favorite sexual fantasy is "seducing a 16-year-old virgin schoolboy." Vanessa, where were you when we needed you?

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

To this day, Cutty Sark is distilled, blended, and bottled in Scotland, using the water of Loch Katrine. This results in a Scots Whisky of uncommon smoothness which is worth every penny you pay for it.

To recognise genuine Scots Whisky, you need look no further than the very top of the label on a bottle of Cutty Sark.

It spells out exactly what you're getting right there in black and yellow.

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In 1947, it was the MG-TC.
In 1953, it was the Corvette.
In 1970, it was the 240-Z.
This year it's the Mazda RX-7.

Now it's your turn.

Imagine owning one of those classics when it first came out. Clipping daisies with the knock-off on an MG-TC. Watching heads turn as you eased down the street in a new '53 Corvette. Catching the next gear, 6,500 on the tach, and another car all at once in a 240-Z. It was something you'd remember for the rest of your life.

Maybe you thought you'd missed out. But now you've got one more chance.

Now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7. Now it's your turn.

But the RX-7 is more than just a sports car. It's a whole new kind of sports car. It's civilized. The Mazda rotary engine's power and flat torque curve make it easy to drive, even when you're slugging it out with rush hour traffic. Yet it can go 0 to 50 in 6.3 seconds.

It knows what to do with a winding road, too. The compact Mazda rotary engine fits neatly behind the front axles, making the RX-7 a front mid-engine design with impeccable manners.

And where sports cars have tended to be cramped, noisy little devils, the RX-7 is roomy, quiet

and comfortable with luxury features like AM/FM stereo, electric rear window defroster, side window demisters and reclining bucket seats standard on both the S-Model and the more luxurious GS-Model shown above.

The GS-Model adds standard features like a sunshade band on the windshield. Body side moldings. Electric remote hatch release. Console box. Cargo hold-down straps and more. The standard transmission on the S-Model is a 4-speed while the GS-Model comes with a 5-speed.

Yet for all that, the RX-7 is remarkably affordable, with prices starting lots less than cars like the 280-Z and Porsche 924.

So if you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, think again. Your time has come. The Mazda RX-7 is here. Test drive one and see what we mean.

From $6,395*

GS-Model shown: $6,995*

*POE price for S-Model: $6,395. For GS-Model shown: $6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above $250 extra.) Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-Wankel.

The car you've been waiting for is waiting for you.

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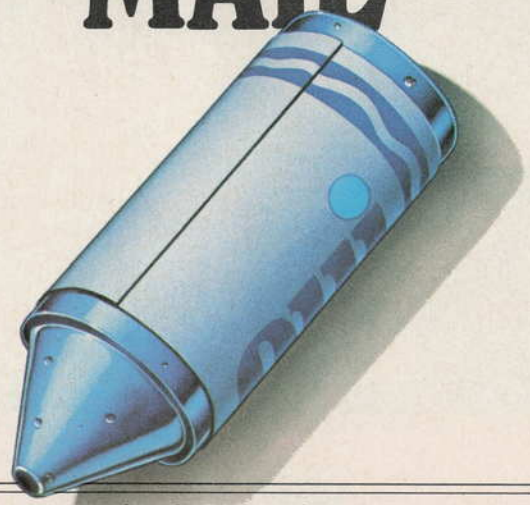

HARD TIME

Although we inmates here at the Orange County Jail continue to receive *Playboy, Penthouse*, et al., for some reason the March and April issues of OUI were banned from the premises. We were all thrown into a state of great excitement, wondering what juicy pictorial could have been so repulsive to the jail officials as to justify barring it from our sensitive little souls.

After examining the California Penal Code, we discovered that Section 2601(c) gives inmates the right "to purchase, receive, read and permit other inmates to read any and all legal materials, newspapers, periodicals and books accepted for distribution by the United States Post Office, except those which describe the making of any weapon, explosive, poison or destructive devices." As you might imagine, we were really hot to find out what kind of destructive device OUI was promoting in the March and April issues, but after smuggling in a couple of copies we discovered that the explosive material contained therein was nothing more than pictures of two police officers and a rather enticing young lady up in the Hollywood hills (*Beverly Beats the Heat*). Jail officials, it turns out, were afraid that some of us might confuse the models who acted out the fantasy with "real law-enforcement officers."

How absurd! Upon careful inspection of a smuggled April issue, it is clear to us that such a mistake would have been impossible: Real police officers—at least those in the L.A. environs—would never have been able to get it up.

DANIEL JOSEPH PORTLEY IV
Santa Ana, California

It has been brought to our attention that the March and April issues of OUI *were banned in many prisons throughout the country—a lot of touchy folks out there, evidently. In fact, it seems that some penal institutions have banned* OUI *from the premises for an indefinite period of time. We'd be interested in hearing from our readers—those of you who manage to smuggle in a copy or two—about the extent of prison censorship of magazines, especially where it concerns* OUI. *Write to* Mail, OUI, *8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

SNAKE EYES

That *Jolene* (May) sure is hot! I mean, I've seen prettier girls in OUI, and girls with bigger tits, but for pure sex I've seen nothing to match Jolene. She has one bitch of a mouth, for example, and eyes that could outstare a rattlesnake. But what really turns me on is the quantity of her hair. You know what I mean.

J. WILSON
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Whatever you say, J. You want hair, we'll give you hair. With a brush, yet. And a tit. And one very snaky eye. Satisfied?

TORCHING THE OLYMPICS

I can only hope that Bruce Henstell's excellent article, *The Late Great Olympics* (May), will serve as an eye-opener for the many people involved in both the competition and the sponsorship of this overblown event.

Thousands of eager young people are being duped into spending endless hours (and their parents are spending endless dollars) on the slim chance to compete in this monumental fraud—for the ultimate end reward of being allowed to peddle breakfast cereal on national television.

It's time we looked at these games for what they are: just another way to keep some already plush purses plump.

JANE KEARNS
Washington, D.C.

I don't care what Henstell says. There is something about the Olympics, corny as this may sound, that leads me to believe there may be a future for humanity after all. The Olympics, even with all the bickering and histrionics, still serve as an example of international cooperation that is much more valid than anything the United Nations may pretend to accomplish. Besides, where else on TV can you see so many gorgeous young bodies in scanty clothing?

JAMES MOBLEY
Atlanta, Georgia

ICE CREAM CLONE

I just couldn't believe those photos of Linda Kerridge (*Marilyn*, May). I work in Hollywood, and there must be a thousand blonds who come here every year hoping to make it big. Practically every day of the week I look outside my window and see clones of Farrah and Suzanne, with an occasional busty Jayne Mansfield. But no one ever dresses up like MM—too difficult, I think. Which is why I am really shocked to see those pictures of Linda. She's so perfect a double that, without the accompanying story, I would have wagered that the real Marilyn had somehow come miraculously back to life. She looks tastier than ice cream!

M.J. SMYTHE
Hollywood, California

In all those pictures of the girl who looks like Marilyn there's not one where she's

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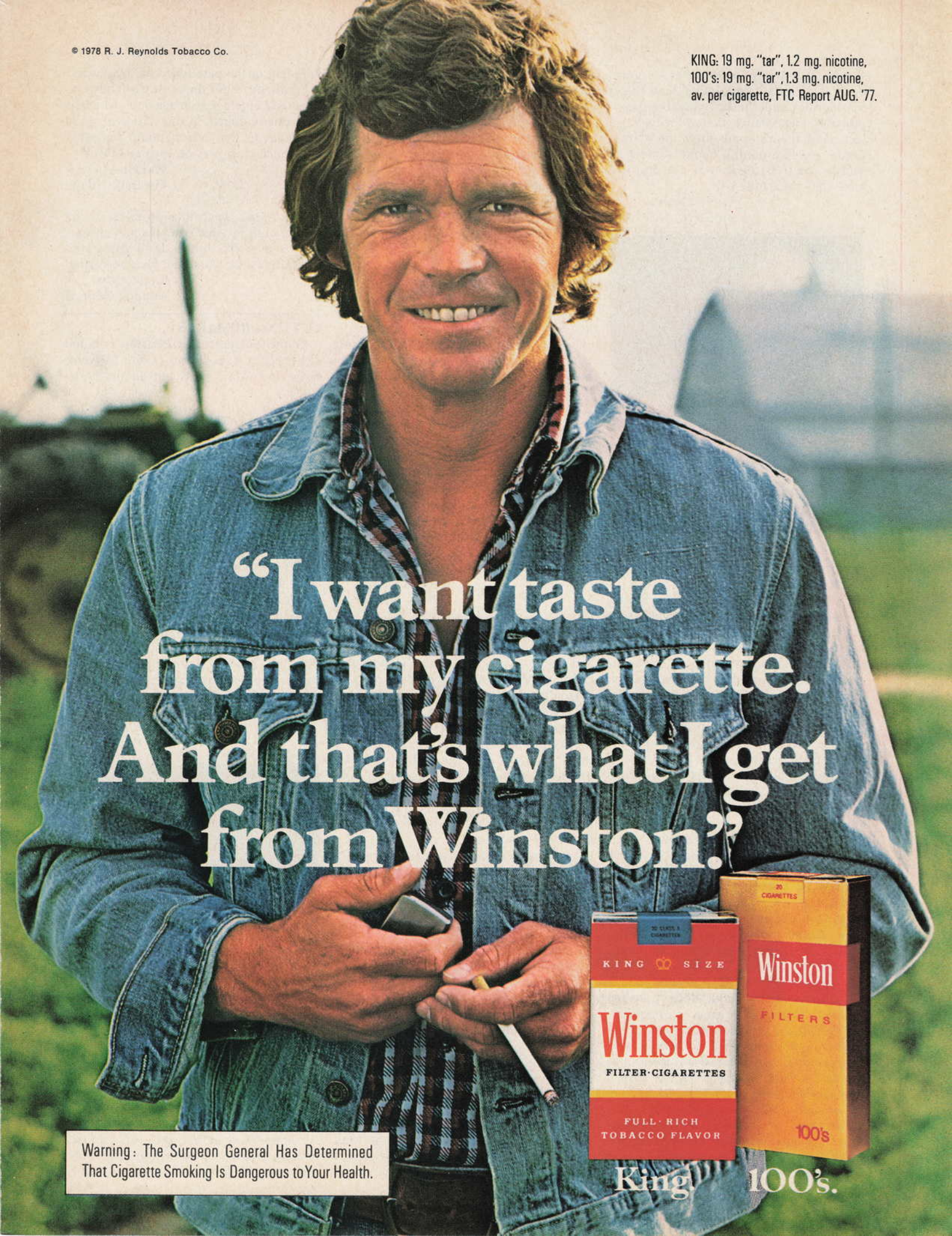

showing her breasts. Now, that's a grave oversight. Linda is certainly a dead ringer for Marilyn and she has gorgeous legs—probably even better than Marilyn's, in fact. And there's some fluffy proof that Linda is even a natural blond, something Marilyn most assuredly was not. But tits, man, show us a little tit!

STEVEN VACCA
Brooklyn, New York

So here's a little tit—no more, no less.

VATICAN RAG

OUI should be congratulated for having the guts to publish the photo of the flasher in the Vatican on the last page of the April issue (*Closers*). It is a brilliantly conceived act of defiance against one of the arch-enemies of human liberty, human reason and human happiness. How fitting, therefore, to invade and flaunt in their very headquarters that which for centuries Vatican menials have striven to sour—the joy of human sexuality.

I consider the photo to be a priceless collector's item, and as such I have carefully cut it out and framed it to hang in my study.

FRANK SMITH
New York, New York

"SLOW DEATH" QUICKIES

The May issue is fantastic! I especially liked Scott Cohen's article, *Alternatives to Slow Death.* Tell me, are those stories really true? If so, is there a book of them I could buy?

L/CPL. FRANK R. ANZALDI
MCAS Cherry Point, North Carolina

What? You think we go around publishing falsehoods? Of course those stories are true. On top of that, they really happened. Unfortunately, we don't know where you can buy a book of them, but we have a couple of additions that had to be cut from the original article for space reasons. It is sad but true, for instance, that an unidentified Florida woman was killed by an airplane that swooped down and struck her as she walked along a rural road. And it is perhaps poetic justice that a British game hunter who had bagged a dozen rhinos, seven lions, several tigers and a leopard finally met his end—in the bush—when the elephant gun he was loading accidentally fired, hitting him square between the eyes. Better to die with style, we always say, than to just nod off.

MINDING MAE BRUSSELL

OUI deserves a round of applause for publishing Paul Krassner's article, *The Mind of Mae Brussell* (May). I've been reading snatches of Krassner's stuff for years, and it comes as a shock, albeit pleasant, to realize that this article is the first in which an assassination researcher is allowed to dominate the author. The result is an excellent word-picture, clear, rambling and almost organized—like the Queen of Conspiracy herself.

R.B. CUTLER
Manchester, Massachusetts

I live near the Monterey peninsula and am therefore able to listen to Mae Brussell's stuff on the radio each week. It is amazing to me that a lone individual can do so much and be so right, coming out ahead of other major media by at least six months on most stories. I've never known her to make a mistake.

REGINA COSTA
Salinas, California

After rereading Krassner's piece, I have come to the conclusion that Mae Brussell had better watch out for the safety of her children. Although she did not name one person involved in the JFK assassination, she obviously has a clear picture of what is happening both with our visible government and our invisible government. I doubt, however, that she realizes the full extent of what she has uncovered. She herself is protected from assassination, because her death would be too obvious, but the safety of her children is something she should be careful of.

I have yet to meet an assassination buff who is willing to mention the names of the JFK conspirators, persons that I knew in Dallas in 1963-64. Both the Secret Service and FBI special agents received that information during March of 1977, a few months after Jimmy Carter took office. Meanwhile, the House Assassinations Committee is on hold. They need more money, they say, to protect key witnesses from being accidentally killed. The cover-up is still going on.

DON REYNOLDS
Normangee, Texas

NIX ON NIXON

I just wanted you people to realize how low your humor dipped when you thumbed your nose at Nixon in the May issue (*Closers*). He was certainly not a model leader, but I ask you: Name one President in the past 200 years who was.

I think OUI is for the most part a responsible and intelligent magazine, which is why I'm bothered by the lapse of good judgment in that Nixon thing. I wonder how much crap goes on in *your* offices.

RALPH ADCOCK
Pocatello, Idaho

Why don't we call a moratorium on Nixon, both pro *and* con? He may or may not be a crook, but I don't care. He's committed a far worse sin: He's bo-o-ring!

BILL ODOM
Atlanta, Georgia

CUTTING REMARKS

Frame for frame, Doris Barrow's rewind of her gig as a sex splicer (*I Was a Female Porncutter*, May) pulls out all the cross-cuts!

MURRAY N. RESNICK
Bogota, New Jersey

Thanks, Doris Barrow, for giving us the real dope on how porn movies are made. It's nice to know that porn stars are just as vain as the rest of us.

BENJAMIN S. DAVID
Somerville, Massachusetts

SOFT VELVET

In the May issue there's a picture of *Velvet* sitting on a saddle that makes me hope that someday I'll be reincarnated as a horse. Her name really fits—she's so soft and inviting. As I'm sitting here turning the pages, however, I notice that in none of the pictures can you see her face. She's always looking down or away—what's the matter?

BILL KENDRICK
Fort Worth, Texas

Nothing's the matter, Bill. Velvet's just a little shy. You know, with a name like Velvet, you're not likely to be brought up doing a

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striptease in the living room (much less the stable, which is where we caught her). We scrounged around, however, and came up with this photo, just for you.

WAR MACHINE WOES

I was quite dismayed to see that OUI prejudiced its *Conversation with General George Keegan* (May) with the comment: "Listen to what the general says. This is the Military-Industrial Complex General Eisenhower warned us about." Hey, we OUI readers ought to be allowed to draw our own conclusions without this kind of yellow (or is it pink?) journalism.

I found it rather amusing that the only retort that interviewer John Rhea had to Keegan's alarming picture of Soviet build-up and preparedness, vis-à-vis Carter's detente utopia, was the standard dripping-*cum*-liberal stance that military spending is totally wasteful—the money should go to social programs.

Of course, I shouldn't complain. I'm drawing my own kind of "Uncle Sucker" welfare check these days; only it's called "drill pay"—I'm in the reserves. My message to Rhea and his liberal ilk is this: When the fucking bell rings, brother, you had better answer it, 'cause I ain't. You can look for me in Canada or Mexico or even hiding behind the skirts of the ACLU. I just don't plan on spilling my blood for that shitface Jimmee or his peanut-brained assholes. One of the greatest rewards of being in the reserves is knowing that all those dripping-*cum*-liberals actually believe they may someday be protected by conservative "warmongers" like me. Hah!

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD
BY REQUEST

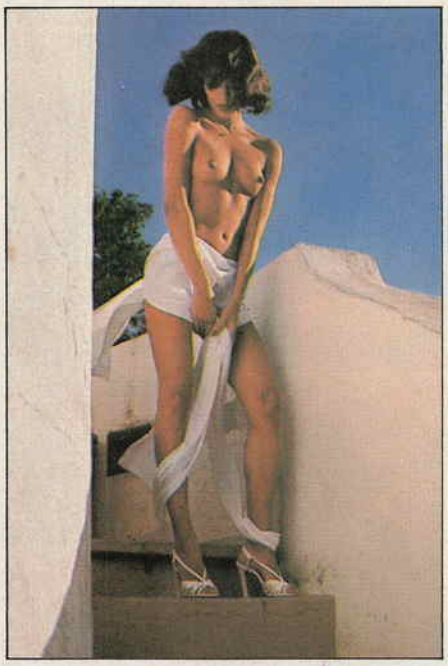
I'd almost forgotten that America had any patriots left. Too bad that a man like General Keegan, who's just trying to keep the American people safe and free, has to be run out of the service and labeled an "extremist." One look at the Carter Administration should tell the average American that he's got very little time in which to enjoy his own country—a little piece of it is being given away every day. I bet the Soviet *politburo* is even now thanking their (red) stars that General Keegan was disposed of in the classic American way. It only, of course, makes the Russians' job that much easier.

DWIGHT E. HARMON
Capron, Virginia

NO CHEEK FOR CHIQUITA

One of the things I like best about OUI is how the girls don't look like they're pumped full of silicone. I think that small tits are sexy, and *Chiquita* (April) has two of the nicest little morsels to ever poke their way out of a sheet. She also has a south-of-the-border I'd be willing to visit any time. My only complaint about the girls in OUI is how they always have their clothes off. Of course, I want to see their clothes come off *eventually*, but it really is sexier to lead up to it by first showing the girl dressed.

PETER JONES
Vancouver, British Columbia



Well, Peter, it's not so easy these days to find a girl who's willing to keep her clothes on, especially in the presence of a OUI *photographer. This is the best we could do, at least with Chiquita. (You know how hot it is south of the border . . .)*

THE COOKIE MONSTER

You aren't going to believe this, but the day after my May OUI arrived and I read the article about how the government allows a certain number of insect parts in our food (*You Eat What You Are*), I went to a posh Beverly Hills market to buy some chocolate-covered cookies.

After opening the package, I noticed there was a little extra protein I hadn't counted on: dozens of whole moths baked right into the cookies. I mean, they were on top, inside, everywhere. I took pictures. I've heard of adding soybeans to make stuff a little more nutritious, but this is really going too far. I mean, I bet they bat those baby ones over the head before they bake them in. Not to mention heating the poor little things at high temperatures in those ovens. I wonder if there's a branch of the SPCA that covers insects. Something should be done about this state of affairs.

J.D.
Los Angeles, California

We looked at the pictures, but we couldn't stomach publishing them.

PUNKING AROUND

I used to think that Ed Naha was an OK guy, but after reading *Punk Rock Nostalgia* (May) I realized that he is obviously suffering from a case of terminal farts.

So all right, New Wave albums have not been burning up the charts. But if Naha's definition of what is good is that which is popular, then he must *love* Donny and Marie Osmond. Hey, they even have a TV show!

JULIAN WEST
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I love OUI Magazine. It's the only men's magazine I've ever seen that consistently publishes pictures of women with beautiful *small* tits. All of which is why I was *so* disappointed to find Ed Naha's bullshit piece on punk rock messing up an otherwise wonderful issue. Finding Naha in OUI is like getting a maggot in your caviar!

J. STEPHEN BOGGS
Brandon, Florida

Naha deserves a rock award for Best Critic of the Year. I loved the way he skewered punk rock, which, as far as I'm concerned, hardly even qualifies as *sound*. I just wish he'd included the group Kiss. Kiss sucks. They're supposed to be a "big" group, but the only thing big about them is their shoes.

LARRY KRUZIK
Cheyenne, Wyoming

I'm not writing this letter to defend the performers that Naha dislikes, but rather to state my opinion that, as a music critic, Ed Naha stinks. Why? Because the man doesn't do his homework.

Near the end of his article, Naha states: "3/78 No punk-rock records on top charts." However, the March 18 issue of *Cashbox* has Elvis Costello's first album at #34. Naha is also misleading. He says things like: "Blondie's debut album . . . is released . . . [and] no one notices." Well, perhaps it didn't make a million dollars, but someone must have noticed because Chrysalis Records put up the money for the group's second album, which *has* "gone gold," as they say in the music biz. Incidentally, many of the other groups mentioned in the article—the Jam, Talking Heads, the Dead Boys, the Ramones—have all gone on to make second and even third albums; so someone must have "noticed" them, too.

While I'm at it, I feel it necessary to point out that in the same issue of OUI, Naha also has a *Music* column in which he appears to resent the fact that Barry Manilow sells a lot of albums. In other words, he dislikes Manilow because he *does* sell, and he dislikes punk-rock acts because they don't. Hmmm. I'll defend anyone's right to be opinionated, but let's at least be *consistent*.

EUGENE ALLAN SCHWIMMER
New York, New York

Naha replies: "And I'll defend anyone's right to be consistent, but let's at least get our facts straight. According to the Recording Industry Association of America, Blon-

die's second album on Chrysalis has, in fact, not gone gold. And they should know, because they're the guys who certify gold records. Sorry."

Naha's running history of punk rock contains just about the most ridiculous pack of lies and misconceptions I have yet to come across in a rock piece and, believe me, as managing editor of *Bomp!* magazine, I've seen plenty.

First of all, Naha seems to think that punk rock and New Wave refer to the same thing. Not true! The term *New Wave* is meant to encompass an entire generation of fresh ideas and innovative music. Eno is New Wave. So are Elvis Costello and Talking Heads. Cherry Vanilla is not. *New Wave* should be used as a descriptive phrase, not as a classifying jail. Punk is only a small part of the New Wave.

Naha's fucked-up thinking is like saying soul is dead because Stax Records folded in the early Seventies.

Later on in his article, Naha quotes rock critic Greg Shaw as saying that the New Wave is "a revolt against bullshit." And Shaw is right. He's talking about the kind of bullshit that inspires the Eagles and Fleetwood Mac and Frampton. The kind of bullshit that makes movie sound tracks into best-selling LPs. The kind of bullshit that is peddled by balding, fat hippies who have grown old but can't face it.

GARY SPERRAZZA (!)
Los Angeles, California

Naha replies: "Hey, wait a second. Although some of my best friends are balding, I'm hairy, 26 and weigh 124 pounds. And I still say that the only good thing to do with New Wave is put a surfboard on it."

THE SMELL OF BURNING BLUBBER

Never have I read anything as humorous as *The Great Blubber Boff-off* by Richard Smith (April). I must have burned off 50 calories just by laughing!

J. GARY
Boulder, Colorado

Smith's article made me hysterically horny. By his calculations, I have burned up many calories, but I could stand to heat up a few more. Please tell me, how many calories do I use up every time I climax while driving? Curiosity is killing this puss!

S. BERNARD
Nashville, Tennessee

And satisfaction brought it back, huh? Anyway, the answer to your question is this: If you climax while driving alone you use about 15 calories, but when a partner is involved, it goes up to 89½—plus your engine.

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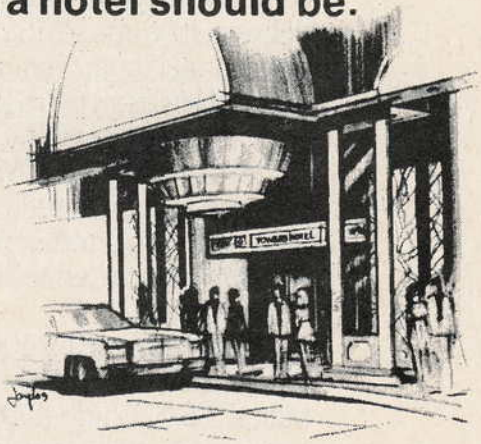

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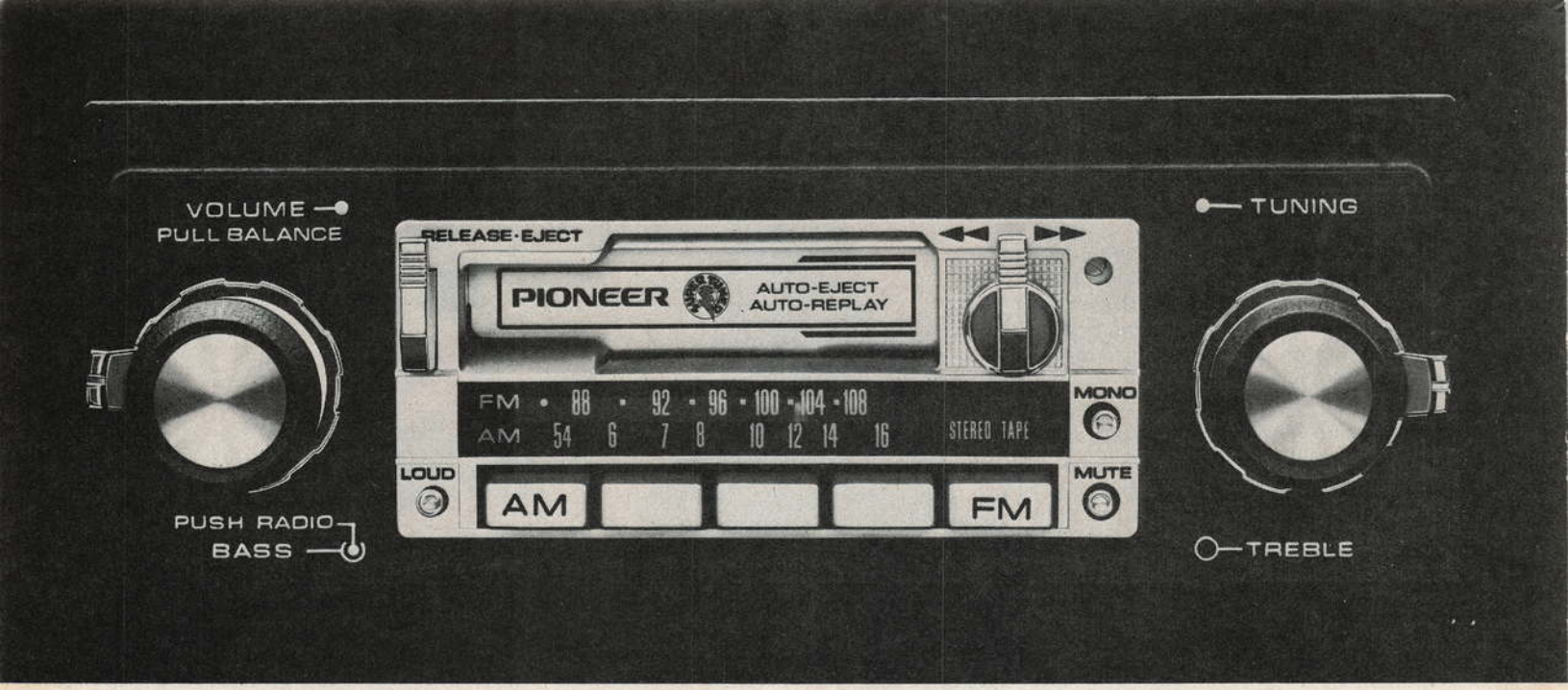

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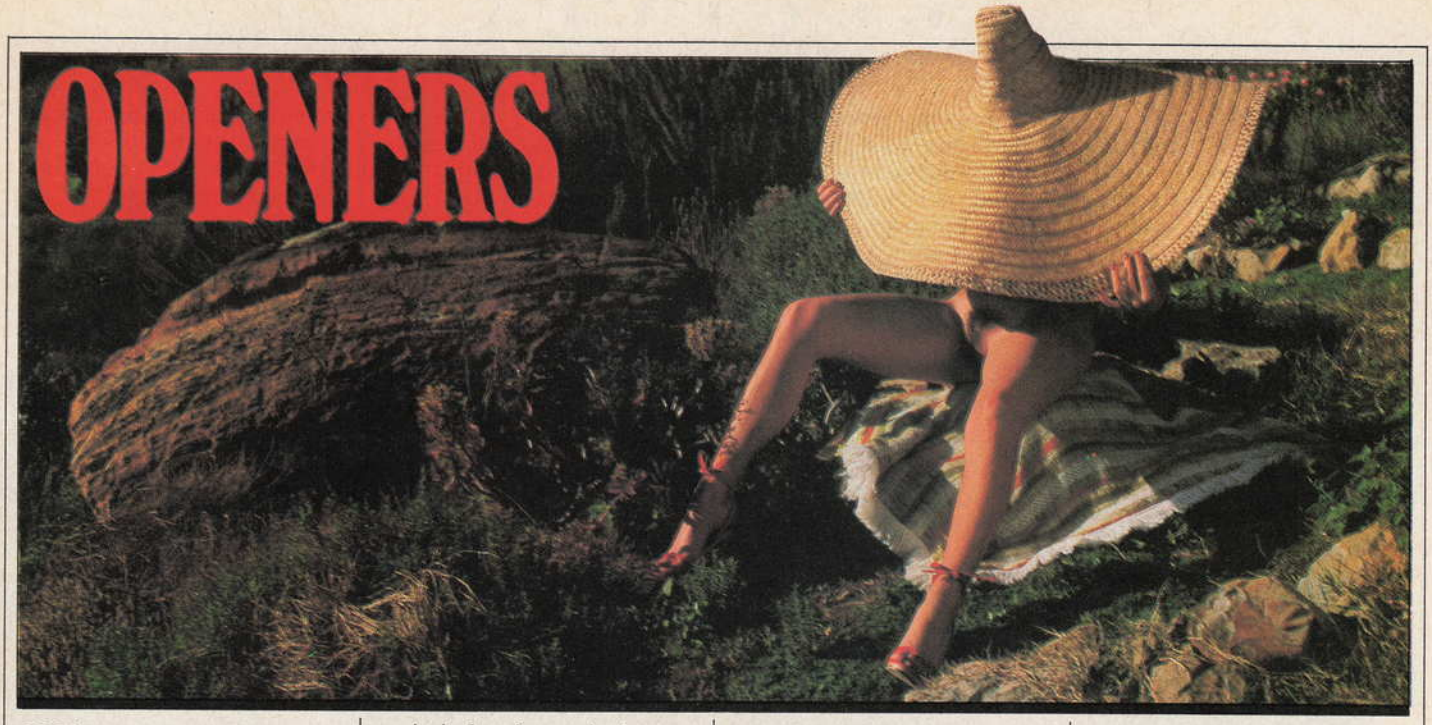


2001: A MEDICAL ODYSSEY

If you're tired of waiting for doctors while breathing in the generous coughs of Albanian Flu victims in their offices, take heart. Coherent Medical, a firm in Palo Alto, California, has a lead on what may be the medico of the future.

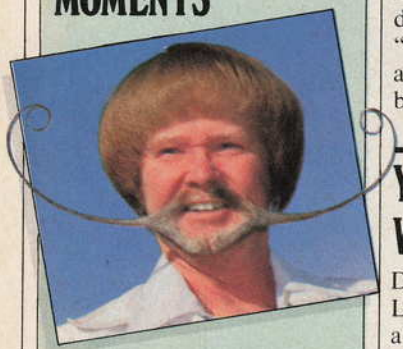
Developed initially for optometrists, the "Dioptron" is now marketed by Coherent. In the space of 60–90 seconds, this machine will gaze into your eyes, make six separate scans, feed its info into a microprocessor, then chug out, bat-computer-style, a vision analysis for glasses that's correct to within .25 of a diopter (the standard incremental increase in prescription lenses).

Some farsighted M.D.s envision the day when you'll walk into the local 7-Eleven or Piggly Wiggly, pump 25 cents into a machine and have your blood pressure tested, your hearing examined, your eyes corrected, your body X-rayed and your metabolism adjusted—and get a free two-minute light show while you're waiting. If this seems too farfetched, we refer you to a recent cover of *American Psychometry* magazine that featured a prototype of just such a machine. (Add that one to your regular monthly reading!)

One wonders, however, if the standard retort of this android practitioner wouldn't be: "Bleep . . . take two aspirin and see me in a few days . . . bleep."

—MIKE MALAK

GREAT MOMENTS



Milt Harper has been cultivating his mustache for ten years. At 40 inches, he claims it's the largest in the U. S. Milt's a lot of fun in crowded elevators.

YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

During the recent floods in Los Angeles, eight bodies from a hillside cemetery were washed into the parking lot of a supermarket, whose manager had earlier warned that the parking problem in the area had reached "grave proportions."

—RICK JOHNSON

38 ALL TIME TURN-OFFS

Are you still trying to figure out why that hot number you brought home the other night suddenly scrambled back into her panty hose? Do you wonder why so many lovelies think you're a lech? Is that what's troubling you? Well, in our never-ending effort to probe deep into the hidden recesses of female consciousness, *Openers* surveyed some of the pretty ladies who have appeared in OUI photo spreads, asking them, "What turns you off sexually?" Perhaps we probed too far.

1. "Men who carry French ticklers in their wallets."

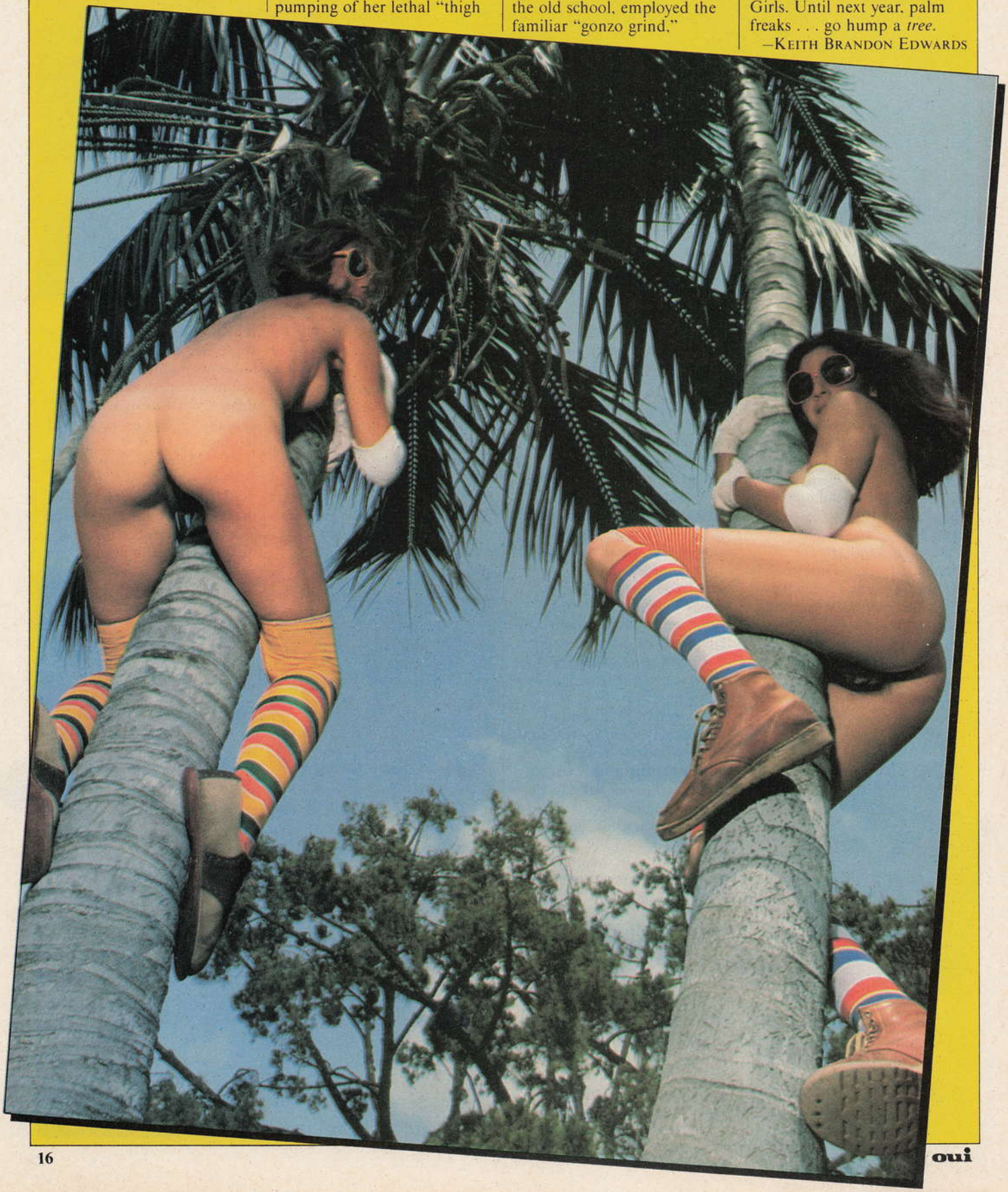
2. "Loose pubic hair that gets stuck in your mouth."

3. "I remember this one turkey who had a poster from

OPENERS' FIRST ANNUAL NUDE PALM-TREE CLIMBING CONTEST

Thousands of crazed fans swarmed into Palm Springs for the big event. Howard's off-color commentary was nothing short of effulgent, and the fans—well, let's just say they were genuinely aroused by the performance. Miss Quickie (left) wiggled her way into the top prize money, literally blowing the judges over with the fierce—often brutal—pumping of her lethal "thigh grip and scissors kick," clearly the most exciting new technique we've seen this season. Runner-up Miss Munchie "Moons" Moskowitz (right), a performer out of the old school, employed the familiar "gonzo grind," keeping her palm tree in close for extra traction and lotsa action (whew!). Proceeds were donated to the Herpes Walkathon and the Palm Springs Home for Wayward Girls. Until next year, palm freaks . . . go hump a *tree*.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS



The Sound of Music over his bed and an autographed picture of Carol Burnett on the night table."

4. "Someone who knows all the words to Donny Osmond's latest hit."

5. "Guys who try to fuck you when you're sleeping."

6. "Once a date took me to see *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, and he laughed hysterically at the end."

7. "Men who request flavored douches."

8. "Long toenails. Besides being disgusting, they're dangerous."

9. "Finding a burned-out light bulb in the john, sitting on the toilet seat and finding that it's up. I once fell in."

10. "Guys who push your head down when you're giving them head."

11. "One of my former lovers liked to talk about his mother's operations after we had sex."

12. "Checkered pants."

13. "A guy who wants to kiss after he's eaten you."

14. "Men who smoke Eve cigarettes."

15. "A guy who orders corned beef on white bread with mayonnaise."

16. "Taped glasses."

17. "Ass previews while sitting. This one jerk I went out with had pants that kept sliding down over his ass whenever he sat down."

18. "Guinea T-shirts. They remind me of old men selling fish on the pier."

19. "Men who brag about their sexual prowess."

20. "Guys who like to come between your breasts."

21. "Getting an armpit in your face. Not everybody is Sly Stallone."

22. "Finding out the guy you're in bed with is an accountant, undertaker or computer programmer."

23. "Animals in bed with you."

24. "Talking about death. Unless you're Woody Allen."

25. "Men who ask about my past."

26. "Guys who grab your hand and put it on their hard-on. I can usually find it myself."

27. "Watching Johnny Carson during sex. His monolog doesn't help."

28. "Guys who bring their own candy to the movies."

29. "When a man starts talking about his impotency. He doesn't have to tell me."

30. "Nazis and Ku Klux Klansmen."

31. "Toe sucking in cars."

32. "Men who have tits."

33. "Jerks who want to slurp Pepsi out of your cunt the way they did it in *Deep Throat*."

34. "Bald men who take their few remaining hairs and try to spread them across the top of their head."

35. "When the guy you're making it with forgets your name."

36. "Then there was the time I went out with a guy who wore a ski cap with a tux . . ."

37. "Flexing. There's only one muscle I'm really concerned with."

38. "No toilet paper in the john. I hate having to 'drip dry.'" —COURTNEY EDWARDS

HYPE WIPES

While clomping through the mountains of Antigua, a friend of ours picked up this "fertility cloth" from one of the natives, after he was assured that the lovely native girls could never resist a man who possessed such a fine and magical fabric. It didn't work. Our friend reports, however, that it was great for keeping the iguana shit off his white bucks.

MISSING LINKS

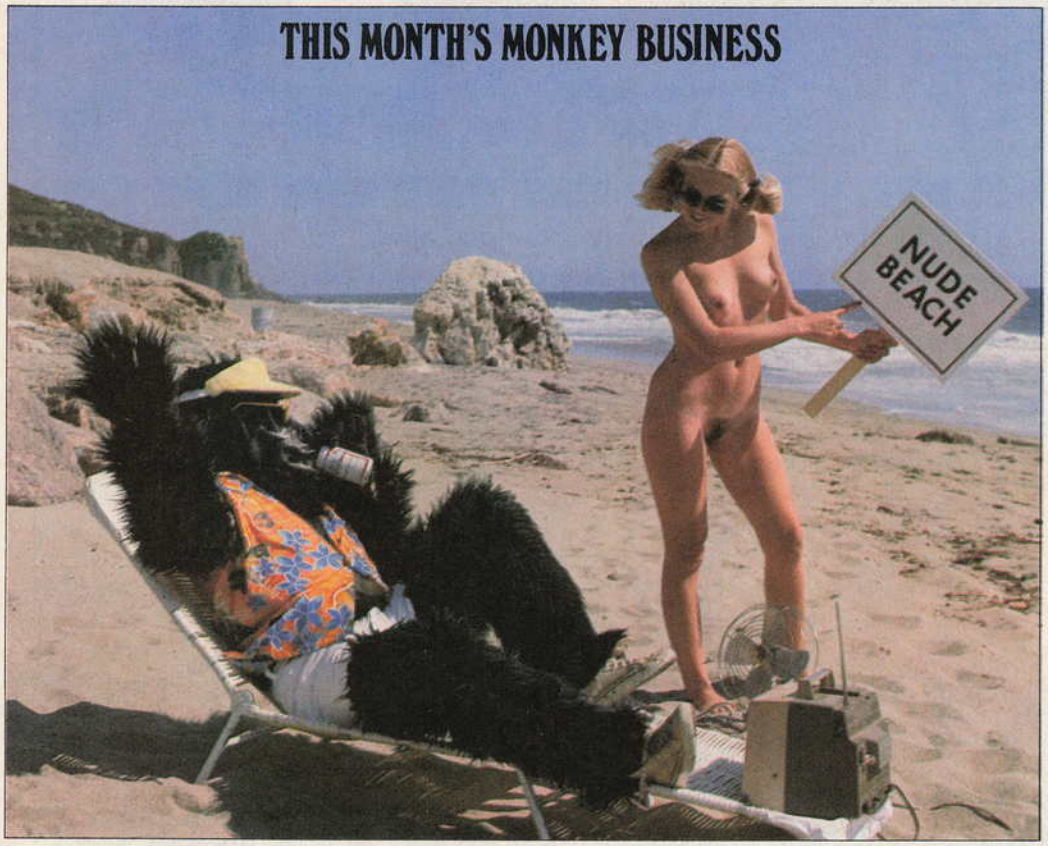
"The American has dwindled into an Odd Fellow—one who may be known by the development of his organ of gregariousness, and a manifest lack of intellect and self-reliance." Henry David Thoreau wrote these words in *Civil Disobedience*.

A company in Detroit publishes a book every year called the *Encyclopedia of Associations*. Last year it listed 13,063 outlets for gregarious Americans to join, convene and correspond. The Flying Funeral Directors of America, the Undergarment Accessories Association (formerly the Association of Adjustable Shoulder Strap Manufacturers), the Association of Yugoslav Jews in the United States and 13,060 other groups all employ executive directors, fill hotel rooms for conventions and prove that Thoreau had a point.

If so inclined, once every six years you can travel to the International Congress of the I.O.T.B.R. (the International Organization for Transportation by Rope). Don't knock it; their last congress was in Rome.

Most intriguing, however, is the encyclopedia's section 18, the "Missing Organizations" list. Over 800 associations are currently M.I.A. The Active Retired Lighthouse Service Employees' Association stopped blinking in 1964. The American Commuters Association apparently took a wrong turn in 1966, and the American Guild of Animal Artists was, perhaps, *eaten* in 1974. Other known organizations with no current address include: the Anti-Digit Dialing League, the Committee for a Latvian Song Festival in the

THIS MONTH'S MONKEY BUSINESS



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ALL THE PRESIDENT'S COLAS

Just as sure as his snack is peanuts, Jimmy Carter's soft drink is Coca-Cola. In contrast, the drink of choice at Richard Nixon's White House was Pepsi—and this Presidential switch might mean a shift in the fortunes of these multinational corporations.

It's 1959; we're at the Moscow trade fair. Vice President Richard Nixon guides Premier Nikita Khrushchev through a display of American products. In a few moments the two will have their famous "kitchen debate."

Now Nixon is steering the Soviet premier to the Pepsi booth. Premier Khrushchev takes a sip, a gulp, and now, with the camera bulbs flashing, downs six glasses of Pepsi.

A Pepsi spokesman proudly remembers this story and points out that 14 years later, under President Nixon and detente, Pepsi was brought to the USSR before any other consumer product.

Pepsi had a lot to give Richard Nixon, too. After Nixon lost the California governor's race in 1962 and before he became President in 1968, Pepsi threw some business to Nixon's New York law firm.

Nixon traveled the world representing Pepsi, using company offices as headquarters. When Nixon ran in 1968, Pepsi board chairman Donald Kendall (Pepsi's man in Moscow that day in 1959) kicked in heavy contributions. When Nixon faced impeachment, Kendall headed a committee to defend him.

In the other corner, we have Coca-Cola, its board chairman, J. Paul Austin, and a young Georgia governor named Carter. Coke's headquarters are in Atlanta, and the company appreciated Carter before the local boy made it big. On several trips to governors' conferences, Governor Carter rode free in Coke's executive jets. "I don't need the State Department," joked Carter during his Presidential campaign. "I've got Coca-Cola."

Coke's chairman has been one of Carter's biggest boosters in the business community. A lawyer with the firm that represents Coke in Atlanta, Charles Kirbo, is Jimmy's close friend and father figure.

After the election, Carter remembered his Coke-connected friends. Charles Duncan, Jr., former Coke president, was appointed number-two man at the Pentagon. Griffin Bell and Jack H. Watson, Jr., from the same Atlanta law firm, were appointed Attorney General and Secretary to the Cabinet. Joseph Califano, from the law firm that handles Coke business in Washington, was appointed Secretary of HEW.

After Carter became President, the soft-drink machine outside the White House mess reportedly switched from Pepsi to Coke. And the sight of a Pepsi can on a secretary's desk provoked a warning from the late great Bert Lance. "You know," Lance told her, "our crowd drinks a good old Democratic drink—Coke."

Who knows how Carter's fondness for Coke will affect international soda sales?

For example, Zaire's President Mobutu, thirsty from a jungle war, asked the U. S. Government to send over 16,000 cases—$60,000 worth—of Coke in cans. A company exec, taking the bizarre purchase in stride, was quoted as saying, "I'm glad it isn't Pepsi."

And Coca-Cola, that decadent demon of American imperialism, is reportedly close to getting exclusive rights from the Kremlin to refresh the 1980 Olympics in Moscow.

Until then, at least, diplomacy may go better with Coke.

—JIM MINTZ

U. S. A., the Loyal League of the Yiddish Sons of Erin, the League for Safeguarding the Fixity of the Sabbath against Possible Encroachment by Calendar Reform, the Metal Ventilator Institute and the Water Soluble Gum Association. Anyone crossing paths with one of these lost Odd Fellows, please inform the Gale Research Co., Book Tower, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

—MICHAEL BRAUDE

THE BIRTH OF A CONDOM

Everybody outside of Muffburger, Nebraska, over the age of 12 knows what a rubber is, but who knows how the things are made? Have *you* ever met a guy who works in a rubber factory? Finally, our curiosity has been satisfied by an informative pamphlet published by the Trojan Company of New Jersey (where else?). Condoms are conceived, it seems, on an assembly line as long as a football field. Rotating turgid glass rods, one for each individual condom, are thrust into a vat of natural latex rubber. The coated form then undergoes a "curing" process, after which the little buggers are again rammed home for a not-so-sloppy second cycle.

Leaving nothing to rhythm or chance, workers pull the rubbers off and shoot them back to the testing department. No, testers do not *blow them* up to check for leaks. Each condom is slipped onto a stainless steel, uh, pole, and dickie-dunked into an electrically charged water bath. The tiniest pinprick (pardon the expression) will transmit the charge to the rigid stainless-steel tool, giving it an instant soft-on, closing the circuit and causing the condom to be canned.

Trojan claims its "raincoats" are manufactured under the supervision of the United States Food and Drug Administration and must conform to their strict standards of strength, durability and reliability. So rest easy, rubber freaks; Uncle may be screwing us regularly, but at least he's checking his rubbers.

—SUSAN PLESKO

The hustle is tame stuff for these German rock-'n'-roll contestants. They were giving a demonstration to American GIs in Wurzburg when a quick-thinking serviceman caught them doing one of their favorite steps. How did that go again, Martha? Two steps left, then shuffle, twist, shuffle . . .

FASHION TRACTION

We don't know if she's honest, but she sure knows how to dress. This miss is sporting the fashionable new Fox decorator collar for whiplash victims. "No more Grandpa's dirty underwear look," proclaims the brochure, which offers 12 colors and a variety of designs. We're sure the judge will be impressed.

UP WITH PETTICOATS! DOWN WITH PANTS!

The following excerpt is from an address given by a leading feminist before a prominent American women's club.

"We must have what the men have. We refuse to be packed in the gallery, and we insist on being placed on the floor of the house.

"We are willing to look up at the men, but we don't want to be held down without being able to make a few motions of our own. We want to hold our ends up to the men and show them our possibilities. Nothing that comes up will be too hard for us.

"We women have always been interested in good movements and will always take any load that is given us. We are willing to work under the men, to the point of exhaustion, if necessary, but we are beginning to become disgusted with their failures and shortcomings. Never, when anything arose that required our presence and attention, have we failed to come, and come again if the occasion required it, but too often have our hopes and enthusiasms been aroused with false promises and met with feeble performances which left us disappointed and dissatisfied.

"How often have our faithful efforts to push forward been met in the house with the cry: 'Down with the petticoats'? I say, 'Up with the petticoats and down with the pants.' Then will things be seen in their true light.

"As long as we women are split as we are, the men will always be on top!"

[*This "speech" came to us from Arnold B. Abney in Ward Cove, Alaska. Apparently, it's not easy to keep amused up there.—Ed.*]

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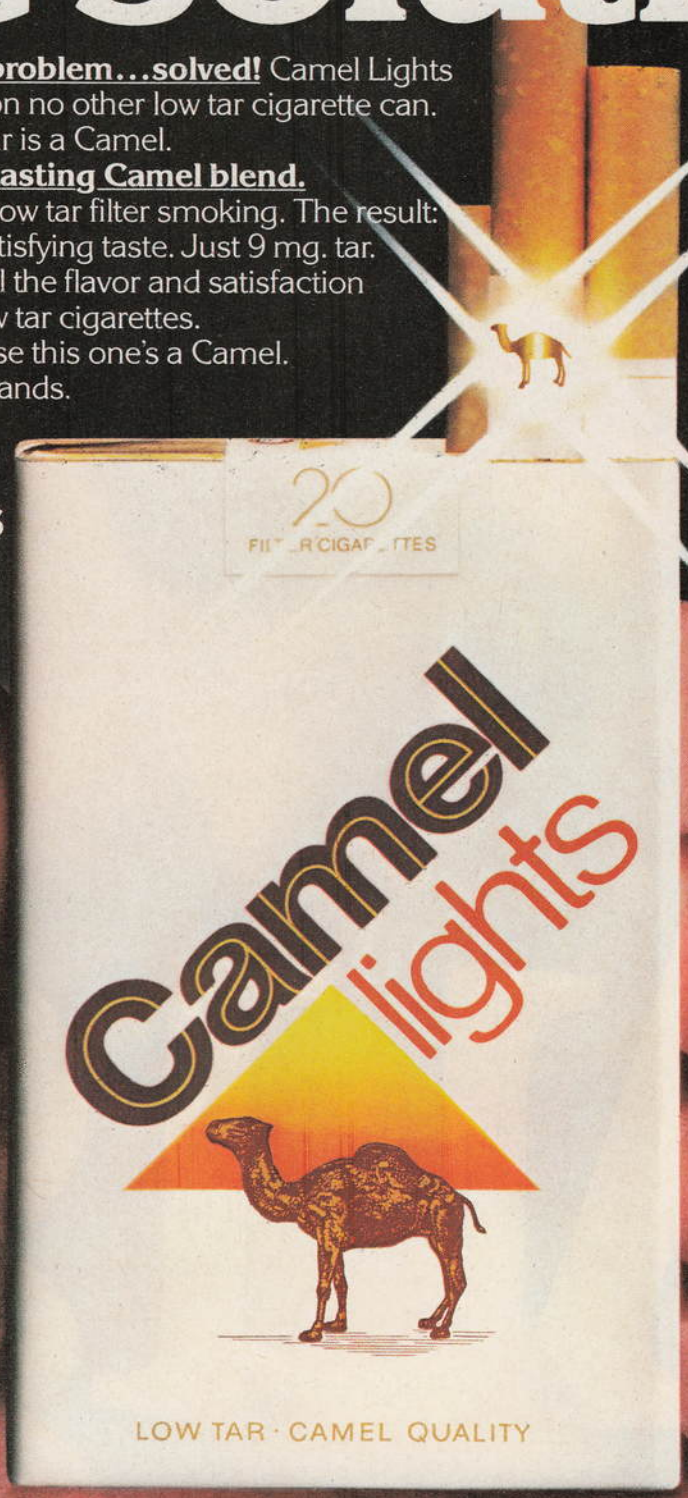

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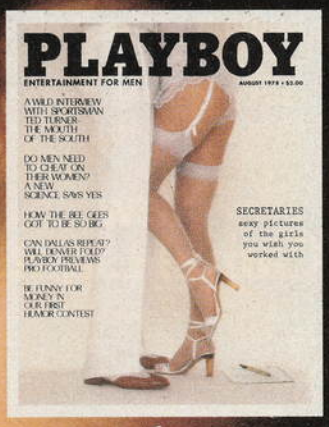
This month, PLAYBOY pays pictorial tribute to the beauties of office work: secretaries with a lot more going for them than shorthand. Miss Tidwell, here, for example, also can type. In the same issue, you'll meet the Bee Gees. Agree or disagree with our picks for this year's pro pigskin divisional and Super Bowl honors. Also this month, you can show what a funny fellow you are by entering PLAYBOY's *First Annual Humor Competition*. Read an outrageous interview with sports tycoon Ted Turner and meet some animals with weird sex habits. All in all, an august PLAYBOY issue indeed. At your newsstand now.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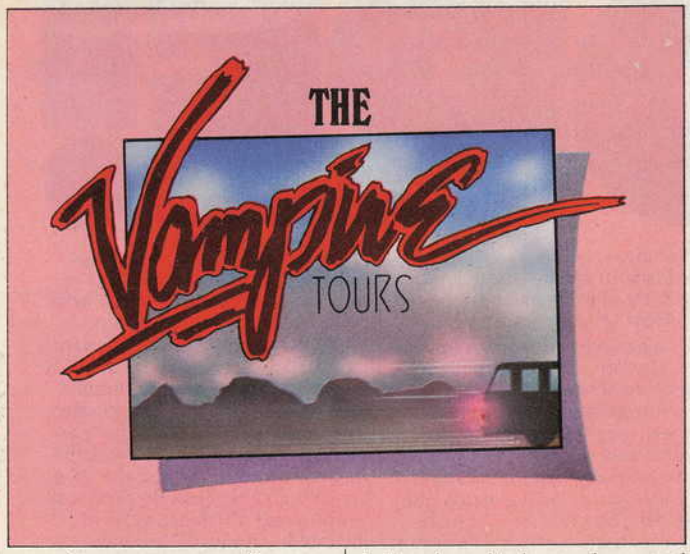

AGADÈS OASIS, NIGER—Every year, in the middle of the Sahara desert, a cluster of natives wait patiently for the mysterious encounter. Across the vast wasteland, shimmering like a mirage on the horizon, it appears. The huge red bus pulls a many-windowed trailer bearing this strange inscription: *Rotel Tours/Das Rollende Hotel.* Then, as if in accordance with an ancient ritual, the bus halts where it always does, and 39 tired and dusty West Germans file out into the dry, torrid heat.

It is only later, as the sun oozes down behind the hills, that the great mystery ensues. One by one, the Germans disappear into the darkness of the trailer, and there they remain until the dawn. It is this curious behavior the natives have traveled many miles by camel and donkey to see.

Finally, one brave native peeks inside and discovers that the Germans have disappeared into 33 coffinlike boxes arranged in three tiers. Like vampires on a holiday, they have brought along their own rolling, triple-decker mausoleum of beds, and they are sleeping.

More than 300,000 West German tourists have perplexed locals around the world with this ritual of *Das Rollende Hotel*, quite literally a hotel on wheels. Across the Russian steppes, along the winding coasts of South America, over the vast land masses of Africa, North America, Asia, Europe and Australia, lumbering red Mercedes buses can be seen pulling their canned catacombs thousands of miles each year. One 30-day tour called "The Great American Journey," for example, begins in New York, winds its way through Chicago, up through Canada to Fairbanks, Alaska, and back down along the West Coast to Los Angeles—all for little more than $2000.

It's cheap, of course, because on a Rotel Tour Germans don't have to rent a hotel—*ever*. Georg Hoeltl, Bavarian inventor of the rolling hotel, designed 27 single and six double-bed cubicles into the trailer. Each cubicle is two feet, four inches wide and six feet, five inches long, and "high enough so that one can sit upright."

Hoeltl now has 60 buses with more than 2000 beds, but he admits, "*Rollende Hotel* is not for everyone."

For travelers *not* suffering from hemorrhoids or claustrophobia, OUI suggests the 40-day "Alexander the Great/Marco Polo Tour" that begins in Munich, goes through Austria, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and ends up in Bombay, where surviving tourists are flown back to Munich—all for only $1300. (Kaopectate not included in total price.)

—GALE WILEY

MERCI

Before we join our *señorita* for a couple of siesta quickies (shots of tequila, natch), allow us to set up a round for the desperados who helped pull off this job. Art: colas, Fred Nelson; rolling hotel, Tom Nikosey. Photos: openers and merci, turn-offs, palm-tree climbing contest, ape on beach, whiplash miss, all by Grant Edwards; special thanks to stylist Samantha Butter and our makeup artist, Phyllis McCreary; mustache man, Will Hertzberg; fertility, George Rezek; German dancers, Robert Cullen.

WHORE!!

Yes, Xaviera Hollander is a whore, the most celebrated prostitute in the world. She is also articulate, charming, well-read, fluent in half a dozen languages, and devastatingly witty. Here's what she says in the introduction to her book *Xaviera's Supersex:*

"All of my other books, from 'The Happy Hooker' to 'Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man,' say it with words alone. But now I've decided to Show and Tell, and in this book you will find pictures that illustrate my words. You'll get even more out of *Supersex* than you did from my other books. And with the new goodies you'll discover in these pages, you'll have more delights to share with your partner in bed.

"These are my 'official' lessons in love. I don't concentrate so much on what I've done as on what I've *learned* from what I've done. I *tell* you, point by point, how you can be better in bed than you ever thought possible. But more than that, Robert Baxter has helped me no end with his beautiful, graphic illustrations that explicitly show you what I'm talking about. If you came to me in person for a course in supersexmanship, I couldn't show you in the flesh more clearly than this."

Among pointers you'll pick up from the world's most expert bed partner are:

★ How to perform the "Butterfly Trick," perhaps the most excruciating—and little known—of sexual thrills.

★ How to give a "Toe Job."

★ How "The Knee Ride" helps a man make up for a small penis.

★ Which researcher catalogued—and personally tested—*3,542 different sexual positions!*

★ Why militant feminists are *nuts* for objecting to the missionary position as "symbolizing male dominance."

★ What form of foreplay can make a woman "writhe like a snake in heat."

★ How to perform "The Schoolgirl Twist," developed by teen-agers in back seats of cars.

★ When a man should let a woman do all the work.

★ How to make the most of mirrors—and star in your own porno flick.

★ Why a woman should avoid being "too feminine."

★ How to promote a "desk job," the divine form of quickie.

★ How to avoid hassles over simultaneous orgasm.

★ What possibilities are in rocking chairs ("Was Whistler's Mother trying to tell us something?").

★ How women can fake orgasms.

★ Why the "wheelbarrow" position is good for laughs—and then some.

★ How to cheat—successfully.

★ Why older women are better.

★ How to stage an orgy.

★ What type of woman appears most attractive with her pudendum clean-shaven.

As intriguing as these topics may be, they barely hint at the tortures and ecstasies that writhe to life on every page. *Nothing* is too outrageous for Xaviera's quivering pen: She tells how to massage a man all over with erect nipples, how to perform "the act" undetected while dancing at a discotheque, what to do if you are a man watching two women go at each other frenziedly, how to perform cunnilingus to perfection, how to get your woman into a swinging situation with another couple, how and what to lubricate with whipped cream, and how to make a dildoe in your freezer.

Her homey advice is charming:

"Pretend you're both a couple of horny high-school virgins back in the days before the pill."

"A position is a mistake if either partner utters any of the following: 'Goddamn it!'; 'Oh, wait, wait!'; 'Will you for Chrissake get off my foot!'; 'Well, you said that's what you wanted'; 'Darling, I can't breathe'; 'Is it in?'; 'Is it in *what?*'"

"Be daring. Be innovative. The best that can happen is that you will discover a new route to ecstasy. The worst is that you'll have a good healthy laugh at yourselves. And if you've learned anything from your friend Xaviera, you know that sex is much too important to be taken seriously."

As you read this book, you get the feeling that the "Happy Hooker" would much rather have been playing the delightful games she describes than writing about them. And, indeed, she seems so turned on by her own vivid, hot memories that you imagine she had to stop for a lovemaking break after every chapter. You may, too.

As you can see, *Xaviera's Supersex* is one bedside reader that definitely won't put you to sleep. The book, in *hard*-cover for permanent preservation, is available *by mail order only.* It is the most lavishly and expensively produced—not to say the most explicitly illustrated—of all of Xaviera's books. It has been painstakingly printed by costly monochrome offset lithography, using flame-set inks, on Finch Pryne antique-finish paper. The book is *case*-bound in Payko cloth. Its jacket is varnished and imprinted with four colors—including *gold.*

This elegant volume is being nationally advertised at $20. But, through this offer, you may now order a copy for *ONLY $14.95!* This is a saving of over $5 and *discount of over 25%!!*

To place your order, just fill out the coupon below and mail it with payment to: Avant-Garde Books, 1775 Broadway, New York 10019. You must be over 21.

If you're smart, you'll act *now*, before stocks run out.

Whether you are shy and new to sex, or the veteran of a 35-year marriage; whether you are a man or a woman; whether you are straight or gay, you'll love and enjoy *Xaviera's Supersex.* It's super, it's sexy, and anyone who reads it is bound to attain new heights of sexual ecstasy.

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Sex Tapes

SEX ON WHEELS

Some people say that the sexual revolution began with the discovery of the pill, but the truth is that American kids got their first real break with the invention of the automobile, which by the Fifties had become identified in the public mind as some sort of mobile hotel. There is probably not an adult in the country who has not had some sort of sexual experience in a car—and many of us lost our virginity with a gearshift knob in the gonads. It is not difficult to understand how America's love affair with wheels soon spread to sex in trains and buses. Our more imaginative respondents, however, even found ways to get it on while roller-skating or spinning in Ferris wheels. About the only experience that eluded the people we interviewed was sex on a motorcycle, but we're certain that someone, somewhere, has figured out how to do even that.

Lila P., 30, photographer: In the last ten years I've slept with dozens of different men, and you know what? The most erotic experiences I can remember—experiences I fantasize about even today—were the times I made out with my high school boyfriend, Bob, in his old Hudson Hornet. We spent *hours* necking; it wasn't until a year later that I finally got up the nerve to "go all the way."

And that was the beginning of the end, as far as my pleasure is concerned. Once we got around to really doing it, all that kissy face and huggy bear went right out the window. What a lot of guys don't seem to understand in these liberated Seventies is that just because a girl is wet, it doesn't mean that she's *ready*. I hate these guys who are forever putting their fingers down there to see if you're wet yet—it reminds me of someone testing a turkey to see if it's done.

Oh, for those good old days of making it in cars! I still remember going to a drive-in in the middle of a rainstorm and steaming up the windows and going crazy and Bob coming right in his pants. Now, *that* was sexy. I'd give anything to find a guy my age who wanted to go to drive-ins. But no, we're all too sophisticated now. Pity.

Felice M., 29, executive assistant: You know that movie, *Hey, I'm Alive!*, about the two people whose plane crashes and they are all alone in the wilderness, in the snow and all? Well, the same sort of thing happened to my husband and me when we were driving home from Wisconsin during a terrible blizzard. The car stalled and we were trapped overnight in our automobile.

Henry and I had been married for ten years, so we had kind of lost sexual interest in each other, but that night we were freezing and upset and badly needed consolation and body heat. Hank unzipped his parka and huddled close to me, and I noticed that his body was trembling—whether from cold or fear I'm not sure, but soon we were snuggling and cuddling something fierce. I don't know what possessed me, but somewhere along in there I leaned down, unzipped his pants and took him into my mouth—and it had been years since I'd last given Henry head.

As I said before, I don't know what possessed me, but somehow his cock had become the most important thing in the world to me, and I licked and tickled and sucked it until the head was all rosy red and the veins on the shaft were standing out.

I was getting fairly steamed up myself from all this unusual exertion, and so I blithely dropped my drawers and scrambled onto Henry's lap. He just stared at me as if I'd gone mad. He certainly didn't complain, though, as I slid down on top of him and began rocking back and forth. His breath began coming in gasps, and I just held on and rode him for dear life—I felt as if some sex-crazed teenager had taken over my mind and body and I couldn't do anything about it. So I just hung in there and let the tension build to an unbelievable pitch. I don't know who came

first, him or me, but it was like crashing down a mountainside for both of us. Believe me, that car stayed steamed up for *hours*.

In the morning, a state trooper came along and jumped our car. I really wanted to tell him how we'd managed to keep warm, but I didn't dare. I didn't dare talk to Henry about it, either, and we went home and resumed our normal life. I still think about that night sometimes, though, and wonder if I dreamed the whole thing.

Leslie E., 23, barmaid: Teddy really likes car chases. He gets turned on when he's watching a police show on television and the criminal takes off in the car with the police following close behind. He edges up in his chair, stares at the screen, breaks out in a sweat. And that's the only time he'll make love. So I scan the *TV Guide* as soon as it comes to the house to see what's coming up that week that has cops and robbers and probably car chases. Then I make sure Teddy knows that show is on and I wait. Halfway through the car chase, he starts undressing and wants to make it. You figure it out.

Neal J., 32, lawyer: Back in the early Sixties, when I was attending graduate school in a small midwestern city where I was very cold and very lonely, I made several Greyhound trips east so I could spend a few days hobnobbing with friends, including the girl I'd left behind. I don't know if you've ever ridden the "dog," but it tends to make you horny, especially if you can't sleep. You listen to the motor and watch the white lines stretching into the night, and if there's nobody to talk to, your mind just wanders. If your mind is like mine was then, you'll doubtless torment yourself with sexual fantasies. I arrived at my destination in a state of maximum horniness, which I took out on my old girlfriend.

A lot of sex can make you just as horny as no sex, however, and when I got on the bus headed west a week later, I wondered how I would ever get through the night. The bus was almost empty—an older couple were the only other passengers—and, again, I had no one to talk to. I couldn't help but replay, mentally, some of the things my girl and I had done during the last few nights, and I rode across most of Pennsylvania with a hard-on. Finally, exhausted by my mental exertions, I fell asleep.

I vaguely remember the bus making a couple of stops in the night. When I woke up, the sun was out, the rain had stopped and, sitting across the aisle, two seats ahead of me, was a thin but very beautiful blond teenager who was evidently nervous about something. I kept staring at her, and by the time we stopped for breakfast I had forgotten about my girl back in Brooklyn.

Feeling as if I'd been at sea for six months, I wobbled to the restroom and freshened up; then I hurried to the cafeteria, where I bought a big pile of eggs and pancakes. The girl had already been through the line, and although she looked hungry enough, she'd only gotten a cup of coffee. As I passed her table I said, "That's not enough breakfast for a growing girl." I expected a reprimand, but she told me her purse had been stolen; so, of course, I shared my breakfast with her. After telling me her name—Brenda—she said she was on her way to visit an uncle in Los Angeles, but after we got back on the bus, she confessed that she was running away from home. It had something to do with her mother being an alcoholic.

By the time we hit Chicago that evening, we were pretty cozy, and as we headed into the night for a long, lonely ride across Illinois and Iowa, Brenda nestled close to me, resting her head on my shoulder. The only other passenger left, an old farmer, was sitting up front, and he seemed to be asleep. At any rate, he was hard of hearing and the bus was humming loudly. The driver was concealed by a plastic partition; he seemed to be miles away.

I had my arm around Brenda and my right hand, as if powered by a will of its own, made its way down her slender side and wiggled in under her sweater. Her breasts felt great and she nuzzled me encouragingly. My left hand gripped her knee, then slid up her thigh until I felt the fabric of her underpants, which were already wet. The lights of a passing truck showed me that her face was flushed. With a quick movement of her hands, she unbuttoned my fly and pulled down the zipper. My cock popped out but I ignored it for the moment. I helped slide her briefs down to her knees and explored her with my fingers. Her pubic hair was wonderfully fine and silky, but the folds of her cunt were so complex that I had trouble locating her vagina. Of course, our awkward position was no help.

My right hand, as if powered by a will of its own, made its way down her slender side and wiggled in under her sweater. She nuzzled me encouragingly.

Getting impatient with my fumbling around, she got up and sat on top of me, guiding my penis inside her as she slid down on my lap. Neither of us made a sound, but she was trembling and I was going nuts. We sat perfectly still for a long time as the bus rumbled on through the night. Brenda held on to the seat in front of us and I held on to her breasts, which felt hard as rocks. Eventually, she began rocking back and forth. I felt the forces gathering inside her, as they were in me. I reached in front of her and immediately found her enlarged clitoris, which I stroked as if I were masturbating myself. Suddenly she sucked me all the way up inside her. Her membranes gripped me like a hand; I was unable to hold back on anything but the temptation to cry out loud as I shot my wad in quick, hard spasms.

In the morning, the bus dragged itself into my town, and with cramped legs and the smell of our clandestine sex act on my hands and overcoat, I got off the bus and made my way home. Brenda resisted my suggestion that she disembark at my stop, and I resisted the temptation to accompany her to Los Angeles. I've wondered more than a few times since if I made the right decision.

Frank B., 32, retailer: Of course I've had sex on wheels. I felt up a girl for the first time while we were riding in a car. And I lost my virginity at the drive-in, just like everybody else did. So as far as I'm concerned—next to the fires down below—the wheel is the greatest invention of all time.

Evelyn W., 26, copywriter: I know a guy who is into skateboards. He makes his women undress and stand against a wall. Then he strips, climbs onto his skateboard and heads directly for her with his cock flying in the wind. I must admit it often ends up feeling like Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, and you're as likely to get it in the armpit as anywhere else. Still, it's the only sexual experience I can think of that has to do with wheels.

Gerry DeB., 24, carpenter: Sex on wheels? It depends on what you mean by sex. If you mean going all the way—well, no. But if getting jerked off qualifies as sex, then I've had a couple of such experiences, thanks to Sally.

I met her in the summer of '72, when I was working as a camp counselor in upstate New York. She was vacationing there with her parents, who probably would have died if anyone had told them that their spoiled, pretty daughter was the horniest thing east of Las Vegas. But as we drove back through the woods after our very first date—we had seen some foreign

movie with lots of sex in it—I suddenly felt her touch my leg, not far from where my leg became crotch. I was freaked out, and as her little fingers closed in around my rising cock, I held on tight to the steering wheel and stared hard through the windshield at the road, which was dark and winding and not too familiar.

"You don't mind, do you?" she whispered, popping the snap of my jeans. Between the sensation of her fingers on my not-too-experienced cock and the frightening prospect of our plunging into an 18th Century stone wall, it was hard to speak; but, summoning all the glibness I could, I told her to go ahead and make herself acquainted. I'm sure that if she could have gotten her head under the steering wheel of my Porsche, she would have sucked me off right then and there.

As it turned out, she didn't have to. With the light, steady touch of an expert, she pulled my foreskin forward, then slid it back. The excitement of being jerked off to the roar of the engine, mixed with her erratic breathing, became too much and I cried out as my wad hit the dashboard. Sally giggled and snuggled up close to me. I suggested going to a motel in a nearby town, but she said no, her parents would start worrying soon; besides, she was perfectly satisfied.

Later that summer, we did slip away for some real sex. We screwed in the woods and in a couple of motel rooms, but nothing seemed to turn her on as much as jerking me off behind the wheel—and she did it whenever we were driving around at night. She always behaved herself in daylight, so she didn't molest me that sunny afternoon in September as I drove to a ball field where a traveling carnival had pitched its rides and tents.

I had a feeling that she was going to do something funny, but she was the soul of teenage innocence as we tossed rubber balls at a cardboard Indian. To my surprise, she was good enough to win a stuffed panda.

I let her coax me onto the Ferris wheel, and as it swung upward, giving me a spectacular view of the Catskills, visions of the entire summer passed before me, and I felt very good about the whole thing. When the wheel reached the height of its arc, I shut my eyes and leaned back, the better to savor the sensation of being suspended in the air.

Then I felt Sally's fingers probing at my crotch, and I was hard in seconds. I was amazed, then delighted. She put her head in my lap and I stroked her hair as she began sucking me, slowly running her tongue up and down and around the edges of my shaft. We were shielded from view by the high front of our gondola, even when we swung down past the maze of machinery toward the ground. I closed my eyes again as Sally kissed and stroked me; when we swung back up into the air, I felt as though the top of my head would come off—for a variety of reasons.

Then the wheel stopped so the riders could start getting off. We were at the top of the arc. I hadn't come yet, so Sally applied her fingers to my most sensitive spot, which is the underside of my penis, a half inch back from the head. The wheel moved abruptly a few feet and sperm gushed out of me, hitting the metal front of the car and dribbling down to the floor. The wheel moved again and the kids in the car next to ours got out. Wishing it would get softer faster, I shoved my wet dick back into my pants and managed to get my fly most of the way up before the attendant, who was in too much of a hurry to notice anything amiss, swung open the come-splattered door and let us step out onto the ground.

A week later Sally went off to college in Pennsylvania, and I went back for my senior year at the school I was attending in Boston. I wrote her; she never answered. But to this day I can't drive past a carnival without getting a colossal hard-on.

Lyle J., 31, carpenter: I can tell you a lot about sex on wheels, because my wife and I lived for a year in a converted school bus back in California. For part of that time we shared it with another couple, and I can state with authority that having sex in a vehicle—while someone else is driving it—gives you a feeling of absolute power and freedom. Of course, if your driver isn't careful or lucky enough, you can also get banged up pretty good. □

SEX TAPES Letters

"Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

SEX & DOCTORS

Either those letters on sex and doctors were lies, or I'm ashamed of my colleagues. I have never entertained sexual thoughts about my women patients, and it disgusts me that others do.

DR. K.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Sex and doctors is a favorite subject of mine, let me tell you, ever since I read about it in OUI. I've got you to thank for one of the best experiences of my life.

I normally see a male doctor; when he's not available, his partner—a foxy lady of about 35—fills in. I've always been attracted to her; she is tall, with shapely legs—the rest of her body is pretty well concealed by the white lab coat she wears—and she has a luscious mouth and thick, beautiful hair. Her manner in the office is, of course, very businesslike, with not a hint of flirtation. I'd only exchanged a few words with her in the previous times I was there, since I was always treated by Dr. G. Still, I often fantasized about her.

Anyway, when I read your column on "Sex and Doctors," I became obsessed by her and the idea of fucking her, to the point where I would stop off at the office on the pretext of picking up prescriptions. But her brusque though courteous manner remained the same. Then I had the good fortune to come down with a flu complicated by an ear infection when Dr. G. happened to be out of town. I called the office to request a house call, which they still do for long-standing (or very sick) patients.

When the receptionist told me that Dr. S., the object of my fantasies, would be by around 6 P.M., I was beside myself with excitement. I was legitimately ill, but I forgot all about it as I began plotting her seduction.

Fuck the flu and everything else—I showered, changed the sheets of my bed and put on a silk dressing gown with nothing underneath. Then I tidied up the room and turned the lights down low. I prepared a pitcher of vodka martinis with 100-proof Stolichnaya; I knew it would be tough convincing her to relax and have a drink, but I was sure gonna try.

As sexually agitated as I was, I could still see the humor in the situation. There I was, shaking and shivering from the flu, making martinis that might never be drunk while I stood right in the middle of my kitchen, with this enormous hard-on. I carried the pitcher of martinis to my bedroom, along with four glasses so as not to look too obvious. I had just time enough to put on some sensuous jazz before the doorbell rang.

I knew it would be tough convincing her to relax, but I was sure gonna try.

There was Dr. S., looking cold and wet from the falling snow outside. I smiled—wanly, I hoped, since I was trying to look sick and in need of care—and took her coat as she stepped into my apartment. It was the first time I'd seen her without that shapeless lab coat on, and her body lived up to all my fantasies. She wore a silk blouse that revealed a long, elegant neck and nicely formed breasts; her nipples, erect from the cold, were clearly outlined, and a thin skirt of the same silky material rippled across her firm, well-shaped ass.

Out of her office and lab coat she seemed much friendlier; she laughed and said, "Wow, I've had such a rough day I almost wish *I* had the flu." She certainly seemed in need of relaxation; it was the perfect opportunity to offer her a martini, and I did so, saying that she looked like she needed one. She hesitated; I fully expected her to decline, since this was not a social visit, but to my surprise she said, "OK, maybe you're right." I poured each of us a drink, and she took a long slug of it, then got out her bag and took out her medical tools. When she leaned forward with the stethoscope, I could see straight down her blouse; she wore a very brief, low-cut bra, and her breasts were perfectly mouth-sized.

She opened the top of my robe slightly to get my heartbeat, and I had a hopelessly large erection, thankfully still concealed by the bed sheets that covered me to my waist. After she inspected my throat and looked into my ears, she put her instruments away and took another deep drink of the martini. Her face was flushed—I had made the drinks strong and I could tell she was already a little high. She must have realized her condition just then, because she became quite flustered and, in her confusion and apparent need to keep her hands busy, she downed the rest of her drink and began to stand

(Continued on page 132)

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Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SPORT

THE JOYS OF DREG RACING

by D. Keith Mano

Somebody's gonna wrap a tire iron around my head for this. Still, I'll say it: Stock-car races are about as much fun, as much "sport" as—oh—trying to sit on your bathroom john in pitch darkness . . . when the seat is up.

Yaaa-*awwwn*, yaaa-*awwwn*! Snorrrre! Drow-*zzzzz*! Up in Middletown, New York, the Navel of Nowhere, honest blue-collar Americans chase their own tailpipes, viciously circling around, around. My ears are finished for chamber music: noise so loud (even with new muffler specs) you couldn't hear a belaying pin drop. Grit-devils boil off the dirt surface. My teeth crackle, snap. I eat their dust, dry. Might be I just went down on Lot's wife, after she looked in her rearview mirror that final, foolish time. The County Fair stadium stinks like a dead Sterno can, a stench that'll come home with me, woven in shirt fabric. Three thousand death-wishers watch, hoping for hemorrhage and amputation to perk the show up. I don't blame them; the show could use perking.

For tedium, stock-car races rank with a complete set of Hubert Humphrey. At 80–100 mph, they're *slow*. Stop and go, yellow light, go, red light—with minor accidents, one lap can last longer than a styptic pencil. Next to me, this toothless, beer-gassy midlife-crisis woman sits under her 11 A.M. late Mass hairdo. Even scarfed it shines from oil-filtering the night. A member, I note, of #33's fan club. And #33 blew his engine while leaving the pit. Not a heroic performance: Crap has hit his fans. So maybe I'm prejudiced. I don't do well with cars. Once, going 60 mph, I put myself into reverse: Last message my transmission ever transmitted.

It's a marriage-buster, backyard stock-car racing. One fat-ass tire costs $115–135. Methyl-alcohol fuel will run about $1 per gallon (and you should plan to burn 25–30 gallons each race night). Hand-built from tread up, a limited sportsman model (318-cubic-inch engine) could suck $14,000 out of the take-home pay envelope. Not to mention labor: "We work every available moment. It's insane. Bob is sole owner, but there have been times when everybody had to dip into their pocket to make it go." That's Tom Wilson, a member of Bob Green's pit crew for 18 years. These are not affluent men: Green repairs heavy equipment; Wilson general-manages a Grand Union store. Add to that one prison guard, one butcher, one construction worker and one son—Bob Jr.—who will begin racing next season at the advanced age of 16. Green is a good driver: five years ago he took the Middletown Limited Sportsman championship. I can maybe understand Green's determination: a competitive drive to drive. But his crewmen? "It's the pride of belonging to a car. It's a hard thing to describe, when opening day arrives and you roll in with a new race car and everybody comes over to admire what you've worked at all winter long." And on Lap One you can wreck the whole fargin' thing. A winter totaled.

In fact, race cars don't really exist. Through your average season, with a decent selection of accidents, every part—driver aside—will be replaced. By autumn, though identical-seeming at 80 mph, Green's car is merely the Platonic shadow of its April ideal: a phantom machine. This transformation doesn't come cheap. "Bob's wife works," says Wilson. "I've seen times when they went without fuel oil for half the winter just so the race car could run." Fans kick in. At last head count, his fan club had about 175 members. For the entry fee they receive a news bulletin, a bumper sticker, maybe an autographed photo.

They drive to drive: Green's '65 Chevy pickup has 245,000 miles on it. Middletown, Syracuse, Binghamton, Nazareth (Pa.): the borscht circuit of racing. And Green has to go head on against company-sponsored pros, who, rumor has it, are paid baksheesh under the dashboard just for showing their grillwork at a place like Middletown. They have plenty of cotter-pin money; sometimes a car will be custom-made for them. They can even afford such luxuries as laughing gas. A canister of dentist's-office nitrous oxide is hooked up beneath the intake manifold in ways too esoteric for my comprehension. On cue it can be ignited—hahahhhh! "The car will take off like a rocket for about five seconds. Illegal, but hard to detect." A laughing-gas kit costs $450 or so. It's expensive to cheat.

At those prices you drive ve-ery carefully. A reckless or awkward racer will be steered clear of. Up in Middletown they don't use rearview mirrors. "Blocking" a car behind you is not considered high-octane sportsmanship: too little escape room against the wall. Veteran drivers will put up with heavy-pedal aggressiveness for just so long. Then, wham, a warning shot in the old bumper. At 90 mph, especially on turns, your aerodynamic balance can be fragile. A dexterous whack and it's 360 degrees, peel off, goodbye. "One night this young fellow got eager, didn't give Bob racing room on the turn and totaled us against the wall."

Madness, I think. Yet, Wilson tells me, "Last time I heard, stock- and sport-car racing was the number-two sport in the world." Perhaps it's just me. Perhaps my youth was deprived. Or not deprived enough. Think I'll go see *American Graffiti* again. □

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THE CASE FOR SEX AND VIOLENCE

by Steward Lebreo

The biggest drama in television lately is going on in front of the set. Sex and violence on TV. Sex and violence. Violent sex. Sexy violence. Coming to get you and put your children away.

The Parent-Teacher Association, having flopped at its real job of giving our kids an education, moves into the battle. Sponsor violent programs, the organization warns Big Business, and we'll boycott your products. Count us in, chimes the American Medical Association, perhaps hoping to divert our attention long enough for its members to pay off their debts to German automobile manufacturers.

Well, sure. Who can deny that there is plenty wrong with the medium? In his book, *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*, former ad writer Jerry Mander hits the bottom line: "Sitting in darkened rooms," he says, "with our natural environment obscured, other humans dimmed out, only two senses operating, both within a very narrow range, the eyes and other bodily functions stilled, staring at light for hours and hours; the experience adds up to something nearer to sense deprivation than anything that has come before it."

And there are other basic complaints. Jeff Greenfield, author of *Television: The First Fifty Years*, asks how it's possible to believe that TV represents "reality" when the most "real" thing people do is watch television, and who ever watches TV on TV? Lucky for his thesis, he says it better than that.

And then there's the Vast Wasteland number. And McLuhan's anxieties. Etc. These are fundamental faults and they're scary. But the PTA et al. aren't going after these basic flaws. Like any savvy TV producer, they're going for maximum coverage, using sex and violence to get our attention. And what can we learn from that story?

In the first place, sex on TV doesn't even exist. Is *Three's Company* sexy? Suzanne Somers has a great body and the face of an ape. And the only people in the show who are allowed to touch, don't.

Violence is something else again. How does the repeated viewing of mayhem affect children? I can argue both sides of this one. On the one hand, you figure it hasn't hurt our generation any. On the other hand, take a look at our generation.

The biggest problem with TV violence is that TV handles it so poorly. Given the opportunity to show lots of it—*Roots* or *Holocaust*, for examples—the medium still can't be convincing. The camera angle is usually behind the assailants, the blood looks like catsup and, to save the cost of a hospital set, the victims usually die instantly.

What really irks about all these lobbying efforts to put morality back in media is the underlying assumption behind them. The PTA and the AMA and the Morality in Media people are, in effect, saying that you are a moron. You are so moronic that you don't know how to *a)* tune out those programs that fail to satisfy you or *b)* cope with what you see. They're talking about protecting children, but what they're really after is us adults. Or put it this way: If these groups didn't think that "monkeys see and then monkeys do," why would they be groups in the first place?

Personally, I trust the American sensibility. I call it the CBS-Saturday-Night theory. Time was, network executives used to wring their hands and wonder why television viewing levels were so tiny on Saturday nights. Perhaps, someone suggested, if we put on something worth tuning in, the figures will improve. So they scheduled Mary Tyler Moore's show on Saturday and then moved *All in the Family* and added *M*A*S*H* and well, what do you know?

The audience proved itself again this past season. It's currently fashionable to knock now-NBC boss Freddie Silverman, the man who dragged an entire nation across several channels and kept it glued to ABC. Cynics say it was all promotion; ABC had lots of unsold time in which to plug itself. There's another theory, though.

Silverman used the same ideas that CBS and NBC were exploiting to the hilt. Police shows. Situation comedies. Variety hours. But he added another ingredient. Silverman encouraged programming in which the characters genuinely appear to care for one another. Two cops hug each other on the job. A bunch of brewery workers look out for each other. A family takes in a motorcycle hoodlum. Another with eight children adopts a stepmother. And a brother and sister from Utah actually seem to get along. Contrast this with the bickering on CBS and the stuffiness on NBC and it's not hard to figure out Silverman's success.

The audience has shown, time and again, that it will respond to the best the networks offer. We're way ahead of the network executives and light-years ahead of the pressure groups.

What it really boils down to is power, anyway. These morality in media-ocres are disappointed that we live in a democracy and that their point of view isn't expressed to the exclusion of everyone else's.

But try to imagine a TV schedule drawn up by these prudes. The only survivors would be Jane Pauley, Julia Child and Mrs. Olsen.

Just think about that the next time you watch *Charlie's Angels*. □

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE FIRST AMENDMENT

[WHILE WE STILL CAN]

GOVERNMENT CENSORSHIP is about to take a great leap forward.

A government agency—The Federal Communications Commission—believes it has the right to act as our parents and restrict the broadcast of certain words at times when children just *might* be listening—*regardless of any literary, artistic, or social value or the fact that this could seriously limit free expression in the broadcast medium.*

The FCC acted after WBAI—a listener sponsored Pacifica radio station in New York—broadcast a monologue by comedian George Carlin about "seven words you can't say on TV" which satirizes how people get uptight by the use of certain words.

Their mailbox clogged with *one* letter of complaint, the FCC ruled Pacifica to be in violation of the Federal Communications Act. In deciding that a government agency has the right to tell broadcasters what they can or cannot say on the air, they essentially trampled all over the First Amendment.

When Pacifica challenged this ruling, a U.S. Court of Appeals held that the FCC had overstepped its authority in banning "indecent language" at certain hours and that it had wrongly entered into "the forbidden realm of censorship."

Undaunted, the FCC has now taken the "Carlin Case" to the Supreme Court which will consider this critically important constitutional question: *Do all First Amendment rights traditionally enjoyed by free press also extend to radio and television?*

Opposing the FCC—standing up for the right to broadcast a free flow of information and your right to hear it—is Pacifica radio. Broadcasting for thirty-two years, Pacifica is known as "First Amendment Radio," unrestricted by advertisers and committed to the presentation of all points of view.

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It's been a tough and expensive battle for us. . . . Now we're asking for your help. Your contribution to the Pacifica First Amendment Fund will help insure that one of our most basic freedoms—the freedom of speech—will remain intact. And, it will help us keep on broadcasting words that the government would rather not hear.

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MUSIC

NO TIME FOR THE SERGEANT

by Ed Naha

Prepare yourself. The age of Necro-Beatlea is at hand. In every way, shape and form, the antics of John, Paul, George and Ringo are currently being exhumed. Books, magazines, Broadway shows and even comic strips all try in vain to re-create that magical hysteria unique to a decade ago. And now, *Sgt. Pepper* himself is making a wide-screen reappearance . . . of sorts.

Romping through the celluloid streets of Heartland, U. S. A., are such appealing characters as Billy Shears (Peter Frampton), the Henderson Brothers (the Bee Gees) and Mr. Kite (George Burns). And while this rock-'n'-roll spectacular will undoubtedly be endearing, popular (boasting over 30 vintage Beatles tunes), and a prepube rock fan's dream-come-true, the sad truth is that the movie will probably pack as much of an existential wallop with veteran Beatles buffs as a well-worn copy of *Herman's Hermits Forever.*

The classic *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* was released on June 2, 1967. All hell broke loose. That lone LP revolutionized not only the music world but the youth world as well. Pictured on the cover were the Fab Four themselves—those lovable moptops that every guy had grown to know and love in order to get to first base with the nearest buxom Beatleswooner. But *Pepper*'s Beatles were somehow different from previous versions. They were . . . hairier. They dressed funny, too.

The record itself proved as dramatic as its cover. Up until that point, pop music had somehow isolated itself from the realities of flower power, Vietnam, dissension within the family unit and future shock. *Sgt. Pepper* confronted the spirit of the times head on. There was a theme to it. The songs somehow fit together.

The sergeant and his crew appeared mysteriously at the beginning and end, leading their listeners through a Caligari-esque carnival of souls, lost and otherwise. Souls that mirrored our own lives. *She's Leaving Home* was embraced by a world full of would-be runaways. *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* became the hip druggie's anthem with its quaint psychedelic euphemism, LSD, hidden in the title (the letters *i, t* and *w* were also present but, since no one had ever gotten high on them, they were subsequently dropped from the official Beatles lexicon).

Pepper brimmed with topical moods and mores. Mind-expanding mysticism made an appearance via *Within You Without You*, disillusionment in *A Day in the Life* and optimism in *Getting Better.* The record set precedents: It began a new chapter in popular music; it created thousands of jobs for rock critics.

But what exactly did *Pepper* mean to the average fan—the geeks in such exotic locales as Rahway, New Jersey? The teens who kept Clearasil Inc. in the black. Although they weren't as well versed as most critics, they all knew in their hearts that *Pepper* brought them excitingly new concepts that no other record (certainly not that last Gary Lewis LP) could match. It unleashed a torrent of truisms on a global classroom filled with eager learners: For one thing, it showed the youth of the world that it was possible to dress like an idiot and not be considered an asshole. Salvation Army stores across the nation experienced the biggest run on merchandise since the Great Depression, as thousands of teenaged misfits flocked to the stores in search of antiquated garb. Heavy thinkers, all of them.

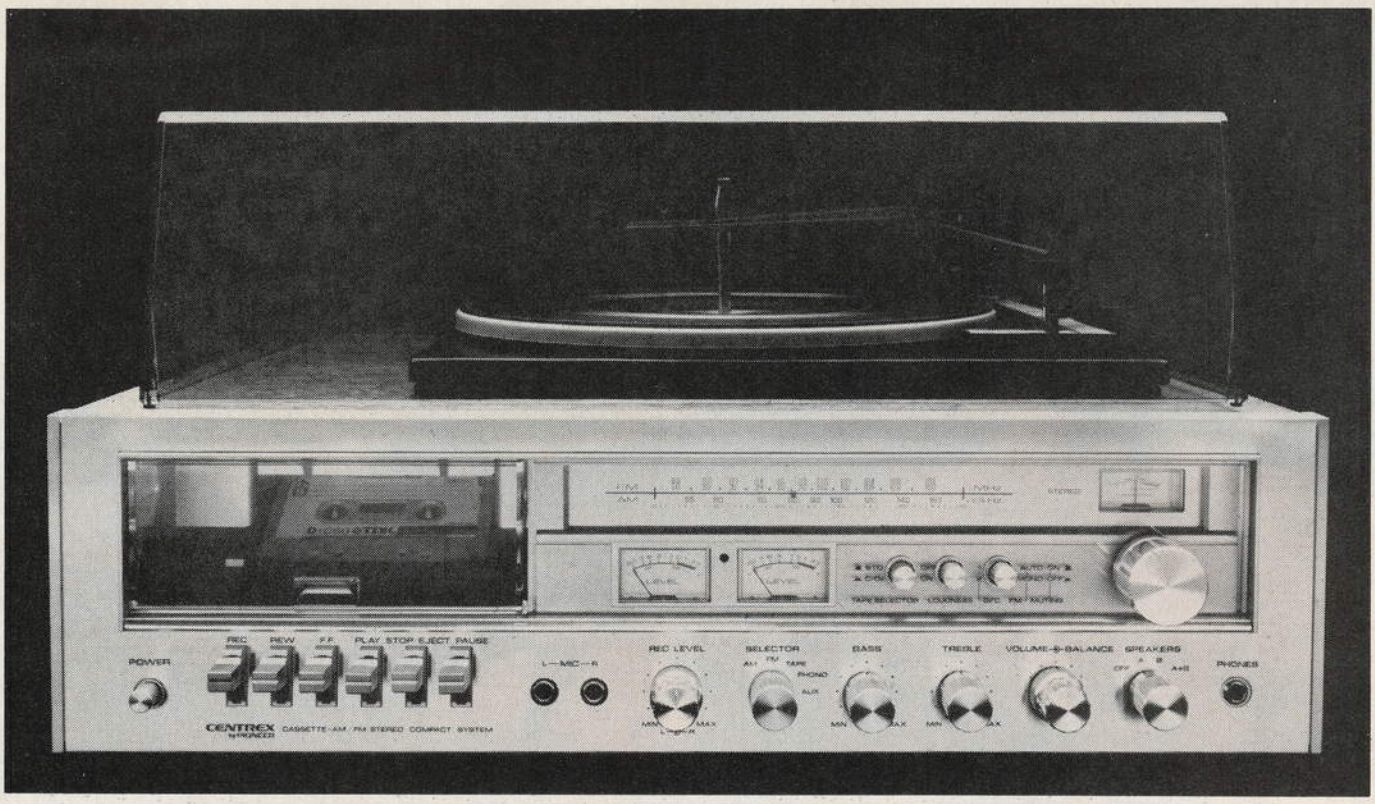
Pepper also demonstrated, for the benefit of countless guys, that it was permissible to part one's hair down the middle without changing your name to either Sheila or Maurice. The Beatles also proved that mustaches did not have to be as slimy as the one worn by the taco-stand cashier down the street. In fact, a teenaged fellow could look quite "gear" in a mustache. And, if he were too young (or inexperienced) to grow one of his own, the LP also included a cardboard one suitable for pasting on an upper lip.

Mental faculties were sharpened as a result of *Pepper*ism as well. One of the more classic enigmas to arise during this century concerned the *meaning* behind *A Day in the Life.* Scholars and students alike debated this one. Was it a portrait of modern-day alienation? Depression? Traffic safety? No one knew for sure and no one really cared. The fun was in guessing.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band was all things to all people. It was toe-tapping transcendentalism at its best. It was a way to get back at your parents, to communicate at school. It became the Rosetta stone for embryonic hippie movements, a promise of better things to come. The Beatles were growing up and they were taking all their fans along for the ride.

Somehow, it seems unlikely that the movie with Frampton and the Bee Gees (no matter how big their dimples) will be able to duplicate that journey. It is doubtful they will even try. The new *Sgt. Pepper* is pretty and enjoyable, the cinematic equivalent of a Whitman Sampler. Young rockers will eat it up; older musicophiles may go into diabetic shock.

But, all things considered, it could have been worse. Imagine Sam Peckinpah having a go at *Abbey Road*, with Ernest Borgnine and Robert Duvall starring. It would probably be mindless but, by the last reel, everyone would know how many holes it takes to kill the Albert Hall. □



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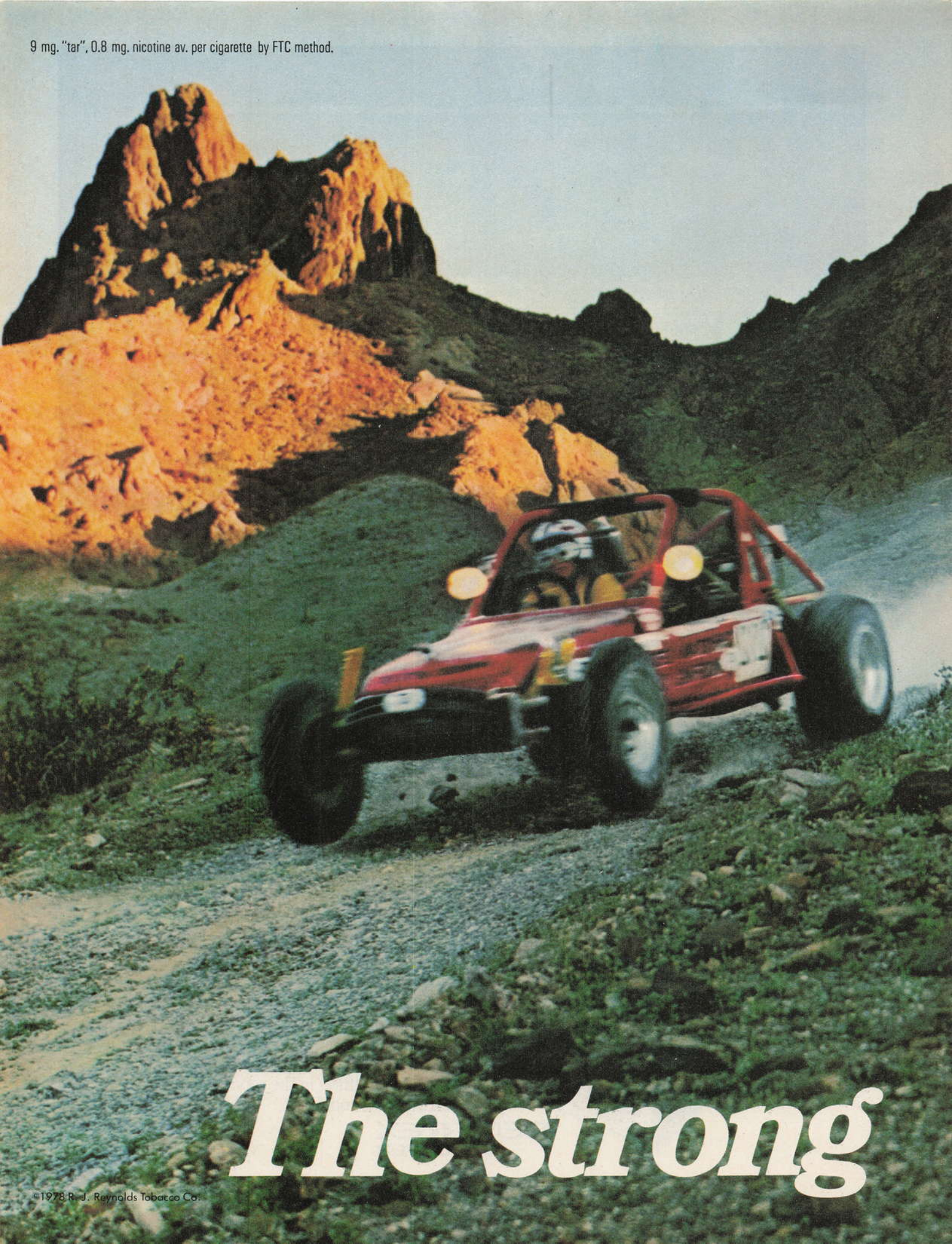

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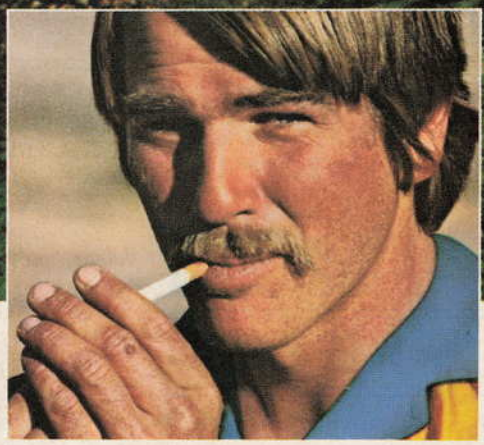

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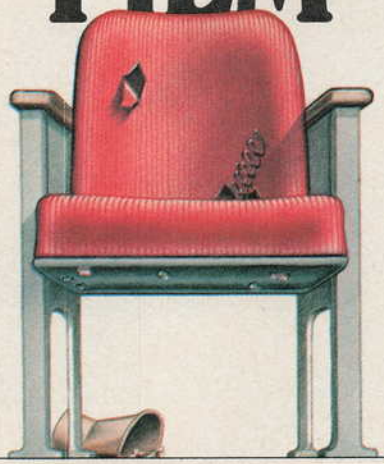

HOW TO PICK YOUR SEAT

by Rick Sublett

Thirteen minutes to show time: Your right flank is occupied by a nice-looking elderly couple who both suffer from progressive hearing loss. For the next two and a half hours, they'll repeat key passages of screen dialog to each other at the top of their lungs.

Ten minutes to curtain now, and a Cub Scout pack files into the row behind you, under the supervision of a permissive adult. He (or she) will look the other way the rest of the evening, while the blue-uniformed little bastards engage in a non-stop popcorn fight . . . and literally kick the steel veneer off the back of your seat.

Five minutes to the feature: You fight back that familiar urge to flee by telling yourself: "I'm okay! I can *still see* the screen! Please, God, don't let anyone block my view tonight!"

But God doesn't hear your silent, screaming prayer. Or, if He does, He ignores it . . . because a seven-foot Masai warrior appears from nowhere during the opening credits of the movie and sits down . . . in the seat right in front of you. (Because of religious and cultural traditions, he cannot morally remove his ceremonial headdress.)

And there you are. Blinded, smothered, encroached upon and completely surrounded by a clot of noisy, inconsiderate and unfamiliar humanity. While they somehow enjoy the movie, *you* must get up every seven minutes to make way for the man down the aisle with the terrible kidney disease, as he crawls back and forth to the men's room.

Yes, it's true. There ought to be a law against anyone but you going to the movies. But since there isn't, there's only one intelligent alternative short of just staying home. You must learn to defend the seat of your choice. Defend it, if need be, to the death. Or at least until the coming attractions.

To help you toward that end, here are the three basic in-theater lifespace-saving techniques currently accepted for use in the United States:

Wimping—The least effective and most cowardly of all the known movie-house martial arts.

Wimping consists of merely getting up and moving to another seat of lesser quality. In many pathetic cases, "Wimpers" find themselves huddled in the alley behind the theater, keeping track of the plot via short, handwritten notes from friends who have remained inside.

Cloning—One of the oldest and most dependable seat-protecting techniques.

Cloning is accomplished by spreading articles of your own clothing on all the seats around you. If piled properly, the strewn apparel sometimes tricks invaders into thinking the seats are already occupied by people hopelessly trapped in the candy-counter line.

Cloning has one major disadvantage, however: In many theaters nowadays, anything placed upon a seat (including your date's behind) is likely to be fondled, defaced in some manner or stolen and pawned for heroin money.

Soloing—As the name implies, a good technique for people who go to movies alone.

To be an effective "Soloist," and to clear people away from your lifespace, merely stare at them, smile strangely and show them a normally unseen part of your body.

However, be forewarned. Soloing can sometimes have an undesirable, opposite effect, depending on how many fellow perverts or undercover vice detectives are lurking in the audience with you.

Turning from the basics to the advanced techniques of seat defense, here are two foolproof methods never before revealed in print:

Piani's Gambit—Developed by a Chicago-area juvenile delinquent during the mid-Fifties.

This technique has grown from being just another sick, childish act of vandalism, to becoming the most successful way to keep the seat ahead of you empty, no matter how crowded the theater becomes.

Simply *take the seat apart* (just as Piani himself did hundreds of times in the Homewood Theater) with a small, easy-to-use crescent wrench. Most theater seats can be dismantled to the "utterly unusable" point (from behind and in semidarkness) in less than three well-spent minutes.

Conspicuous Consumptioning—A technique acknowledged by the American Medical Association.

If you find yourself hemmed in by too many people, merely produce a blood-flecked handerchief and feign your best wracking, terminal-sounding cough.

Ask your wife, date or companion to heighten the grisly effect by periodically saying to you, in a stage whisper: "Arnold, we've got to get you back to the isolation ward! If not for your sake, then for the sake of *these poor innocent people* you're contaminating."

These are, or course, but two of the dozens of advanced in-theater lifespace-saving techniques. In future columns we'll explore maneuvers and ploys which are still in the top-secret, experimental or field-test stage.

Among them: the "Poop-and-Giggle," the "Epileptic-Attack-in-the-Balcony Scenario" and (for nostalgic moviegoers who like to mix a bit of the old with a bit of the new) laser-controlled rubber puke puddles. □

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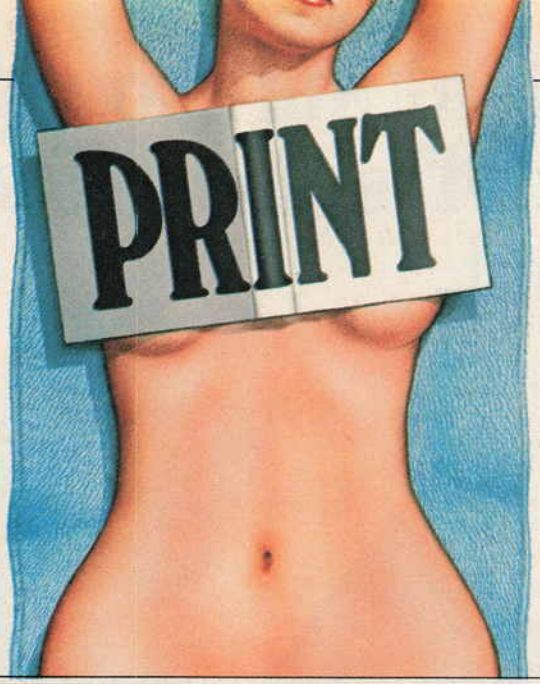


SUDDENLY THIS SUMMER

by Jesse Kornbluth

Other men may know their batting averages for the years 1953–1961; when I think about my childhood summers, all I remember are the dawn-to-dark reading orgies. There was time, then, to start a book in the morning and finish it that afternoon and maybe even, in the sheer luxury of the moment, start a second book—and sometimes finish that, too. On rainy days, if your mother was also a bookworm, you could take a loaf of Wonder Bread and a jar of Skippy to your bedroom and stay there all day without once feeling obligated to make a public appearance. And sometimes you got sick—for whole weeks at a time—and you had to stay in bed and read until, in your fever, you felt you became the book.

This subversive lifestyle began to pay off when I was 17. It was my good fortune in that impressionable year to meet a girl who had read *War and Peace* and *Moby Dick* on a single ten-day book drunk. She had no objection to making out on the beach, as long as it didn't get in the way of her Henry James—a behavior pattern so hard to find in any person of either sex at any age that I promptly fell in love. We probably separated over a book; I know when we get together now it is generally to trade book lists and talk about books. I can even imagine us in our old age, reading aloud to one another. On a porch. Overlooking the Pacific. With attendants to turn the pages while we soak in the Jacuzzi.

Almost all of my book-related binges are connected to the summer and the beach, because the summer has always been, for people like me who can't write and read at the same time, the ideal season for heavy reading. This is the kind of truth that seems too banal to mention unless you have read, as I once did, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* in January, a week after moving from a three-year relationship uptown to a barren apartment in the meat district—that, friends, is hell. I know better now. When it's summer, it's time to buckle down and protect my eyes with shades so scholarly they look as if they'd been ripped from John Chancellor's face.

Like a jogger who's had to lay off all winter, I start with a light workout. If everyone's reading *Jaws 2* this summer, who am I to shun it?—especially since Peter Benchley got the idea for the original scare-filled shark novel on this very beach. Are there still readers who hang on Nixon's every word? I'd better dip into his self-serving prose. And who knows? I just might be the random reader who spots the lie buried so deeply it is the key to that twisted psyche.

Having covered terror, sports, politics and drugs—the pop pantheon—I'll warm to my Heavy Reading with some high-class smut. This summer's choice is a prestigious Urizen Books hardcover entitled *Story of the Eye.* In its 120 pages, written in distant 1928, Georges Bataille recounts a late adolescent's initiation into degenerate sex. The book is billed as an exploration of "taboo areas of human sexuality in a nihilistic style mingling elegance and funk"; I will, of course, defend my reading of it as merely historical in intent. That it begins with the narrator meeting the freaky Simone on a beach in the south of France—a beach much like this one—is a fact I will remember only if a somewhat more mature Simone wonders why I am turning pages so avidly.

At long last, however, I'll put the world aside and vote for quality. I will study Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer* as if I had to take a quiz on it—which, come the fall, I will; Percy is one of those writers with so many spare ideas no one notices if a comrade with a deadline filches a few. *Three by Peter Handke*—particularly "A Sorrow beyond Dreams," a novella about a mother's suicide, so poignant I have found myself appraising my wrists strangely—falls in the same category.

After bouts with Percy and Handke, I will take a break and read Andrew Tobias' *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need,* a piece of commonsense financial writing that's as refreshing to the barely monied scribbler as a spoonful of quince sherbet is to the sated gourmand. Then, convinced I have made a temporary truce with the demands of the world, I will go abstract in earnest. Well, not all that otherworldly: Although I love philosophy and sonorous preaching, I prefer to get that spiritual transfusion indirectly, through the biographies of the greats.

Which is why, this summer, I will meditate on Norman Malcolm and Georg Von Wright's memoir about Ludwig Wittgenstein (Oxford University Press paperback, $2.50). Wittgenstein's philosophy will always make me feel like a dolt, but his life is inspirational and instructive: Wittgenstein worked like a dog, with a very modest sense of his own achievement.

The *pièce de résistance* this summer will be Anna Dostoevsky's *Reminiscences* (Liveright paperback, $5.95). It is not only one of the world's great love stories—Anna met Fyodor when he was a month away from a crucial deadline and she was a 20-year-old stenographer who had never worked professionally—it is also a tale as sweeping as the stories I read in my childhood summers, heavy and thick as Skippy on the tongue. And if God is good, as I walk to my bicycle at sunset, I may meet a woman struggling with Husserl. I am very sure we'll have something to say to one another. □

Wild Should Wild Remain.

"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."

ALDO LEOPOLD

"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."

ROBINSON JEFFERS

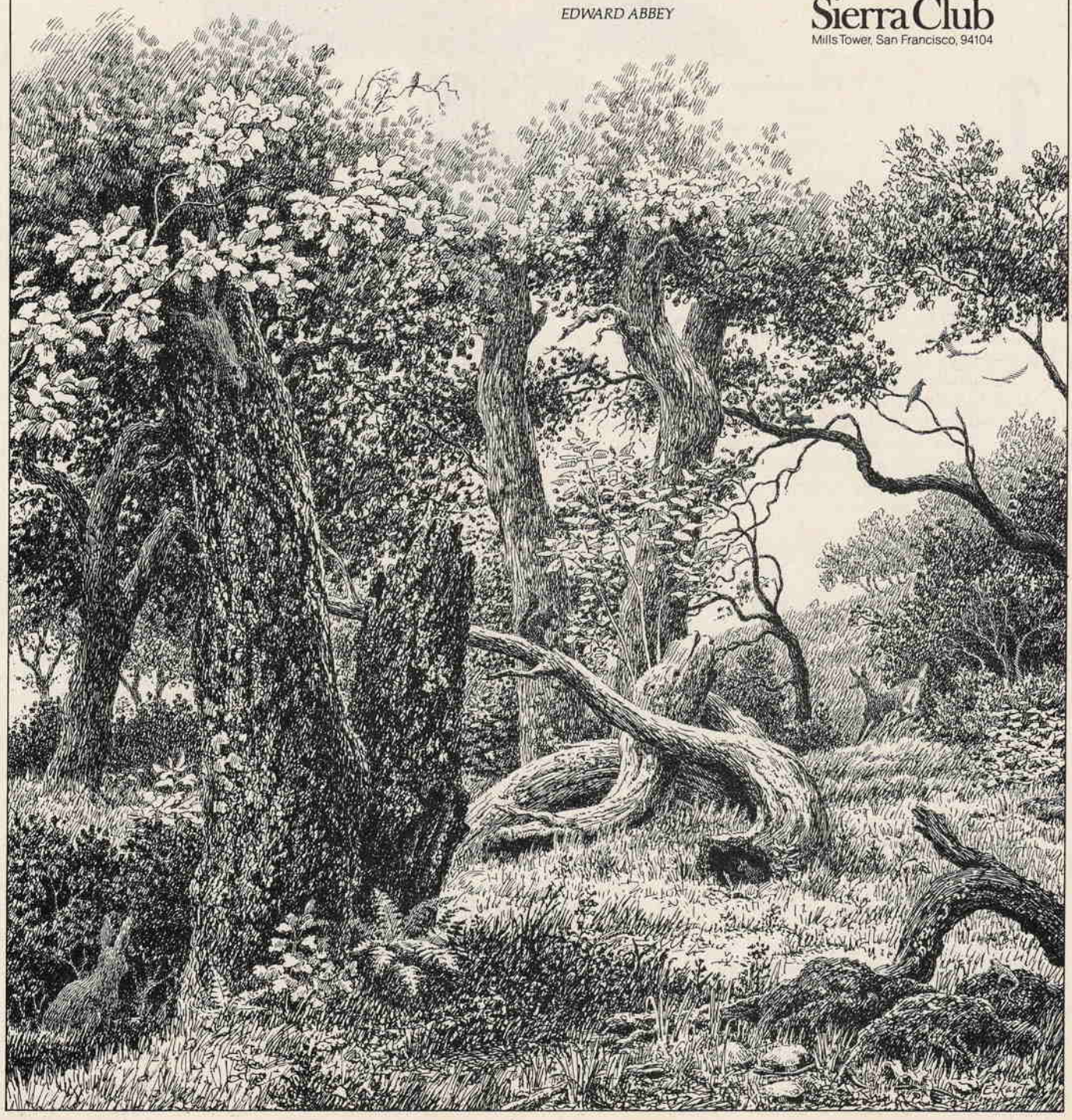
"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."

EDWARD ABBEY

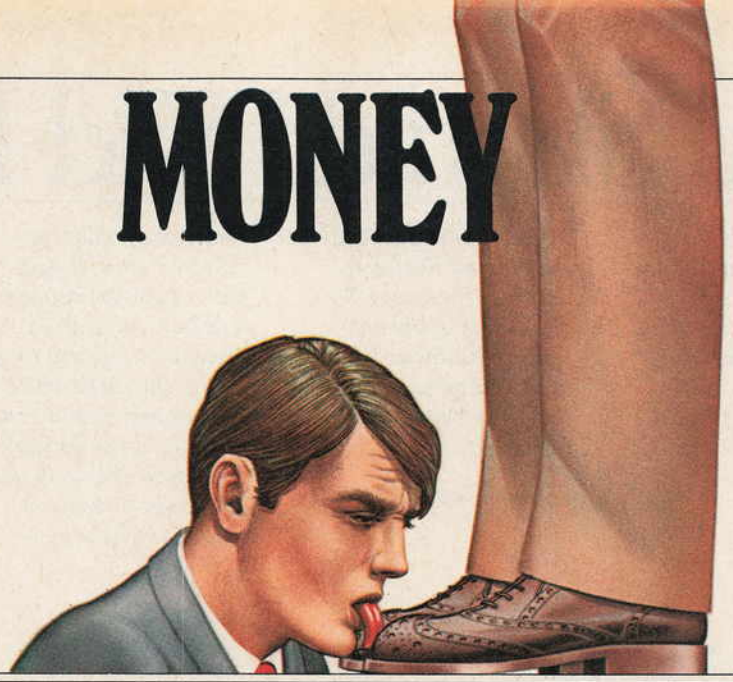
"We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there—important, that is, simply as an idea."

WALLACE STEGNER

Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



MONEY



HITTING THEM UP FOR A RAISE

by Chris Barnett

There are hundreds of guidebooks and how-to-get-it-on manuals out there designed to help you achieve sexual fulfillment without rejection. Yeah, how to score. But have you ever seen a book on how to seduce the boss? A self-help primer on how to get more bucks out of him—bucks you've earned, bucks you deserve, bucks you're entitled to? You may think you're a worldly stud, supersmooth in every situation. But I'm willing to bet you a Beefeater martini that you're scared shitless to go in and ask the top Scrooge for more money.

You aren't alone. It's the ultimate crapshoot. You can lay your best line on a lady, a customer, a hot new prospect, and if you bomb out on the approach, you might be able to pull it off in the clinch with some well-chosen words and perseverance. Or, failing that, you can always move on to the next person.

But if your boss shoots you down when you're asking for more money, what then? Do you pack up and leave? Update your résumé and start calling the headhunters? Hang tough and pray he has a change of heart? That can really shake up the old psyche. Los Angeles management psychologist Stuart Atkins says asking for a raise is one of the most stressful situations you'll ever face: "Fear of rejection and fear of the unknown are two stress triggers." He says your competency—your whole sense of worth—is being called into question, and all that stress is "more than enough to bring on a sense of terror."

Calm down. Don't despair. Our intent here is to see you fatten that old paycheck, leap up the corporate ladder and get everything you've always wanted out of life. So here are some special tips and sound suggestions from the pros on how to ask for and get a raise—and what to do when the answer is no.

For openers, you shouldn't have to go through the psychic meat grinder of asking for a raise if you work for a well-managed company. Reviews should be automatic. But even if your boss is overworked and/or absentminded, insensitive, afraid to ask *his* boss for more money for you, don't avoid the subject out of fear; you've got to go for it. Avoid the issue of money and you're marked—subconsciously, at least—as a gutless wimp.

What's the best strategy? First, be psychologically ready to leave the company. That's right. Before you even knock on the boss's door. Now, you shouldn't go looking for another job beforehand; just be prepared to leave in case you don't get that increase. Gearing up for the worst gives you a little more self-confidence. But don't be too cocky.

Okay, you're up for it. How do you approach him? This is crucial. Some corporate guerrilla fighters suggest hitting up your boss for more bucks after work at a bar, at an office party, while you're on the road with him and after you've just closed a big sale, or in your den after your wife has just plied him with a great dinner. But that's a real gamble. He may acquiesce to your request in the warm afterglow of your 20-year-old cognac, but he might also sober up the next morning and think he was bagged. Forget the wining and dining.

Far more effective is to meet him on his own turf—his office. It's best to make an appointment with his secretary and make it clear you're coming in to discuss a salary and performance review. Don't send a memo; that will only put him on the defensive. Don't just walk into his office unannounced and blurt out what's on your mind. That will surprise him *and* put him on the defensive, and no one likes that.

After you make your appointment, do your homework. Start with some quiet research and find out what other competent people in similar posts in related companies are making. Ask a headhunter, check with a trade association or trade publication, or ask a management consultant. If you're making a lot less—15 percent or more—jot that down as a discussion point for the big meeting.

Next, draw up a specific list of what you have accomplished since the last review or since you've been on the job. In short, you've got to justify your request for more bucks. Say you were instrumental in developing an internal policy that produced a 10 percent savings in production or administrative costs. Translate that into dollars saved and note it on your list.

If you created or improved a technique for getting sales leads, don't just list that as an accomplishment. Try to calculate how much money your company theoretically banked thanks to your ingenuity. No matter how small your contribution may have been, you must give your boss ammunition so he can rationalize giving you a raise. This is particularly true if your company is tightening the old belt, trying to ride out rough times. In fact, if your company is scrambling financially—lost a key order, posting continual losses—be a little discreet in putting the arm on them. If they don't have a salary freeze in effect, get that performance review—but tell your boss you'll wait until things get better for the company.

Meanwhile, I can't stress enough that you've got to prove that you are entitled to a raise, not just that you deserve one because you racked up another year on the job. That's why listing those accomplishments is important. And they should be meaningful, nonroutine contributions that

Whatever became

of what's-his-name?

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?.."
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

I would like to support the Environmental Defense Fund. Enclosed is a contribution of $_____ (Membership $15)

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edf

MONEY If your boss tries to cover his ass and he knows you're aware of it, you've got a little leverage—blackmail. If he's vindictive, though, he'll get you later.

make *him* look good as well.

In short, take the positive approach. Christ, don't base your request for more bucks on personal needs. Probably the biggest mistake you can make is to moan about how tough it is to live on your present paycheck. Don't lament about inflation, about how your property taxes have soared, or your daughter needs braces, or your Porsche needs a new set of radials.

The boss may look sympathetic to your plight, but unless he's some corporate Florence Nightingale, he doesn't give two shits. Because, Bunkie, he's in the same jam, too—and he'd never think of groveling to *his* boss about how tight things are. What's more, not only is that kind of whining a turn-off to anyone listening to your sob story, "it hardly ever works," warns Stephen Hill, a personnel and compensation consultant. "Even if your wife just had quintuplets, the sympathy plea is a mistake."

Assume you've convinced the boss you've earned that raise. How much money do you ask for? You can settle for the standard 6 percent or whatever your company doles out as a merit and cost-of-living pay hike. But if you work for a smaller, less formalized outfit, try making a quantum leap—ask for a raise *twice* as big as you would normally expect. San Francisco executive-search consultant J. Philip Broyles considers it one of his "seven surefire strategies" for asking for more money. "Your boss will eventually recover from the shock and will negotiate downward to a figure that is still more than he was planning to give you," contends Broyles. But there's always the remote chance he may surprise you and say yes to your first request. This is a ballsy approach and definitely not for the fainthearted or security-minded soul.

If you're working for a larger company with rigidly defined salary ranges, don't ask for a raise—ask to be reclassified. The point is, you don't want to "max out" in your range and get stuck in limbo until someone discovers you; by then it might be too late. Speak up: Tell your boss in the meeting that you want more responsibility. Remember, most senior managers are looking for people down in the ranks who are eager to help prime the old profit pump. Makes them look good, too—sort of like they've groomed you and are moving you along.

Take a break here and think about that for a minute. Try to develop a "mentor" relationship with your boss or another powerful person in your company who doesn't see you as a threat but rather as a protegé. We're not suggesting you kiss ass to get ahead; that can backfire. But as Charles Guy Moore, executive director of the National Institute of Career Planning, puts it, a mentor can accelerate your climb through the corporate maze. And if your mentor believes in you, chances are good he'll support your bid for more bucks.

These are the general ground rules, the foreplay in asking for the raise. Here are some solid strategies, but none are ironclad guarantees. So you're on your own.

Cough It Up or I'll Quit. Effective with smaller companies, especially if you play a pivotal role and they'll have a hard time replacing you. (Still, don't ever think you're irreplaceable.) Takes guts, but don't bluff. And, of course, be ready to clean out your desk in an hour. If you go this route, it's wise to have another job offer in hand, hopefully at a higher salary.

Strike while the Iron Is Hot. You just scored a corporate coup: closed a big deal, found a way to slash overhead without cutting into production, opened up a new market/territory. You're fair-haired today. Your boss or the president is probably feeling expansive, even generous. Gently broach the subject of your salary with him while he's still floating. Let him see you as a superperformer and reward you for same. That's playing it fair. The question is, Does your company always play fair with you? Compensation consultant Stephen Hill has a couple of dirty tactics that he's seen work in the past, although he certainly doesn't endorse them.

Scream Discrimination. You can claim wage discrimination for almost anything today—age, sex, religion, nationality. Particularly effective if it's really true.

Catching the Boss in a Compromising Position. This takes practice, and it only works if your boss is prone to making mistakes which he can't own up to. If he tries to cover his ass and he knows you know about the blunder, you've got a little leverage—blackmail. So you help him out, cover for him and then, wham, you put in your request. Naturally, you're taking your career and your reputation into your hands with this one. If he's vindictive, sooner or later he's going to get you.

Going Over, Going Around. Unless you are in tight with your boss's boss, don't try to circumvent him. Otherwise you've made an enemy for life, or at least for the rest of your time at that job, which you can rest assured will be rather short. Now, if your boss kills your raise request, you can try an end run, but again the odds are you'll crash into a stone wall. The senior manager isn't about to undermine your boss and cause some kind of uprising in the ranks.

Suppose you do get turned down in your quest for more money. You can exit, and many experts say that might be a wise move, depending on how gently you were given the bad news. If it was a flat no, with no explanation, start looking. If it's obvious you have no future there as long as your boss is in his present slot, you can either play the waiting game or split. The decision is yours.

But a far smarter response is to find out why he said no—even if he doesn't want to talk about it—and then try to convince him the next time around. Turn up your wick—dig in and *really* go to work, and keep a running journal of your accomplishments. If the answer is no six months later, split.

Chet Burger, a New York City management consultant and author of *The Chief Executive*, advises you to keep your cool and not get belligerent or morose if that raise doesn't go through.

"You might say, 'I'm really sorry, because I thought I deserved it. But I understand the reasons why you did turn it down and only hope you will reconsider it in the future,' " he says. "What kind of bargaining power does the guy have in that situation? The only thing you can do is try to make him feel bad by showing him you're reasonable so he'll try to get it for you next time around."

OK, you got that raise—a fat one, too. It was bigger than you expected; in fact, you're now being paid more than your colleagues for a similar job with the same responsibilities. Naturally, you're happy and want to celebrate. If so, do it privately, not at your favorite after-work saloon or with the guys from the office.

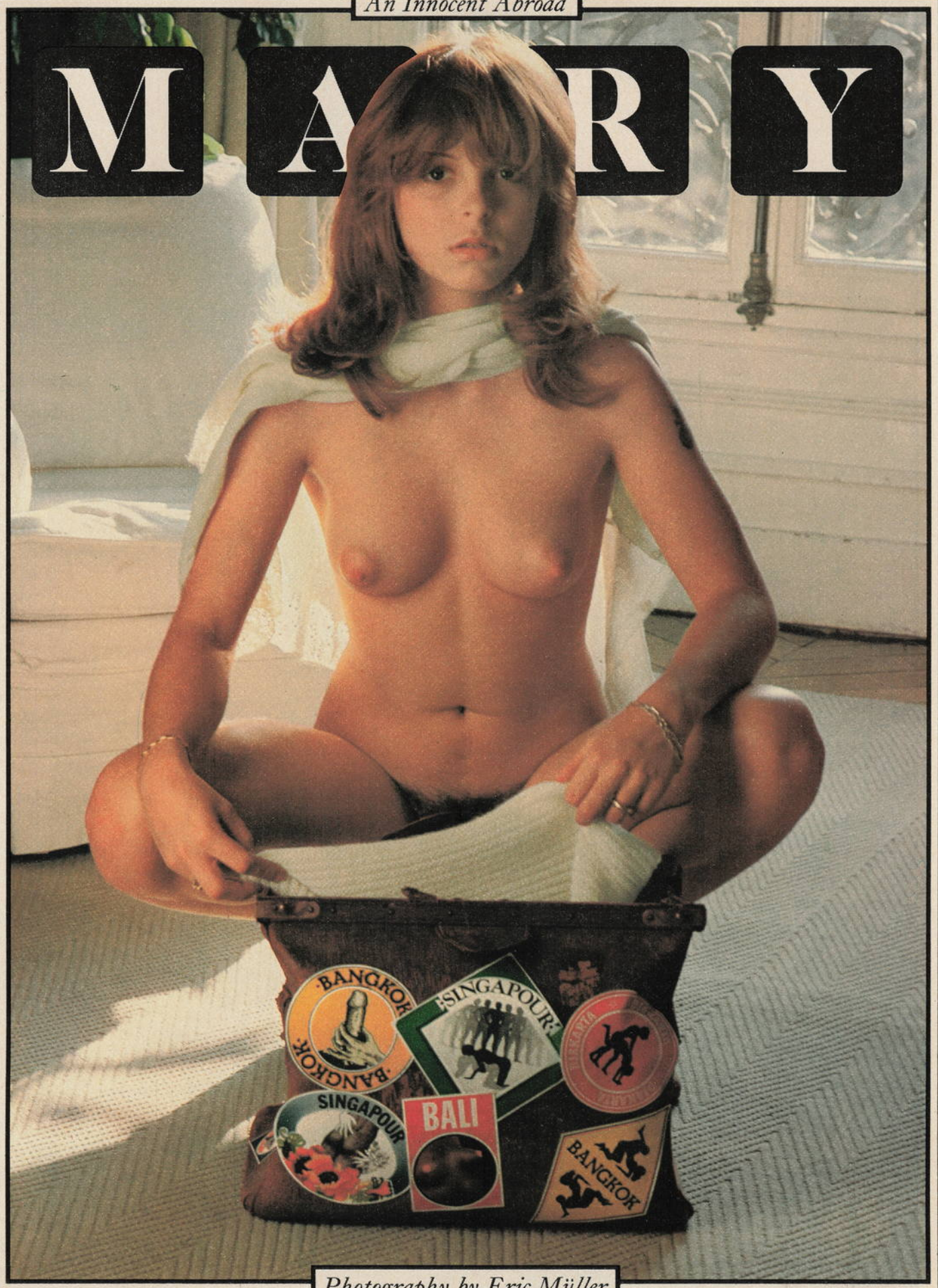
The last thing you want to do is stir up the troops by bragging how you beat the boss out of some big bucks. He'll be besieged by everyone the next day, and he'll blame you and your big mouth for his troubles. Worse yet, you'll surely kill your own chances for any future salary advances. It's far wiser never to discuss salary, compensation, perks or any other aspects of your paycheck, even with your closest pals. Surely you wouldn't talk about the sexual prowess of your wife or girlfriend with them.

And just because you won that raise, don't lay back and coast. Remember, the highest-paid people stick out like sore shlongs on a payroll, and the minute the company starts to hit the financial skids, no matter what the reason, the higher-priced talent is vulnerable. Instead, the minute you get that raise, quietly set out to earn the next one. Hopefully, you won't have to ask for it. □

Got any money problems you'd like to see discussed in this column? That's what we're here for. Send your question to Money, c/o OUI, *8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069. Questions with the broadest appeal will be answered.*

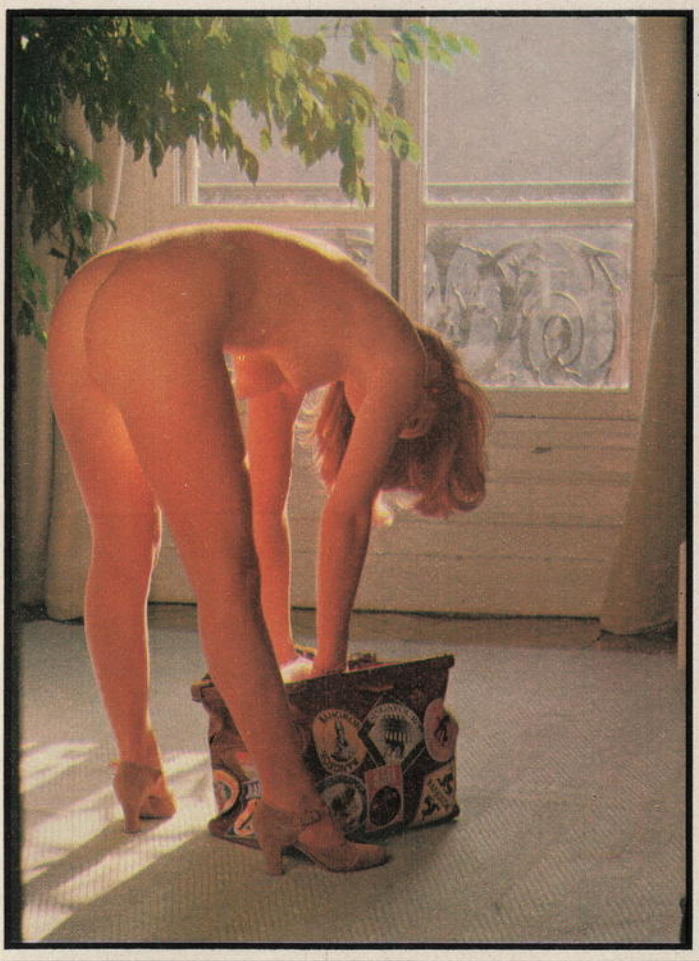
An Innocent Abroad

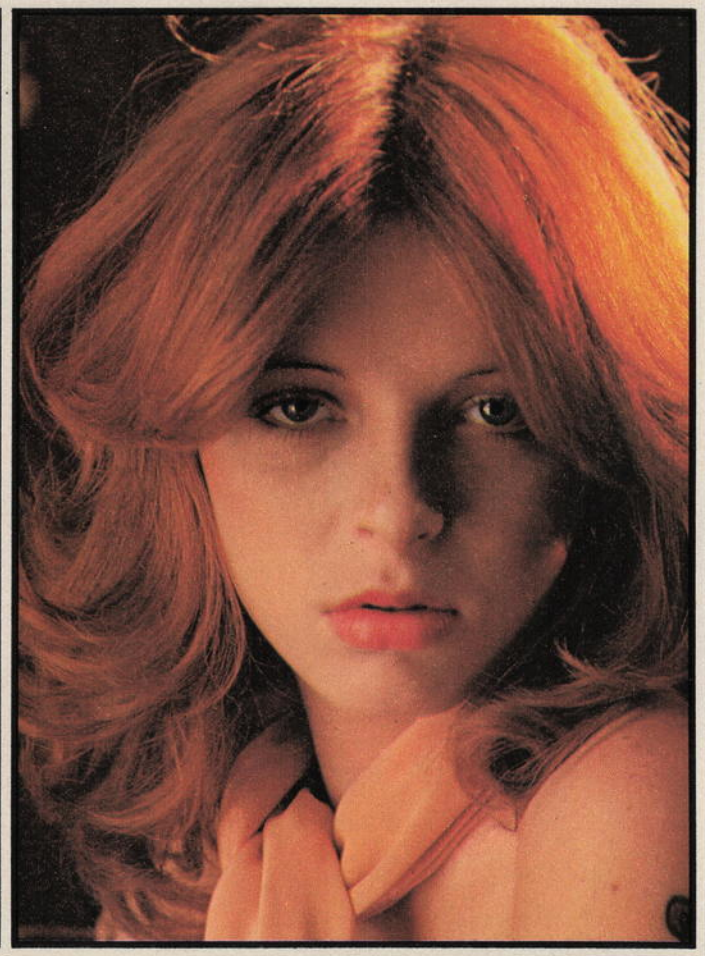
MARY



Photography by Eric Müller

We found Mary in Paris dropping daiquiris like Perrier at the chic Cafe Ratière. Would she pose nude for OUI?





"Back in Boston, never," Mary said. "But who will ever see these pictures in America?"

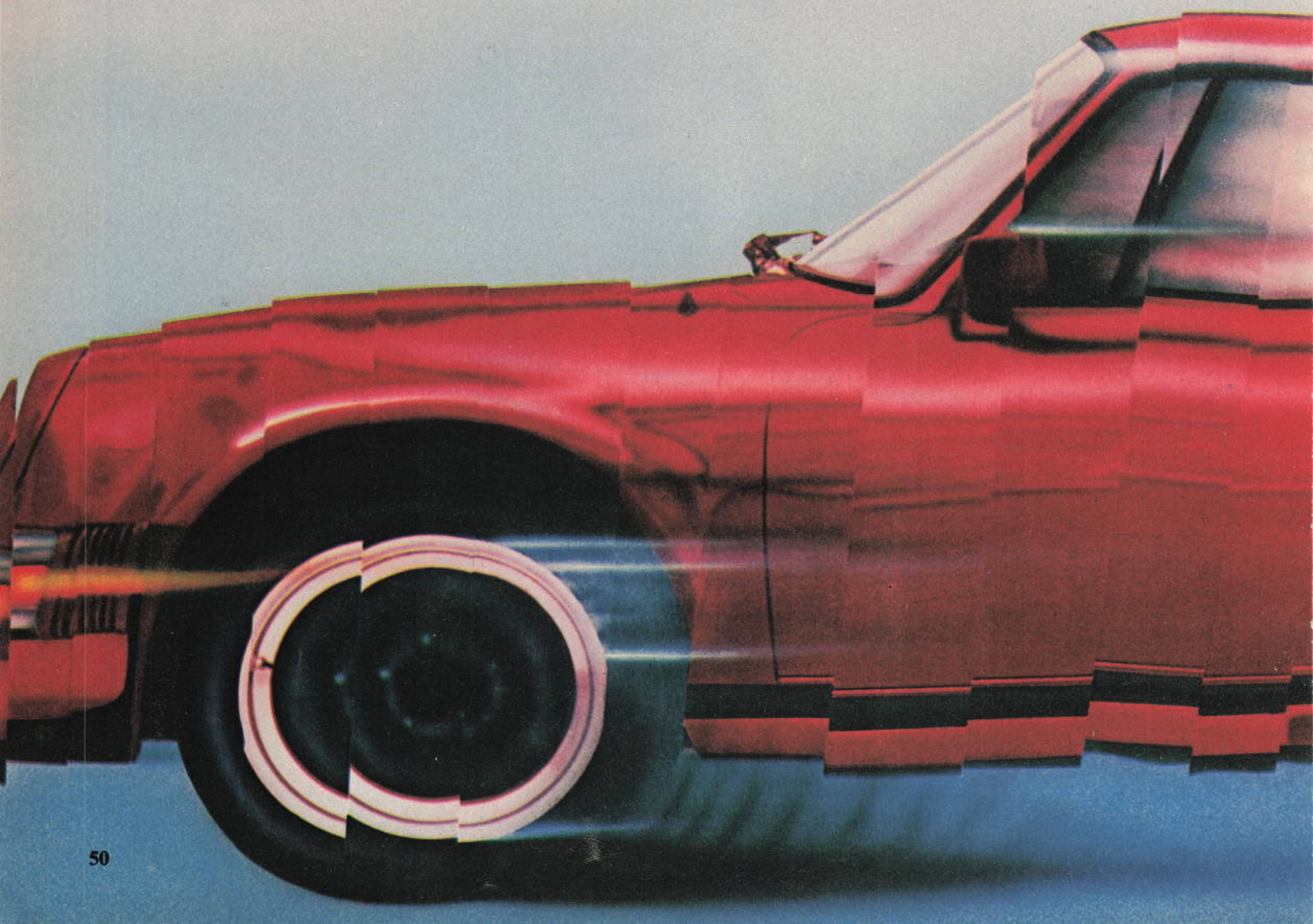
THE PORSCHE

Just as you always suspected, Porsche owners have a reason to be snobs

Article by David Barry

This is the true confession of a car freak—a flat-out, hammer-down auto fanatic. For hard-core addicts like myself, automobiles aren't something you jaw about over drinks or play with on weekends; they're an obsession that gnaws at the foundation of your life until you're an absolute slave to things on four wheels. Though some car junkies manage to lead useful lives, Porsche freaks are beyond redemption. I know because I'm one of them. I'm writing this to support my habit.

When I was a kid, I had normal passions like guns,



MYSTIQUE

trains, baseball, dreams of driving fast and fantasies about being stranded in a hayloft with Janet Leigh. As I grew older, they all faded from the picture. I ditched Janet Leigh for Ursula Andress, but if I'd had the choice between her and a fast car, I would have grabbed the keys. I drooled over Jaguars, Ferraris, Aston Martins and Maseratis—grand touring cars, or *gran turisimo* in Italian. Porsches didn't turn me on. They were funny-looking, underpowered and they cost too much.

I knew that Porsche owners believed they were several notches above the rest of the sports-car crowd—but why? After all, the little German bubble car was really a cousin of the Volkswagen with a 60-horsepower engine, a top speed of 110 and a $4000 price tag. Sure, Porsches were more finely crafted, better engineered and more comfortable than economy sports cars like MGs, Triumphs, Austin-Healeys and even the comparably priced Jaguars. Porsches didn't drip oil; the tops and side curtains didn't leak; the gears didn't graunch; the springs and shocks didn't fuse your vertebrae over bumps; and the

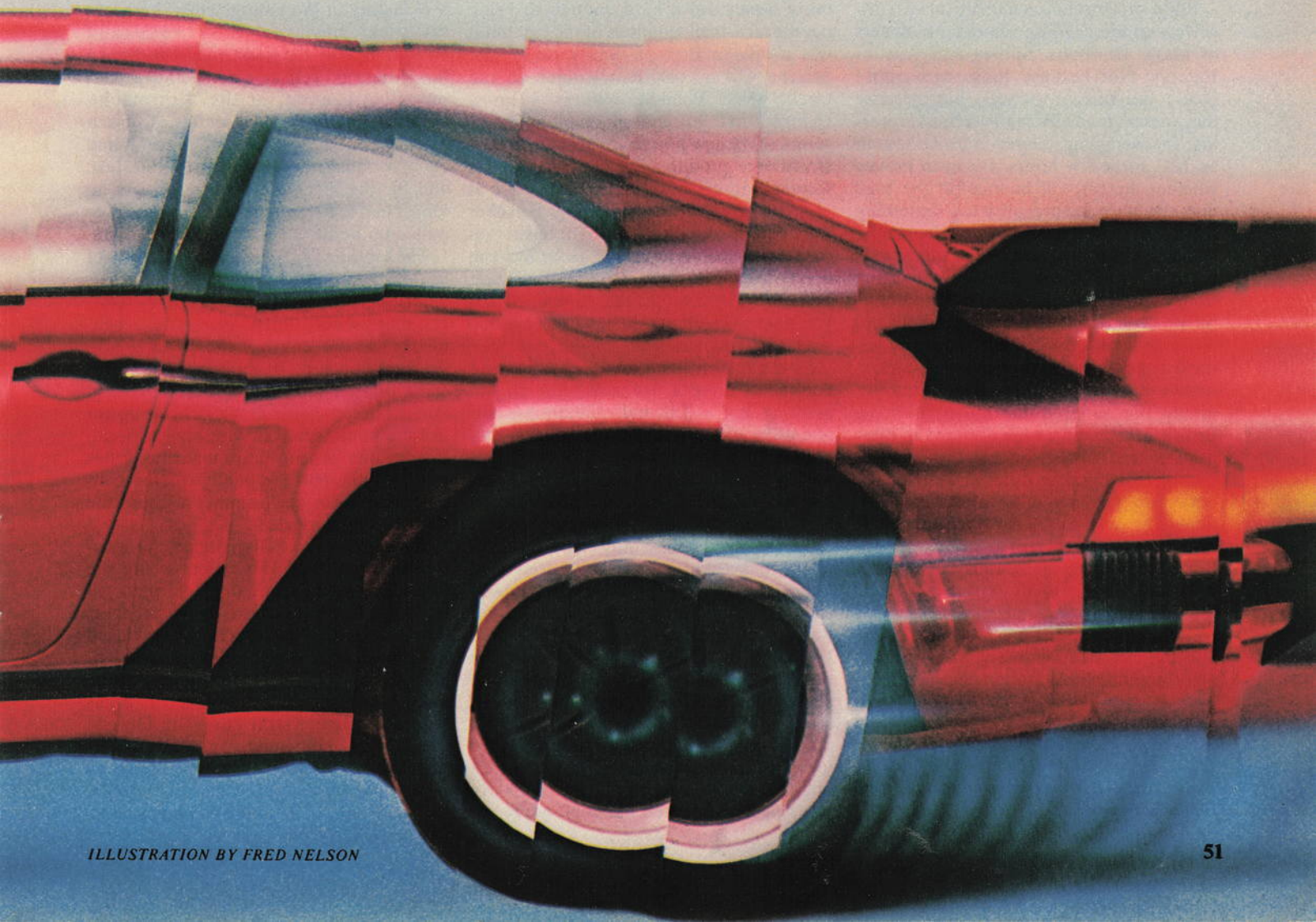


ILLUSTRATION BY FRED NELSON

PORSCHE The brotherhood of enthusiasts has been crashed by a new crowd whose only common bond is a good credit line. In Los Angeles, 911s sell like high-grade cocaine.

parts didn't fall off. Still, I fueled my fantasies with dreams of faster, noisier and sexier cars—until I got hooked.

Once you succumb, it all seems very simple: Other cars are cheaper because they're cheaper; Porsches are better because they're better. You know or you don't. When you do, nothing needs to be said because the car speaks for you. My first Porsche was a 1961 Super 90 coupe, worth about $2000 when I bought it in 1967. Once I owned it, the irritatingly dull but aerodynamically pure lines became sensually beautiful, and the light, precise handling was an absolute joy. It didn't matter that a taxi could stay with me off the line. Everything in the car worked exactly as it was designed to. That little white car really came to life on winding back roads. The little push-rod four purred like a contented cat at 70 or 80 mph, and the gearbox, steering and brakes merged into an effortless extension of the driver's wishes. I could drive fast in comfort all day without fretting about popping a head gasket, blowing a radiator hose or listening for engine noise to turn into the death rattle of a burned-out bearing. Those were worries for drivers of lesser cars.

Pride of Porsche ownership always involved condescending smirks at owners of MGs, Triumphs, Sprites and Austin-Healeys. Not because those cars didn't please millions of owners, but because they weren't made for really serious motoring. Try averaging 75 mph on back roads in an MG for a few hours: It's even money whether the car will bounce off the road into the trees before or after something breaks. At least that's what Porsche people believe. As for the faster, more glamorous machines—well, Corvettes, for one, came from the wrong side of the automotive tracks. Granted, they moved like hell, but those muscle-bound brutes simply attracted the wrong sort of person. Jaguars were a thoroughly respectable automotive family but suffered the curse of being British. Hence, they were doomed to blow head gaskets, shred fan belts, pop water pumps, leak precious fluids and shed parts until they became relics ahead of their time. The only way to upstage a Porsche owner on his own terms was to drive a Ferrari, but then, the serious Porsche nut even had an answer to Ferrari owners as soon as their backs were turned: Ferraris cost too much, parts are too hard to get, and the car is unreliable with a passionately unpredictable Italian temperament.

The author, who has worked for Associated Press and Women's Wear Daily, *has owned two Porsches and seven motorcycles. His insurance company is not happy with him.*

If you think I exaggerate, let me quote an early-Sixties review of a Porsche from the pages of *Road & Track*, the *New York Times* of sports-car magazines. The writer, who loved the car, said Porsches should come equipped with AM/FM radios, as it was "only fitting that the aesthetic pleasure of driving a Porsche be accompanied by the sound of Bach or Mahler." How's that for snob appeal? Other reviews of the 356 series that was Porsche's main offering from 1951 through 1965 credited Porsche with the "unmistakable feel of a quality car built for the connoisseur . . . no other car in the world even approximates the feel of a Porsche." If for some reason your enthusiasm faltered, all you had to do was read a few lines to swell with pride.

It wasn't just blind chauvinism that made Porsche owners such a fiercely loyal enthusiast group. The true test of sports-car performance is on the track, and competition Porsches were giant killers from the beginning. Factory Porsche race cars, such as the 550 Spyder that James Dean died in, were unbeatable in their class and frequently embarrassed bigger, more powerful Ferraris and such, in long distance races like Sebring and Le Mans. Not every owner drove hard enough to bring out the race-track qualities of the car, but it was a vital matter of family pride that Porsche was a consistent winner on the track. Most Porsche owners I knew changed their oil and spark plugs themselves, and knew how to care for their cars. If you were good to a Porsche it would last forever. Sports-car drivers used to wave at each other in those days, and Porsches were equipped with a headlight flasher on the steering column, which, as far as I can see, is mainly to flash a greeting at other Porsches. The car does that to you—makes you want to celebrate the joy of ownership with a passing stranger.

I still blink my lights or wave at a passing Porsche (I drive a 911 now) out on the highway, but not in town. There are too many Porsche drivers on the street to acknowledge without going off the road, and half of them wouldn't know why I was waving, anyway. The brotherhood of discriminating enthusiasts has been crashed by a new crowd whose only common bond is a good credit line. That didn't used to be important. When I was in college, a dedicated Porsche nut could wheel and deal his way into a good used Porsche for less than the price of a new VW, and even the flagship 911, which replaced the bubble-shaped 356 in 1965, wasn't totally out of reach at $6500. The Super 90 coupe I bought in '67 would sell for around $6000 today if I hadn't wrapped it around a tree, and the new 911s go for about $20,000. In Los Angeles, 911s sell like high-grade cocaine at a rock stars' convention, and a distressing percentage of the buyers seem to be people who call other people "baby" and would rather make the lease payments on the right car than fix their kids' teeth.

The little car from Stuttgart that went through the Fifties and Sixties as the connoisseur's pride and joy became a prime status symbol for the conspicuous consumer of the Seventies. It might have been different if a shifting world economy hadn't jacked up the deutsche mark and shrunk the dollar so that the U. S. price of a 911 almost tripled in ten years. It was inevitable, though, that once a Porsche cost as much as a college education, it became a force to be reckoned with on the status front.

For bona fide Porsche lovers, the 911 offered a lot. The svelte, teardrop-shaped car ended the question of Porsche's cutesy-pie looks, and the potent overhead-cam six freed Porsche owners from the taint of VW ancestry. The 356 had, after all, begun life as a collection of modified VW parts assembled in a zippy two-seater body. Porsche gradually took on the manufacturing until the car became totally Porsche, but the bloodline still led directly to the VW factory in Wolfsburg. Then there was the sticky business of Dr. Ferdinand Porsche having designed the Volkswagen for Hitler, as well as a tank and a self-propelled cannon for the Wehrmacht. More important was the matter of power. Even the mildest version of the 911 had enough punch to get you in trouble fast, and for the first time Porsche drivers no longer had to look the other way when they pulled up beside a Mustang at a stoplight.

The top-line 911S was a Teutonic answer to Detroit muscle cars like Z-28s, Boss 302s and Dodge Chargers. Sporting flared fenders, mag wheels, tinted glass and a genuinely savage engine, the 911S was a smoker good for 140 mph in fifth, and it came off the line like a rocket. At last, Porsche drivers could grovel in brute power like the punk teenager with his Plymouth Roadrunner. As an auto-magazine writer said in 1967, Porsche finally offered genuine muscle-car performance without the stigma of low price!

When Porsche finally entered the muscle-car game after 15 years of being the littlest guy on the team, the factory played for keeps. The 911S's were roving avengers for every 356 that had ever had sand kicked in its face, and Porsche drivers could finally mop up the barroom bullies like so many folding chairs. And while emissions regulations were strangling the Detroit muscle cars one by one, Porsche kept getting more horsepower through the smog regulations by coming out with a bigger

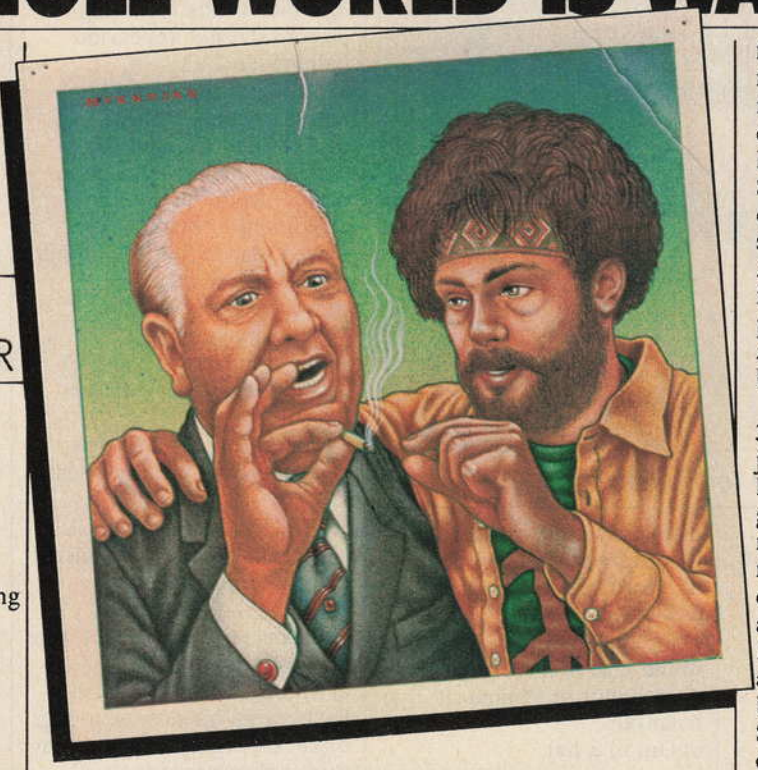
(Continued on page 120)

1968:

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING

HOW MUCH DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THE CHICAGO RIOTS?

TRIVIA BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



What's wrong with this picture?

MULTIPLE GUESS

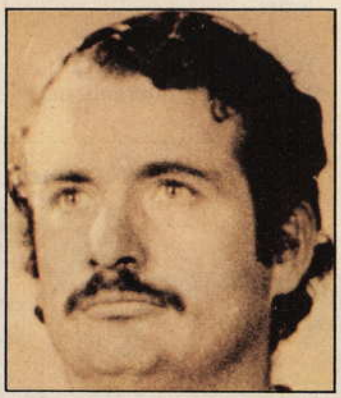
1. Events scheduled by protesters in Chicago did *not* include:
a) The nomination for President of a 400-pound hog;
b) Nudity and random fucking in Lincoln Park;
c) An outbreak of swine VD among protesters;
d) A rally to celebrate LBJ's birthday;
e) The arrival of Tim Leary with Mrs. Leary, a cow and a lantern.

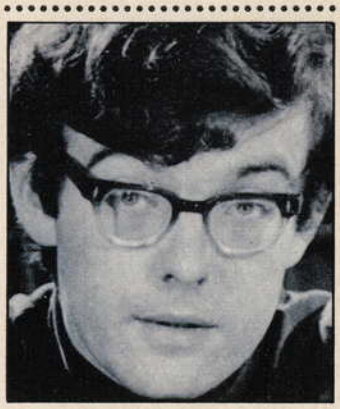
2. Convention security measures stopped short of:
a) An electrically wired, chain-link, barbed wire–topped fence around the Amphitheater;
b) A private, armed citizens' paramilitary riot-control force of 1000 volunteers;
c) Air Force Phantom II recon flights to make aerial maps for the army's command post in the Pentagon;
d) Helicopters spraying high-potency, skin-contact Seconal over demonstrators;
e) Radio-equipped sharp-shooters stationed inside the Amphitheater in the rafters;
f) A dummy White House portico erected in front of the Amphitheater entrance to block the aim of assassins.

3. Who said: "Gentlemen—joy, nookie, circle groups, laughing, dancing, sharing, grass, magic, meditation, music, theater and weirdo mutant-jissomed chromosome-damaged ape-chortles have always been my concern for Lincoln Park"?
a) Anita Bryant;
b) Deputy Mayor Richard Stahl;
c) Ed Sanders of the Fugs;
d) Paul Krassner;
e) Cook County Sheriff Joseph Woods.

4. *Time* urged the "foresighted Democratic delegate"

Which of the following were tried for conspiracy to provoke the Chicago riots?
a) Huey Newton;
b) David Dellinger;
c) Tom Hayden;
d) Several Chicago cops;
e) Abbie Hoffman;
f) Bobby Seale;
g) Lee Weiner;
h) John Froines;
i) Jerry Rubin;
j) Jane Fonda;
k) Rennie Davis;
l) Mark Rudd.





Welcome to Czechcago

to go to the convention equipped with everything but:
a) Goggles, Vaseline, wire cutters and a crash helmet;
b) Bug spray, a walkie-talkie and a recognized bail-bond credit card;
c) Letters of passage from the ADA, Yippies, Geneva Conference, Mayor Daley, the Panthers and Interpol;
d) Industrial-strength crab spray and a *Demos Do It Daley* bumper sticker;
e) Canned rations, a first-aid kit and LSD-free bottled water.

5. The Yippies chose the name Youth International Party:
a) While stoned on shredded Government documents;
b) Because Paul Krassner owned the copyright;
c) So the *New York Times* would take them seriously;
d) In honor of Roman Polanski;
e) Out of a hat.

6. The official Yippie gesture was:
a) The clenched fist;
b) A jerking-off motion;
c) Saluting with one hand while grabbing one's crotch with the other;
d) The V-sign with one hand, the finger with the other;
e) One hand out asking for spare change, the other picking one's nose.

7. Which of the following persons did *not* appear on nationwide TV?
a) Walter Cronkite calling security guards "thugs";
b) Abraham Ribicoff condemning the city's "gestapo tactics" from the podium;
c) William F. Buckley and Gore Vidal calling each other names on ABC-TV;
d) Mayor Daley shouting "Fuck you, you Jew son of a bitch, you lousy motherfucker" at Abraham Ribicoff;
e) Delegate Warren Beatty, caught sniffing a bicycle seat.

8. Which statement is false?
a) Norman Mailer was busted twice in ten minutes;
b) Allen Ginsberg, Terry Southern and Jean Genet were teargassed;
c) Mario Savio was busted for blowing his nose in a flag;
d) Dick Gregory and William Burroughs were teargassed;
e) Hugh Hefner was billy-clubbed;
f) Murray Kempton was busted for marching.

9. At the McCarthy-McGovern-Humphrey debate on the Vietnam War (pick two):
a) Humphrey promised to send John Wayne to Vietnam;
b) McCarthy promised to send Jane Fonda to Vietnam;
c) McGovern promised to send Thomas Eagleton to Vietnam;
d) Pat Paulsen promised to appoint Mayor Daley Secretary of Defense;
e) All three candidates arrived late.

10. When the antiwar platform plank was defeated and peace delegates sang *We Shall Overcome*, the convention band tried to drown them out with (pick three):
a) *Happy Days Are Here Again*;
b) *The Marine Hymn*;
c) *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*;
d) *I Fought the Law and the Law Won*;
e) *Folsom Prison Blues*;
f) *You Light Up My Life*;
g) *In-a-Gadda-da-Vida.*

11. As they faced off the National Guard in front of the Hilton on TV, demonstrators chanted which three phrases?
a) "We're Number One!"
b) "Fuck You, LBJ!"
c) "Give Us Librium or Give Us Meth!"
d) "The Whole World Is Watching!"
e) "Roses Are Red/Violets Are Blue/We'll See Your Ass/In '72!"
f) "Take It Off!"
g) "*Sieg Heil!*"
h) "Jump!"

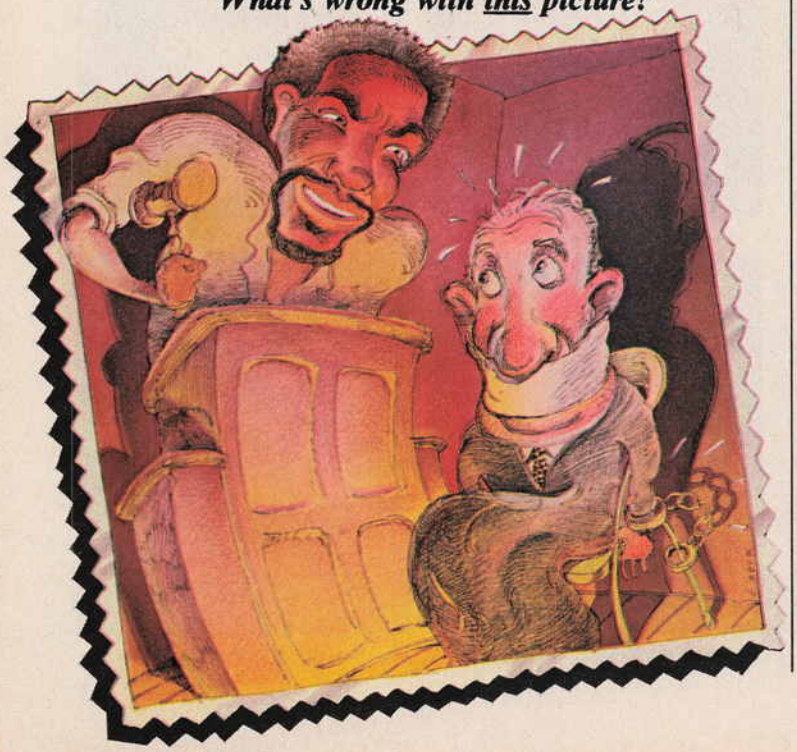
12. Abbie Hoffman was arrested while:
a) Trying to spike the city reservoir with acid;
b) Eating bacon and going "Oink, Oink";
c) Committing an indecent act with an Air-Wick;
d) Disguised as a National Guard armory;
e) Handing out cocaine to the Colorado delegation.

13. Chicago police did everything but:
a) Launch an amphibious assault on the demonstrators from Lake Michigan;
b) Patrol the Dan Ryan Expressway in helicopters looking for black snipers;
c) Arrest the pig nominated by the Yippies;
d) Chant "Kill, Kill, Kill" as they waded into the crowds;
e) Stage a predawn bust-and-club raid on McCarthy's headquarters in the Hilton.

14. When he won the nomination, Humphrey promptly (pick three):
a) Hopped up and down and cried;
b) Called his Laetrile connection;
c) Kissed the TV set;
d) Kissed a woman other than his wife;
e) Kissed Lyndon B. Johnson's ass;
f) Pissed out the window on demonstrators.

15. Match the following correctly:
a) Rubin & Hoffman;
b) Kunstler & Weinglass;
c) Weiner & Froines;
d) Foran & Schultz;
e) Hayden & Davis.

What's wrong with this picture?



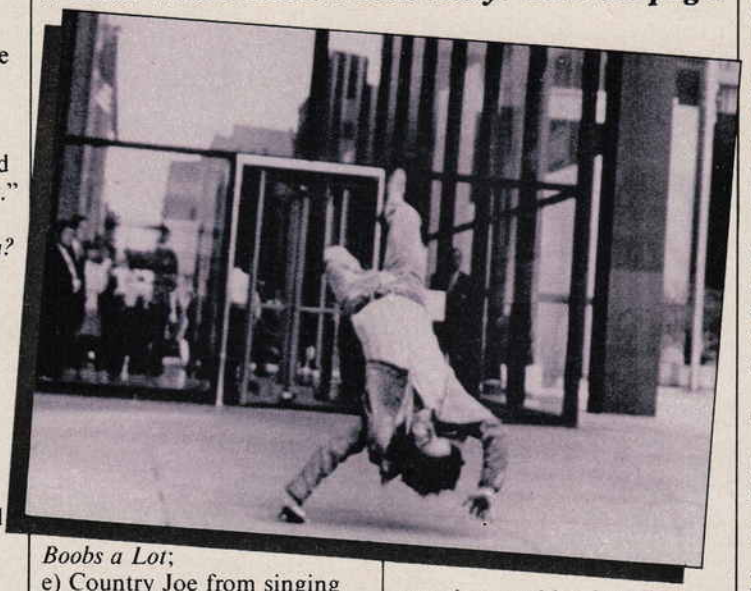
1) Defense lawyers;
2) Innocent bystanders;
3) Yippie personalities;
4) MOBE coordinators;
5) Government prosecutors.

16. Match the person to his official court testimony:
a) "I am a poet, songwriter, leader of a rock-'n'-roll band, publisher, editor, recording artist, peace-creep . . . and yodler."
b) "Facts are nothing without their nuance, sir!"
c) "You are a rotten, fascist pig, racist liar!"
d) "I like being here. It's good theater."
e) "It's part of being a media unknown that even the judge finally forgets you're here."
f) "Judge, you represent all that is old, ugly, bigoted and repressive in this country . . ."
g) "You are a disgrace to the Jews. You *schtunk. Vo den? Shanda fur de goyem?*
h) "Oh, bullshit."
1) Rennie Davis; 2) Tom Hayden; 3) Judge Hoffman; 4) Ed Sanders; 5) David Dellinger; 6) Abbie Hoffman; 7) John Froines; 8) Arlo Guthrie; 9) Jerry Rubin; 10) Bob Dylan; 11) Bobby Seale; 12) Richard Pryor; 13) Norman Mailer; 14) Truman Capote.

17. Judge Hoffman did not (pick two):
a) Ask the defense attorney if he used perfume;
b) Bar Allen Ginsberg on the basis of a no-animals-in-court rule;
c) Rule that the testimony of the U. S. Attorney General was irrelevant;
d) Sentence four lawyers to jail for contempt before the trial started;
e) Threaten to have a stake pounded through Abbie Hoffman's heart.

18. Judge Hoffman intervened to halt and prohibit all but:
a) Phil Ochs from singing *I Ain't Marching Anymore*;
b) Arlo Guthrie from singing *Alice's Restaurant*;
c) Allen Ginsberg from chanting "Om";
d) Ed Sanders from singing *Boobs a Lot*;
e) Country Joe from singing *Vietnam Rag*.

Wonder where Abbie's been lately? Turn the page.



TRUE OR FALSE

19. Three Chicago cops were tried and convicted for brutality.

20. Flies from the stockyard were so thick that all speakers ascending the platform were ordered sprayed with bug repellent.

21. Delegates with hair over their ears were subjected to urine-analysis tests.

22. A poll showed 75 percent of all Americans in support of the Chicago police.

23. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was dragged from the convention floor and busted for showing friends how to cheat the credential-scanning machine by using a credit card.

24. Convention coverage on NBC and CBS was outdrawn by reruns of *Garrison's Gorillas* on ABC.

25. After being clubbed unconscious, Rennie Davis publicly removed his own stitches with pliers to demonstrate his indifference to pain.

26. McCarthy offered to withdraw if Ted Kennedy would run.

27. Rennie Davis originally came to Chicago to compete in a chicken-judging contest.

28. Bobby Seale was gagged and shackled for demanding his own lawyer.

29. The Gays for Peace contingent captured a plain-clothes agent and spackled his asshole shut.

30. Daley ordered all Chicago hookers to hand out condoms on which were printed "Welcome Delegate/Piece with Honor."

31. The last line of Humphrey's convention-closing acceptance speech was, "Bdeah, bdeah; that's all, folks."

BONUS QUESTIONS:

Identify each of the following:

1) Clean for Gene.

2) "Welcome to Czechcago."

3) "We couldn't agree on lunch."

4) Mace.

5) "Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball."

ANSWERS ON PAGE 114

Mr Natch Remembers
YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT TO LOOK AT ME NOW, BUT IN 1968 I WAS A HOT SHIT
MY PICTURE ALL OVER THE UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS. HIPPIE CHICKS WITH BIG TITS HANGING ON MY EVERY WORD.
HUGE POSTERS OF ME IN FLUORESCENT-LIT BOOKSTORES. BEARDED COLLEGE PROFESSORS TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF MY MUSINGS.
AND THEN THINGS STARTED GOING DOWNHILL. THE WAR ENDED. GRAND FUNK RAILROAD SOLD MORE RECORDS THAN JANIS. CASTANEDA INVENTED AN OLD INDIAN WHO WAS SMARTER THAN ME.
AND ROLLING STONE MOVED TO ELAINE'S IN NEW YORK.
EVEN R. CRUMB, WHO USED TO DRAW ME, LEFT THE COUNTRY.

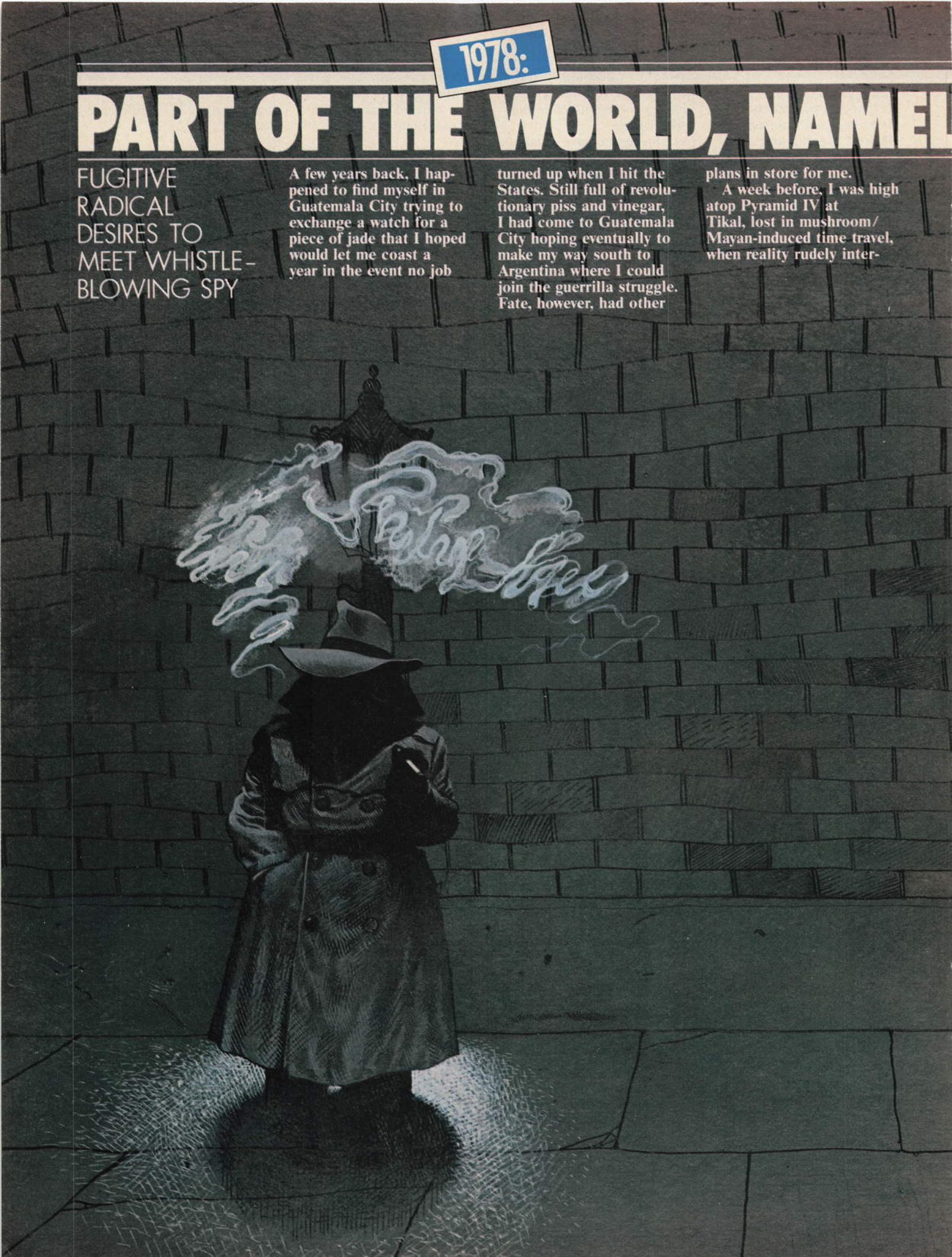
1978:

PART OF THE WORLD, NAMEL

FUGITIVE RADICAL DESIRES TO MEET WHISTLE-BLOWING SPY

A few years back, I happened to find myself in Guatemala City trying to exchange a watch for a piece of jade that I hoped would let me coast a year in the event no job turned up when I hit the States. Still full of revolutionary piss and vinegar, I had come to Guatemala City hoping eventually to make my way south to Argentina where I could join the guerrilla struggle. Fate, however, had other plans in store for me.

A week before, I was high atop Pyramid IV at Tikal, lost in mushroom/Mayan-induced time travel, when reality rudely inter-



Y THE CIA, IS STILL WATCHING

TRAVEL BY
ABBIE HOFFMAN

rupted. "Did you hear the news? Did you hear the news!" screamed a bunch of backpackers scampering up the slopes. "Nixon quit! He's through. All done. Finito! Kaput!" Roars of approval in seven languages could be heard piercing the jungle silence. I got so excited that I lost my footing, cascaded down the side of the pyramid and ended up tearing the ligaments in my ankle.

Recuperating in the capital, I realized this sudden change of events meant that the Feds would stop beating the bushes for me and it might be safe to return to the land of milk and honey. Perhaps

STILL WATCHING Agee was for 12 years a CIA agent, sabotaging movements I felt close to. He might not take kindly to an ex-Yippie fugitive who zeroed out on a dope bust.

with Nixon gone the atmosphere would loosen up a little; maybe I could even stop schlepping around the globe and settle down in some nice, quiet place like the South End of Boston.

The mail arrived before the jade swapper, and much to my surprise and delight it included a small package from England. I tore the wrapping off and spied a dull gray paperback of Malraux's *Man's Fate*. Inside what proved to be the false cover lay an advance copy of Philip Agee's *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*. It was, at the time, certainly the only copy in Guatemala and, Cuba excepted, probably the only copy in all Latin America. For the next two days I devoured the book. I read it first as an adventure story about this bright philosophy student from Notre Dame who gets recruited into the CIA and then gets sent to South America, where he dreams up and acts out political sabotage, eventually gets disillusioned and resigns. What follows is six years of dodging spooks, trying to research and recollect his experiences and get someone to publish his diary. One lonely spy's attempt to come in from the cold, blasting away at his former employer. "The CIA exists solely to protect the interests of American investments abroad. That is their chief responsibility and they carry out their work by subversion of governments and social movements through bribery, torture, assassination, frame-ups and countless other illegal, covert techniques."

I then read the work as a textbook, noting in particular the detailed description of surveillance operations at airports and around embassies. No doubt comrades in Latin America would be interested in those who had been bribed and framed by the CIA, in the list of fronts and, most importantly, in the names of agents and informers operating undercover in their countries. What a memory this Agee fella had! The book read like a computer on rewind. I found myself underlining more and taking more notes than on any book since Carlos Marighela's *Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla*. I admired the book as an act of guerrilla theater, along with others such as the *Pentagon Papers* and, if I may, *Steal This Book*, all of which in their own way cut through the limits on free speech: Davids hurling flaming missiles at a Goliath whose power depended on secret information.

Yes, this Agee had really lobbed one. If he got away with spilling the beans, if he managed to survive as a former agent gone public, it would pave the way for more agents to come forth. From a strictly cynical, cash-and-carry point of view, how could the CIA match the rewards of being a best-selling hero? Reassignments to exotic locales? Pay hikes? Lectures on the code of honor? "You promised not to tell." "Yeah, but you promised we'd be a bunch of do-gooders out to save democracy. No one said anything about corrupting unions, framing politicians and frying testicles." So the code of silence had been broken. Allen W. Dulles lay a-molding in his grave. The Potomac guards choked on their Scotch-and-sodas. Paper shredders worked overtime. Psychoanalysts were put on alert. "Just one little bastard with a big mouth." "Sure, he's a commie."

I Xeroxed several copies of the lists, along with a hastily assembled summary of the book, and sent it to various contacts in Latin America. Of course, being in Guatemala, I could appreciate the book even more. Somehow, reading this in the U. S. just wouldn't have been the same experience. Back there, surrounded by multimillion-dollar movies, shopping centers, electronic toys and those 27 billion Big Macs, the Third World and its problems seem so distant, like poison arrows around the moons of Jupiter.

Guatemala is about 96 percent U. S.-owned. It's been that way ever since 1954, when the CIA engineered the downfall of the last legitimate government and the assassination of its elected president, sort of a George McGovern type named Arbenz. Military coups came pretty cheap back in the Fifties.

The CIA bought Guatemala, its banana plantations, its coffee and its cattle ranches, for a measly six or seven million dollars. Just a few weeks before I arrived, elections were to be held and the current strong man, General Kjell Eugenio Laugerud Garcia, was expected to return to power. Convinced his brutal suppression of the guerrillas and economic austerity program had gained popular approval, Garcia loosened up and ordered live television coverage of the returns. As soon as the polls closed, it became apparent that the liberal opposition was about to score a resounding surprise victory. All of a sudden, every TV set in Guatemala went blank until the next morning, when it was announced that Garcia had been returned to power and his chief opponent, Montt, had fled the country. (Of course, everyone knew he'd been threatened with murder if he stayed.) That was the end of elections for a while and *finito* for live television to boot. No one doubted the steady hand of the CIA was behind all this Latin instability. One just has to walk the downtown streets to recognize U. S. interests. Esso. Dairy Queen. IBM. The glare of neon imperialism hits you smack in the eyes. There are fashionable suburbs that are off limits to Guatemalans without a security pass. It's to these carefully guarded strongholds that the Americans retire at night, hot and sticky from the hard day's plunder.

That night I wrote Agee a long letter about how valuable his book was. I advised him that the CIA would continue to harass him, if not worse, and that in spite of any legal hassle it was his duty to return to the U. S. and give full publicity to his important story. I also sought out his advice about my own publishing problems. All the while, of course, I was being careful not to let on where I was but giving him a safe way of corresponding through the States. The letter was sent via Paris to his London publisher. As a rule, I'm particularly cautious with people I've never met, and I assumed his mail was being monitored. Besides, Agee was for 12 years a CIA agent, sabotaging movements and governments I felt close to. I never doubted his conversion was legitimate, but I found it impossible to enter his mind: Catholic, humorless, a machinelike killer instinct which, thank God, had now pointed itself in the right direction. I knew people like him on the left but kept them at a distance. They were the type who most assiduously rejected countercultural lifestyles, who might not take kindly to the ex-Yippie fugitive who zeroed out on a dope bust. Whatever the admiration, there were limits to long-distance trust.

A year passed. The book was now in the public domain. I could see its familiar cover, a photo of the CIA bugged and planted typewriter, in all the supermarkets of Dallas. CIA agents were being reassigned throughout South America. The government of Peru, inspired by the book, rounded up every agent they could net and sent them packing. There must have been a scramble to rename all those fronts, to bury (one way or another) informers and to change communication techniques. Not since Kim Philby ditched the British Secret Service and scooted off to Moscow had a single individual caused so much disruption in a spy network. The CIA ranted and raved about lack of honor, deception and traitorous behavior—but not once did it challenge the facts Agee bared. Moreover, Congressional hearings were by then confirming many of the charges detailed in the book. Around the world, particularly in Washington and Europe, investigative groups were busily conducting their own research and going about the business of exposing agents. Their efforts were having a devastating effect on the Agency's ability

(Continued on page 124)

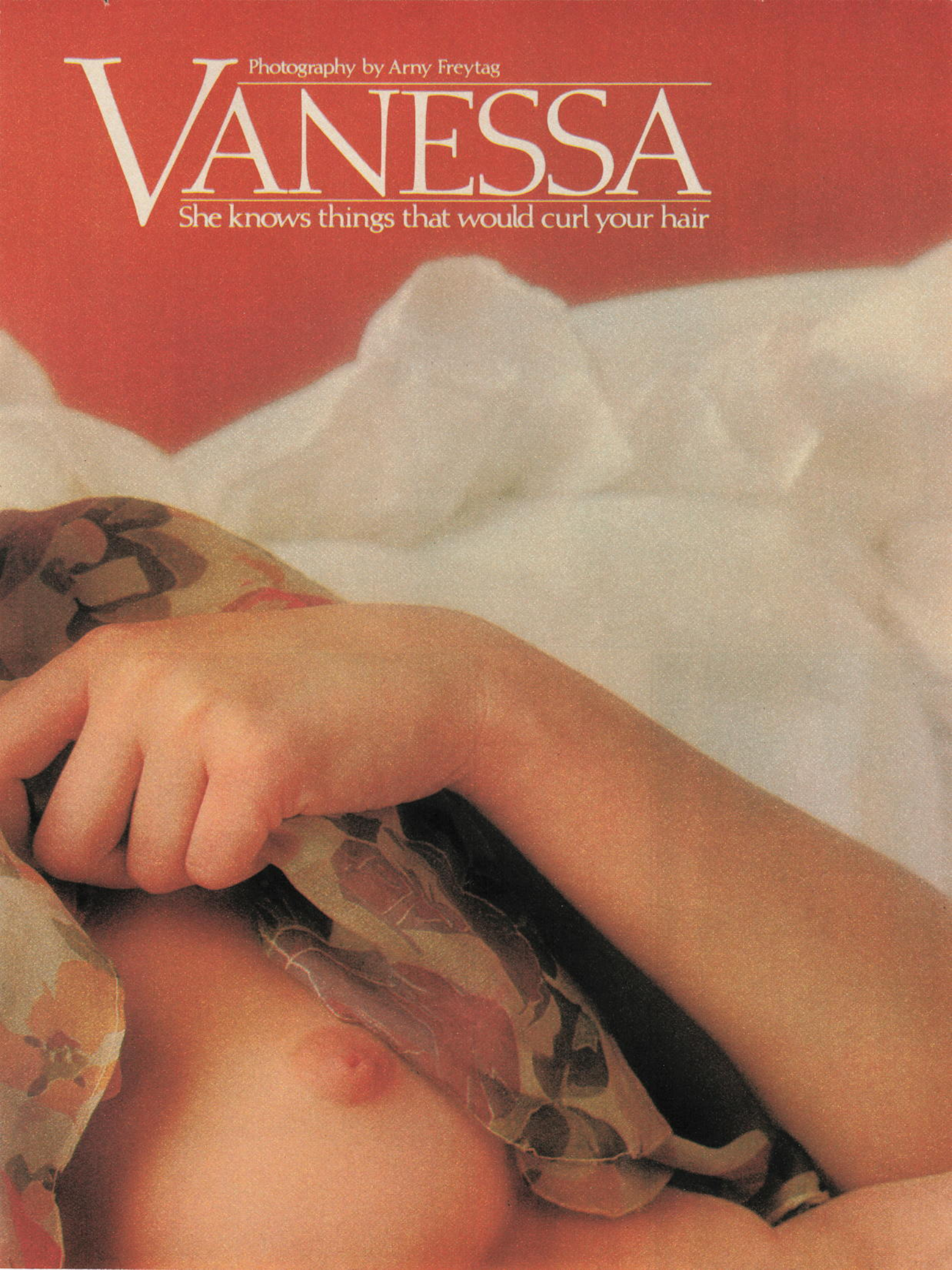
We're not supposed to tell you this, but Abbie Hoffman is currently living at 578 Monroe Street in Marion, Ohio. He's changed so much you'd hardly recognize him.

Hoviv

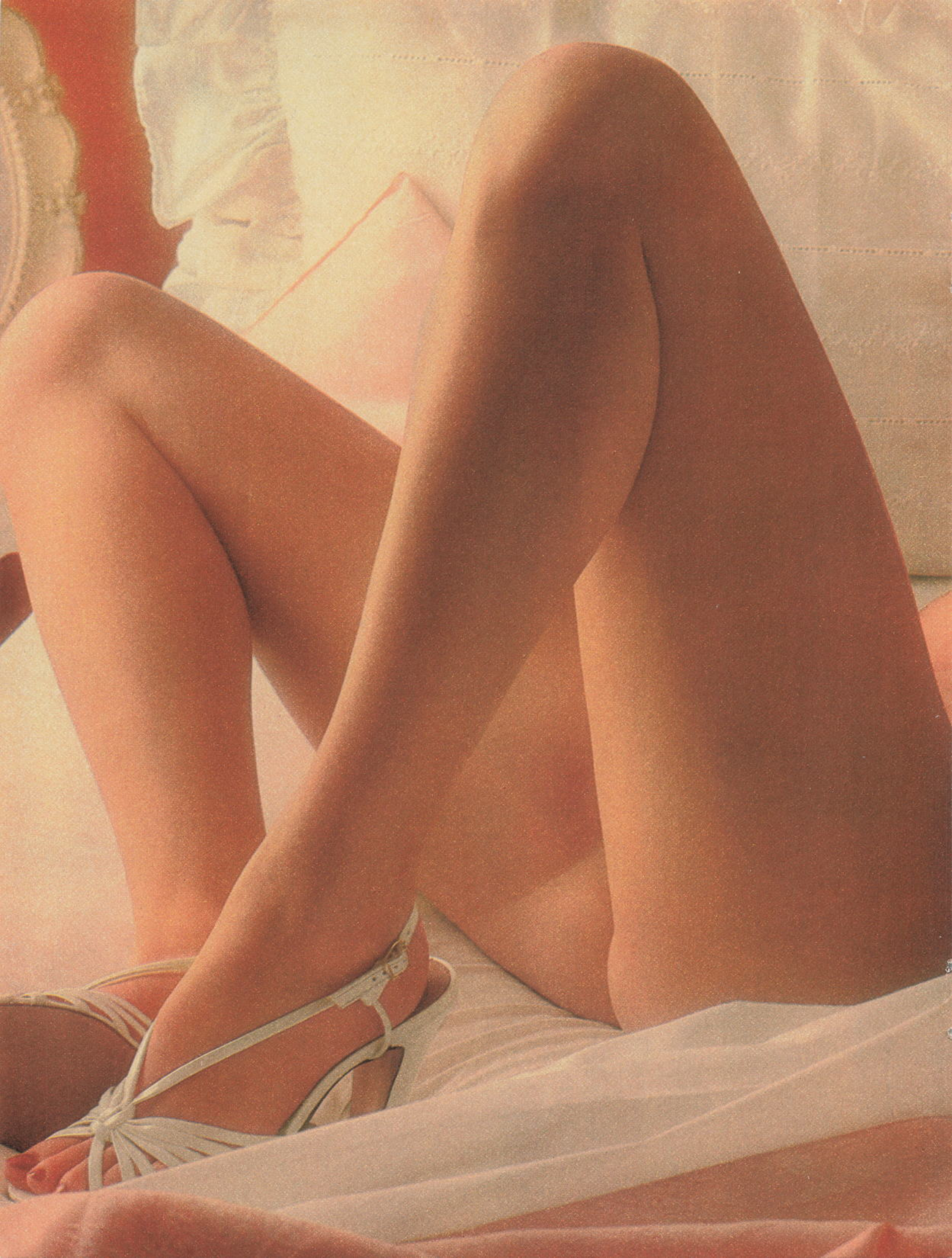
Photography by Arny Freytag

VANESSA

She knows things that would curl your hair



She hides her secrets in dark places



She insists that her lips are sealed

oui

PETER FRAMPTON

A CONVERSATION WITH

PETER FRAMPTON

Here he is, the act you've known for all these months, straight from the Sgt. Pepper movie. The quintessential Superstar of the Boring Seventies: talented, beautiful, nice to his mother. And safe as milk.

Starting with his dazzling guitar work with the group Humble Pie, Peter Frampton earned the title of "critics' guitarist," always high on their list of fave raves, but never big in the popular mind-set.

Then came the beast *Frampton Comes Alive!*, a live double album that sold 13 million copies and landed him the role of Billy Shears in the *Sgt. Pepper* film.

But what's happened to the critics' most highly touted musician? For three weeks, our correspondent David Rensin tried to get Peter to come alive for OUI readers. To no avail. Frampton is programmed to repeat the rock-journalism formula: how critics who used to be friendly are now hounding him, how fame has turned into an empty dream, how . . . wait a minute. Haven't we heard this song before? Should we stand up and walk out on him?

OUI: Why do you think *Frampton Comes Alive!* sold so incredibly well?

FRAMPTON: It's obviously a damn good album to start with. But really, there are two things that I don't want to happen: One is to find out the reason for the album's success; secondly, I don't want it to ever really sink in. I always want to remain slightly naive as to how or why it happened or feels. I don't really like talking about it. Now it's a thing of having moved to another plateau in my head. It's having to maintain, and that's even harder than everybody said it was. It's like the pressure of having to go do another album. Who remembers the album after Carole King's *Tapestry*? I worry about it all the time. I can't get complacent about it.

OUI: Well, it was the year of the live album.

FRAMPTON: Oh. Christ, what have I started?

OUI: You believe that?

FRAMPTON: Yeah . . . well, maybe I shouldn't. Maybe I should feel everyone else decided to put out live albums at the same time. No, it must have been me. It must have been.

OUI: The critics have been pretty hard on both *I'm in You* and your recent performances.

FRAMPTON: I was prepared to be cut down, not because of the new album's merits, but because it was the follow-up to a thirteen-million seller. It makes me sad.

OUI: One review said you performed like Judy Garland before the fall.

FRAMPTON: Wonderful. I mean, the guy is obviously a frustrated musician. I'd love to see him write a song or go out onstage and give enjoyment to the people the way I do. That's what they give me . . . and they only get what they give. It's sad that after all this time of people saying, "Why don't you listen to Frampton," that the critics become vicious and vindictive when people do. All I want to say is that those people out there in the audience every fucking night are better than any critic in the whole fucking world. They're the people I believe. Sure, the reviews upset me, but not to the point where I'm going to stop what I'm doing. I believe the people! Now it's time to knock Peety. When the critics get personal, that's just obscene to me, and I feel sorry for the musicians they write about—forget about me, I'm one of those people who reads those stupid magazines.

OUI: You mean they're jealous?

FRAMPTON: Yes, I think so. I don't understand critics, quite honestly. They judge by figures and image and how much I make.

OUI: How much did you make?

FRAMPTON: Well, the oft-quoted figure of fifty million isn't true. God. I really don't know how much.

OUI: You make a lot of money, though. What can't it buy?

FRAMPTON: Poverty. OK, my notion of luxury is to be at home with my dogs and old lady, watching the television and not having the phone ring—whether it be in a studio apartment or a mansion. Money don't buy happiness. It really doesn't. It enables you to have a good time or to do the things you always wanted. I was happy before I had money and I just want to be as happy as before, with the added capability, through money, of doing what I want.

OUI: Let's talk about image.

FRAMPTON: I hear I'm supposed to be sexy.

OUI: Are you?

FRAMPTON: Hmmm. Cuddly, perhaps. Lots of girls think I'm too thin. That's their motherly instinct. Someone said I look rather like a schoolteacher onstage. I try not to analyze.

OUI: Dylan, in many ways, seems to be telling everyone to fuck off because he can do what he wants. Can you?

FRAMPTON: Are you saying I did my album thinking more of the audience than my own personal feelings? There is personal stuff involved and I'm doing what I like to do. It's just that I'm much more of an entertainer type than Dylan. If that's being commercial, then it's what I want. I can't go onstage, turn my back to the audience and not talk to them. Even if I'm sullen beforehand, when I hit the steps, it's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I bounce.

OUI: Superstardom has placed you on the social register, as it were.

FRAMPTON: Yeah. It happens every time I go out. I went to a party for the Electric Light Orchestra at Regine's in New York, and I couldn't wait to get out of there because it was embarrassing ELO. The minute I walked in, every cameraman in the place made a mad, huge rush towards me—and we were in a roped-off section behind bodyguards. It was as if it were my party instead of ELO's; so I had to go over to the band so the photographers would follow and shoot pictures of all of us. That's not my scene at all.

OUI: Jagger was on *I'm in You*, wasn't he?

FRAMPTON: Yeah. Stevie Wonder, too. They came in on the first session I happened to be engineering and producing myself. Mick's name just wasn't on the album. I don't know why. Mick's *Mick*.

OUI: Was it a surprise to have them walk in?

FRAMPTON: Ah . . . no. I had already arranged to have Stevie play some harmonica. He's a big hero and influence. Anyway, the day it's supposed to happen, I walk into the studio. Stevie's already there and Jagger's with him. It was like a dream. Jagger came up and said, "I'm not missing the harmonica overdub. Can I come down?" I said, "Of course." Then my parents arrived—the whole thing—and they

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL MAFIA

FRAMPTON During the session, Stevie Wonder asked me where the nearest bathroom was and would I take him. So I did. It seems I meet everyone in the bathroom.

were speaking with Mick. It was a bit surreal . . . Mick and my folks.

OUI: Any other notable experiences during the recording?

FRAMPTON: Yes. It's sort of embarrassing, but during the sessions, Stevie Wonder asked me where the nearest bathroom was and would I take him. So I did. Arm in arm, I took Stevie Wonder to the bathroom. It seems I meet everyone in the bathroom. But it's so great just because I admire him so much.

OUI: There are those who wish you weren't so confoundingly sweet.

FRAMPTON: I'm not going to apologize for being a sweet or nice guy.

bum backwards, only dogs can hear it. Now even dogs go out and buy the album.

OUI: Were you caught totally by surprise by the success of thirteen million album sales?

FRAMPTON: Well, we had plans to succeed, but really, I thought the live album might sell five hundred thousand copies, since the one before it went over two hundred thousand, and we knew our strength was in the live shows. There was a vague moment after it went gold that I began to wonder.

any of that shit. No desire. If I did acid, I think I'd be one of those that never came back.

OUI: Why?

FRAMPTON: I don't know. The first time I ever smoked marijuana, I was so scared. I'd only had a couple of Scotches—now it's brandies—and someone handed me a joint and got me in the mood. I said, "Oh, all right," but I didn't like the people I was with, and if you haven't smoked for a while and have some drinks with a reasonably medium-to-strong joint, you're going to end up on the floor somewhere. I don't really smoke that much, and I don't do coke that much. Yes, I've done it.

OUI: There's a rumor that the cover of *Frampton Comes Alive!* contains a subliminal message exhorting people to buy it platinum that I didn't get the chance to stop and think. True?

FRAMPTON: You mean one of those things that flash by in front of you? Oh, God! They think I'm The Beatles now. Hilarious. Yes, it's true. My voice is very high pitched, and when you play the album backwards it makes me just a little bit less of a nice guy, then . . . but I've never done any of the hard stuff. The nearest I got to heroin was smoking opium. Once.

OUI: Like women, drugs are almost impossible to avoid in this rock-'n'-roll world. Do you use them?

FRAMPTON: I have done cocaine, yes. But I haven't done acid or heroin or peyote or

OUI: Do you like America?

FRAMPTON: Yes. I love your country. It's been very good to me. It's just the biggest market in the world.

10
BUT THEN I ALWAYS DID HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR PETERS.
B-O-R-I-N-G!
YOU'RE A GREAT INTERVIEW, PETER. BUT THEN I LIKE TOE JAM. NOW TURN THE PAGE FOR SOME REALLY GREAT STUFF.
GOMEZ

BANG THE GONG SLOWLY

IN WHICH IT IS EXPLAINED WHY "THE GONG SHOW" OWES ITS SUCCESS TO PAPER BAGS, POCK MARKS, TITS 'N' ASS AND A CAN OF ALPO.

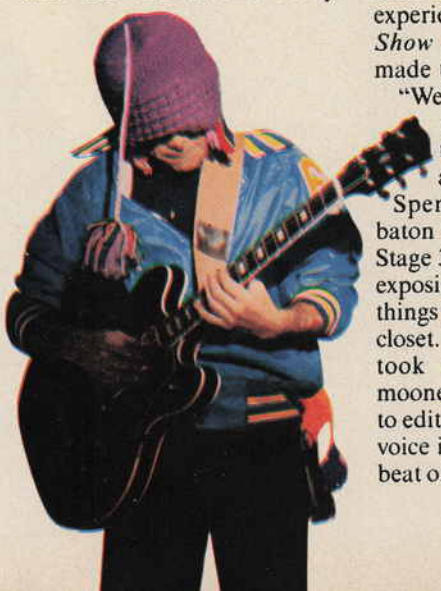
ARTICLE BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

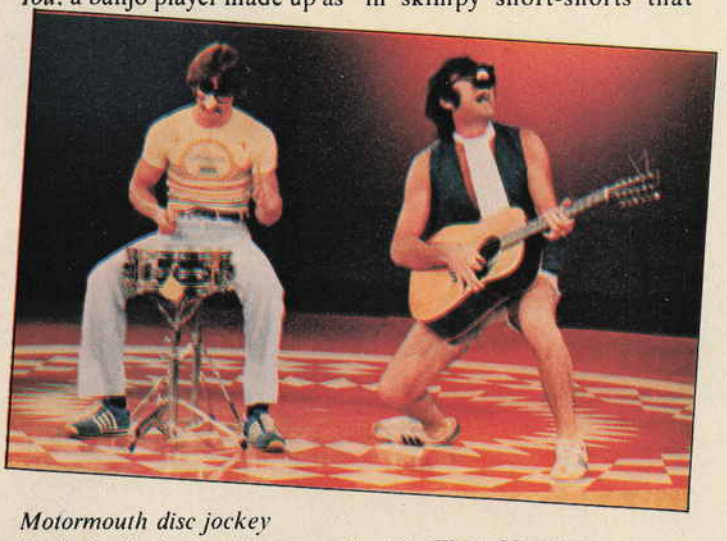
The procession of 12,000 worshipers moves quietly into the Hollywood Bowl, inhaling the crisp morning air, anticipating the dawn of a bright and balmy Easter Sunday. A trumpet fanfare sounds; it's a sacred time for Christians reaffirming their faith in Jesus.

Barely two miles down the freeway, another procession converges on the parking lot and dressing rooms of the NBC television studios in Burbank. Soon, accompanied by the dissonance of an eight-piece orchestra, this parade of pagans will participate in a profane ritual known as *The Gong Show*—America's answer to the public flagellation that still flourishes at Eastertide in other parts of the world.

Among the throng of hopefuls is a strapping black male whose high heels, shimmering gold lamé gown, scarlet lipstick, stylized wig and fluttering false eyelashes identify him as a dead ringer for Diana Ross. Nearby, dancing arm in arm, are two make-believe soldiers dressed in combat fatigues, wearing leafy camouflage on their helmets and toting rifles.

This is the surreal vanguard of some 40 contestants whose dubious talents will be displayed among the five half-hour shows to be videotaped later in the day. They follow in the grand tradition of past *Gong Show* stalwarts, a cuckoo's nest that has included a body-builder flexing his pectorals to the theme from *Rocky*; a fellow gargling to *The Indian Love Call*; a woman who suggestively rubbed batons over her lips and backside; another woman who lost her dentures midsong and spent the rest of her act searching for them on the floor; a ballroom Lothario waltzing with an inflated female rubber doll; a girl who daubed another girl's body with blue paint as she sang *I'd Rather Be Blue over You*; a banjo player made up as Count Dracula, who strummed while hanging from his ankles; an insinuating soul singer warbling *I'm a Steamroller, Honey—I Want to Do It over You*; a karate expert who broke bricks with his head; a man who barked to music; and the Worms, four college undergraduates who writhed on the floor like epileptics.





Motormouth disc jockey Farfo Barfo singing Wherever You Go There You Are.

Several past acts, in fact, have been temporarily furloughed from real mental institutions to experience the peculiar *Gong Show* therapy. One of them made trees out of paper.

"We've had a lot of wackos and exhibitionists on this show," admits creative consultant Larry Spencer, sidestepping a gay baton twirler prowling outside Stage 3. "Literally crazy people exposing all kinds of strange things previously hidden in the closet. One guy, for example, took down his pants and mooned the audience. We had to edit that out of the tape." His voice is obscured by the primal beat of *Makin' Love Is Good for You*; a heavy-decibel cassette of the disco hit is booming over amplifiers inside the sound stage.

Presiding over the early-morning rehearsal is munchkin-sized Chuck Barris, *The Gong Show*'s host and co-creator. "Here comes a nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn—Disco Baby," he says facetiously, introducing Nikki Richardson, a black, 24-year-old UCLA English major who's clad in skimpy short-shorts that cling a third of the way up her buttocks.

"It's a T 'n' A," exults an anonymous voice from the control room, using the code initials for tits and ass.

Hearing that, the *Gong Show* band immediately abandons its instruments, clambering for a better view of what soon becomes an eye-boggling series of contortions, clearly inspired by the *Kama Sutra*. Propelled by the music, Nikki's rotating pelvis bumps and grinds as Elvis' never did. Her derriere wiggles like a pair of Jello molds; her broad hips sway in exultation. She writhes on the floor and Camera 3 dollies in for a crotch shot of her straining inner thighs. As *Makin' Love Is Good for You* escalates in intensity, Nikki gamely executes a number of ungainly splits, topping them off with a juicy spread eagle.

Barris is so transfixed by this taste of Tijuana that he mistakenly shoves the wrong end of a half-smoked Dunhill 282 cigar into his mouth. He reels

around the sidelines, stumbling in concentric circles. His face is red from bursts of disbelieving laughter. It's incredible that this should be happening—first shot out of the pack on Easter Sunday morning—while only minutes away at the Hollywood Bowl, thousands sing the praises of the Lord.

Moments before the tape concludes, the drummer and bass player rush back to the bandstand. Now they're challenging Nikki with low-down riffs, rim shots and cymbal strikes straight out of Minsky's burlesque. She responds with a knowledgeable, big-toothed grin and some erotic improvisations worthy of Xaviera Hollander. Drum roll/deep knee bends. Cymbals/grind. Heavy-riff guitar/shake shake shake.

"Holy shit!" Barris cries out at the end of this impromptu, ten-minute exhibition. He rubs the perspiration from his forehead, airs out his T-shirt (emblazoned with the message: RACKETBALL SUCKS) and slugs down a quart of Poland sparkling mineral water. "Bravo! Oh, Jesus! That's *our* sunrise service for today! Oh, Jesus Christ!"

A group of Japanese tourists sits stunned in the bleachers, their mouths agape, Nikons dangling. "Happy Easter," intones the voice of director John Dorsey, speaking from the control booth.

"That's the way we'll do it on the show," Barris tells Nikki, while draping a paternal arm around her shoulders. "You just keep dancing as long as the drummer keeps drumming."

For the edification of readers who have spent the past couple of years exchanging beads for drinks at Club Med or playing expatriate in Canada, the *Gong Show* format is deceptively simple, a cross between the heyday of vaudeville and Ted Mack's *Amateur Hour*. Five days and one night a week, as many as eight contestants get a chance to perform for a maximum of one minute and 30 seconds. Their routines are rated on a scale of one to ten by three celebrity panelists. When a celebrity can no longer tolerate an especially egregious act, he may bolt from his seat and strike a huge brass gong reminiscent of the J. Arthur Rank trademark. That maneuver immediately terminates a performance, sometimes causing shame, embarrassment and tears.

Occasionally, all three panelists become so disturbed by rank acts that they simultaneously whack the gong. This is known as a gang-gong. The highest-scoring survivor wins $516.32, a miniature trophy depicting the gong, and giveaway merchandise such as carpeting, molded luggage and sneakers.

The big financial winner, of course, is Barris—long ago skewered by the media with a

PUTTING THE FINGER ON JAYE P. MORGAN

OUI: Chuck Barris introduces you as "the malevolent and moist" and "juicy" Jaye P. What are the implications of those words?

MORGAN: Obviously, they relate to the vaginal tract. The dictionary says the term *juicy* is highly suggestive, bordering on obscenity. And that's right where I am.

OUI: Are you literally juicy and moist?

MORGAN: I was the last time I looked.

OUI: How do you get away with so many bawdy jokes?

MORGAN: I suppose a straitlaced, tight-assed person would consider them bawdy. But I don't. They just go with the character I do on the show, which is a helluva lot more fun than the real prim, schoolteacher type.

OUI: How would you describe your TV persona?

MORGAN: She's a motherfucker. Likes to have a good time. Smokes a joint once in a while. Likes to hang out with friends and put people on a lot.

OUI: What's your fan mail like?

MORGAN: Most of it is sexually oriented. I get a lot of propositions. The usual offers to eat out all of my orifices, that kind of shit. Pictures of real hot-looking guys. I got a photograph in the mail the other day of a guy with a big hard-on. That's all the picture was. Just this huge cock. And no return address. Then there was the fourteen-year-old kid who wrote me a real sex letter. He said: "I love you and I want to sleep in the bed with you and I wish you were my mommy."

OUI: What were some of your memorable bleeps?

MORGAN: I've done so many shows that they're all a blur. When I say something that gets bleeped, it's something that happens spontaneously. I have no control over it. One I do remember, though, came after a woman did a disco dance with a huge whip. I gave her a ten, I said, because I was afraid she'd beat the shit out of us.

OUI: How does it feel to gang-gong a contestant?

MORGAN: It's a lot of fun. From the impact alone, you vibrate for about a minute and a half afterwards.

OUI: So you no longer have need for a vibrator.

MORGAN: That's right. But they sort of went out a long time ago, didn't they?

OUI: What have you found to replace them?

MORGAN: Great thoughts. A great imagination.

OUI: You seem to talk a great deal about sex. Are you all talk, or are you any good at it?

MORGAN: I'm the best, and you'll have to take my word for it. I've had a lot of experience.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

Comedian Jay Victor: The inventor of pun rock

unique pejorative: "The King of Slob Culture." That label describes his gut—make that below-the-belt—instinct for what appeals to the masses. His widely reviled previous shows, *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game*, still survive five nights weekly on local stations throughout the nation. They have reportedly made him a millionaire.

It was Barris who enriched civilization with glimpses of bachelors numbered one, two and three—almost always pathetic nerds lusting for an evening out with what they imagined were nymphomaniac cheerleaders. He also enabled us to eavesdrop while a collection of recently married turkeys deliberated whether morning, afternoon or night was the best time for "making whoopee."

But *The Gong Show*, by far, represents Barris at his raunchiest. The show's barrage of verbal and visual graffiti, leers, off-color jokes and double entendres was cited on a TV documentary recently as a prime example of how sex is running rampant on the tube. Viewers, on the other hand, lap it all up. The nighttime version of *The Gong Show* outrated the first Nixon/Frost interview throughout the state of California. Big surprise.

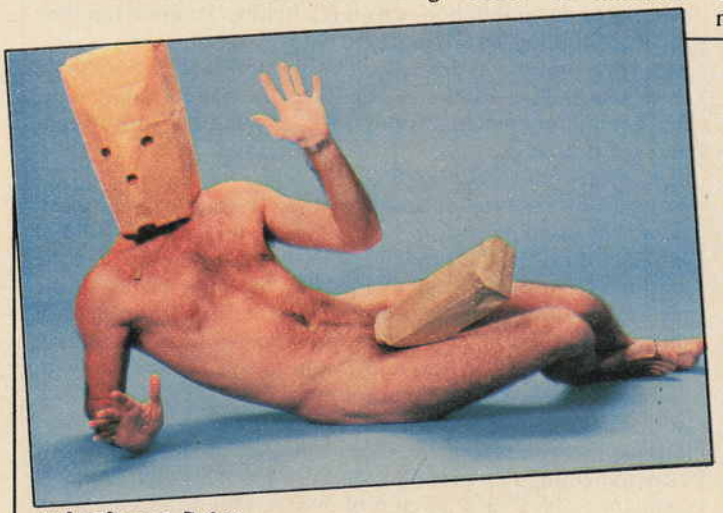
To counter mounting criticism, especially from the network, Barris judiciously edits questionable material by bleeping words from the sound track and splicing in a card reading "OOPS!" to eliminate

both sound and picture.

"When we first started the show, expressions like 'French kiss' were no problem," says Larry Spencer, whose job includes writing Barris' act introductions. "Like in: 'Here's a guy who likes to relax by dressing up like a bee and French-kissing honeysuckle plants.' They won't let us do that now. We recently had a girl who licked her finger during a Mae West impression. That was cut out in rehearsal."

Still, Spencer and Barris have gotten away with a multitude of other racy put-down intros, such as: "A lot of people think this guy has talent. Of course, those same people think sheep dip is something you put on crackers." Or: "This guy likes to relax on the weekend by sucking on road flares." Or: "This next act plays the marimba. That's Spanish for 'Hey, sailor, wanna buy some high-caloric enemas cheap?' " Or: "This next lady's hairdo was once a comfort station for a family of sparrows."

Among the show's mainstays is the Unknown Comic, a manic Henny Youngman clone who wears a supermarket sack over his head—it's a St. Regis #428—while delivering a torrent of hoary, yet sometimes inspired one-liners. He'll confront Barris with, "I understand you got a new boat," in a typical oncamera exchange. "What do



IN THE SACK WITH THE UNKNOWN COMIC

OUI: What makes you so strange?

COMIC: It started when I was a kid. My parents always used to beat on me just because I wet the bed—from the hallway. I had no friends at all. My mother tied rump roasts around my neck just so the dog would play with me. It was a bummer not having any friends. My folks used to rub it in. Once, at Christmas, they got me one walkie-talkie.

OUI: What means most to you in life?

COMIC: Hustling for girls. I met some really kinky ones the other night. One of them wanted to make love fourteen times, which is no problem for me. 'Cause now I've got a lot of friends. Another girl kept saying that she wanted me to hurt her. So I told her her dog was dead. Once I wound up spending the night with an atheist. Every time she climaxed, she'd scream: "Oh, my nonexistent Supreme Being!" Of course, after a couple of hours of this, she was yelling: "There *is* a God!"

OUI: How do you spend your spare time?

COMIC: Exposing myself in the park. Because of the bag, nobody knows it's me. I used to be a stunt man in pornos. That's another reason why I wear the bag. I was in America's first bicentennial porno film, *Yank My Doodle It's a Dandy*. I also did one for Walt Disney called *Chitty Chitty Gang Bang*. Soon, I'll be doing a big spectacular, *King Kong Plays Ping Pong with His Ding Dong in Hong Kong*.

OUI: And your costar will be Anna Mae Wong, right?

COMIC: Wong.

OUI: Do you ever use drugs?

COMIC: I'm on drugs right now. There's a new game that I like to play called Joint Session. You get four friends together and smoke anywhere from three to five joints in twenty minutes. Then one person leaves the room and the other three try to guess who left. Actually, I go way back with drugs. I tried LSD when it first came out. It had no effect on me whatsoever. Except the next morning, I woke up on the inside of my water bed. Talk about wet dreams!

OUI: Do you sleep in the nude?

COMIC: Of course, unless I'm having sex. By the way, I had my first threesome a month ago. But the other two guys were lousy. I've always wanted to try sex with a bag over *my* head, instead of the girl's.

OUI: Does it bother you that people think you're weird?

COMIC: I *know* I do a lot of weird shit. Oh, fuck. I said *shit*. Oh, shit. I said *fuck*. Well, fuck it.

you mean?" Barris replies. "Well, your girl told me you got a small dinghy." The censors left that remark intact on the daytime *Gong Show*, but it was bleeped the second time around at night. The Unknown Comic was also bleeped on: "What do you call an abortion in Czechoslovakia? A canceled Czech." And: "What do you call a baptism in Mexico? A bean dip."

Doing the splits wasn't the hard part for singer/dancer Meg Churchill—it was getting back up again.

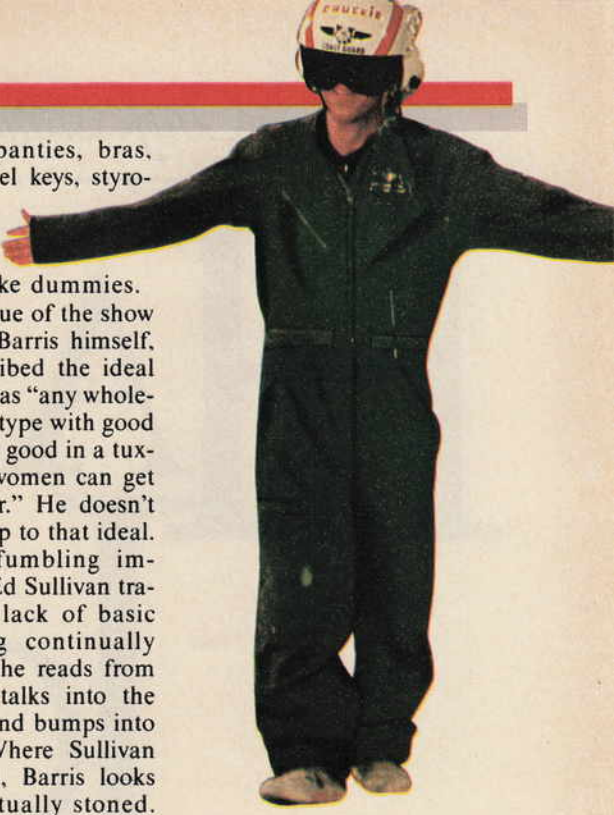
Then there's regular panelist Jaye P. Morgan, braless, nearing 50, a pop singer previously best known for a hit recording of *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries.* The show's resident sex symbol, her persona is one of perpetual horniness. Barris introduces her as "the only actress in Hollywood who has a sign over her bed reading: WASHINGTON, D.C., SLEPT HERE." Or: "The only woman in Hollywood who gets turned on when she hears the words *all aboard.*" Or: "A lady who has a sign over her bed reading: NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN." He also mentions her latest record, *Sunshine on My Shoulder, Daylight through My Blouse.*

Jaye P. perpetuates this sex-crazed image by zinging acts with sidebar cracks: "I love to see a guy pluck his zither." Or: "I love to see guys suck on a kazoo." Or, addressing a greaser rock group billed as the Studs: "I'd like to make them prove that." Or: "I think you ought to take that pogo stick and shove it up your ass." (Big bleep.)

Once, in a moment of sheer abandon, she unbuttoned her blouse and flashed her breasts at a *Gong Show* camera. Naturally, all the at-home audience saw was a big OOPS! card. They didn't miss much.

Morgan's succinct explanation of the show's success is also worth mentioning. "We're bringing a little porno into people's lives," she says, blinking demurely.

For added spice, three of the show's stagehands make periodic appearances. One plays a foul-mouthed priest; another impersonates a mustachioed nun. The third, jelly-bellied Gene, Gene, the Dancing Machine, does an arm-jerking, masturbatory shuffle dance to *Jumping at the Woodside*, while being pelted with toilet plungers, crutches, panties, bras, basketballs, motel keys, styrofoam bricks, mallets, Hula Hoops, smoke bombs and lifelike dummies.



But the sticky glue of the show is King Gong, Barris himself, who once described the ideal game-show host as "any wholesome American type with good teeth, who looks good in a tuxedo and older women can get their jollies over." He doesn't quite measure up to that ideal. A bumbling, fumbling impresario in the Ed Sullivan tradition, Barris' lack of basic comedy timing continually ruins the jokes he reads from cue cards. He talks into the wrong camera and bumps into microphones. Where Sullivan was stone-faced, Barris looks like he's perpetually stoned. When he wanders around the stage in a tuxedo, his uncertain gait conjures memories of Willie the Penguin. He looks uncomfortable, characteristically scratching his head like he's shown up in the wrong place. Does it work? Yes.

In moments of extreme stress, Barris will do anything to provoke audience reaction: give them the finger, tell them to fuck off.

Near the end of a dog act, he has been known to walk offstage and rub his crotch with Alpo. When he then returns to camera position, the dog sniffs his genitals and Barris recoils in mock alarm. It's a cheap laugh, of course, but nobody ever said that Chuck Barris had class.

He does possess a remarkable amount of *chutzpah*, however. Who else would challenge the NBC censors by putting on two angelic-looking teenaged girls, yclept the Popsicle Twins, whose entire routine consisted of licking and sucking enormous, multicolored Popsicles? "It was just like they were giving head," recalls the Unknown Comic. "The audience stomped their feet. They went out of their minds."

Larry Spencer gave Jaye P. a

(Continued on page 130)

Confessions of a Female Sportswriter

HANGING *with the* JOCKS

Let's get something straight, OK? The locker room isn't a turn-on. It's all a giant myth. It's not like watching your lover undress and feeling hot flashes. You're asking questions and they're answering and it's all cold-blooded business. They all say "fuck" a lot, in various grammatical forms, and talk about pussy. So? We worldly women say "fuck" a lot and talk about length and size. Sometimes, the athletes don't want me in there: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar screamed me out of the Lakers' locker room to make his point, but I've got a job to do, and he doesn't pay my rent. However, there is a lawsuit pending now to stop such things. A woman reporter from Time Inc. will now claim in Federal court that baseball has stopped her from doing her job, by not admitting her in the dressing rooms at the world series.

Samantha Stevenson was thrown out of the last Colgate Women's Series tennis tournament for discussing lesbianism with the players.

Women reporters are not getting their jollies in locker rooms and showers. It's just not that great. Now, there are some pretty fine specimens hanging around, but it's easy to control your animal urges. Look at it this way: In every sport, the body is prominent—the art and movement of—as exampled by Jo Jo White, the premier body man in the NBA. You see his legs and his wonderful ass loping down the court with incredible quickness. The burst to the hoop is slow-motion grace. But when you head to the showers with these guys, there are few surprises. They all have a penis.

Most guys really don't mind you being there. The first time I interviewed a naked George McGinnis, he winked at me, something I'm sure he wouldn't do to my male colleagues.

Most male reporters have told me that it embarrasses them to demand the attention of a naked athlete, and some even become squirmy watching athletes undress. But then, some male reporters like it. During the Portland series, two male writers—one from the East and one from the West—were watching Johnny Davis dribble the ball downcourt. They weren't comparing rebound statistics.

Eastern writer: "He's the biggest."

Western writer: "Inch for inch, right."

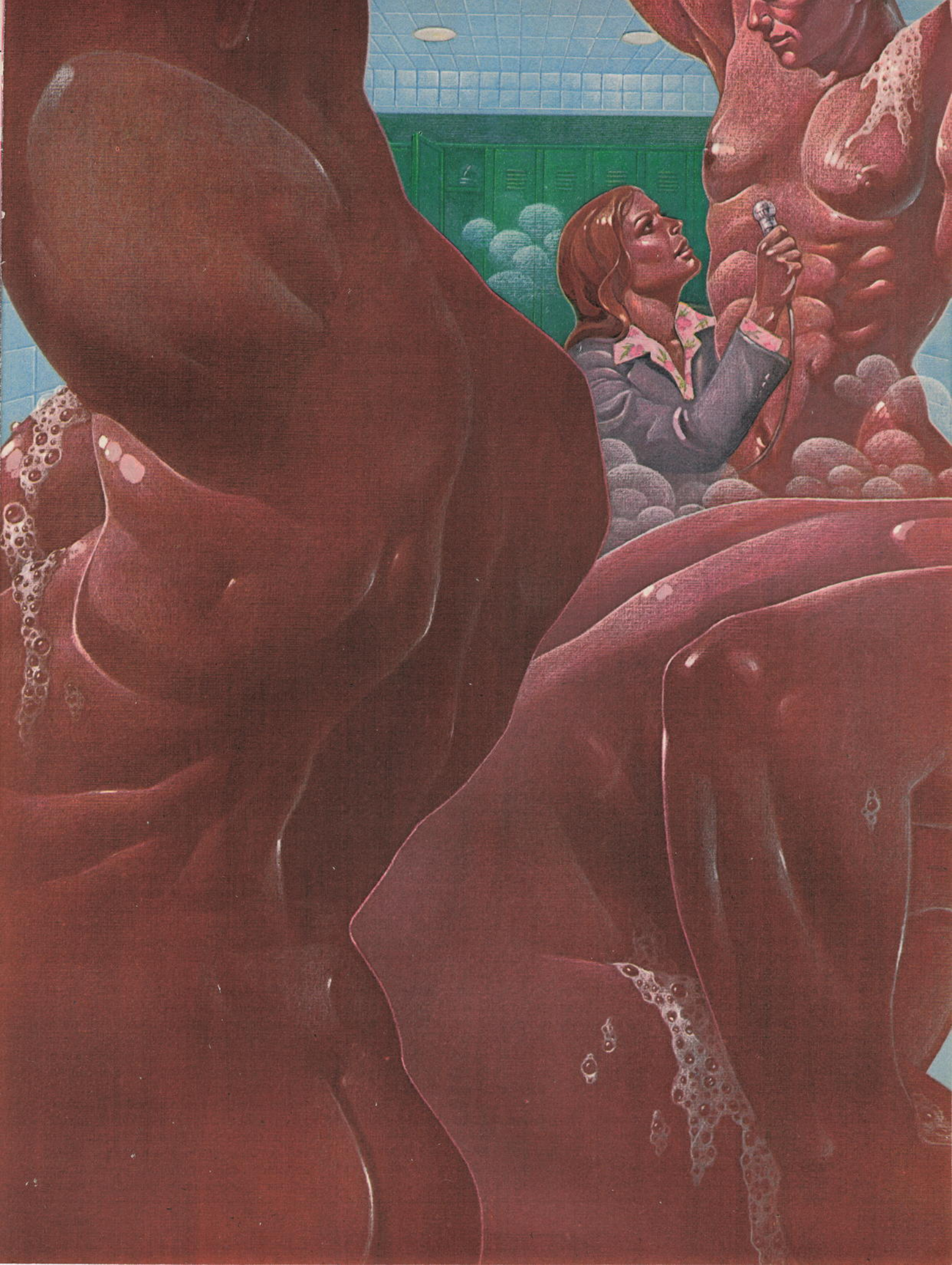
Eastern writer: "Man, he may be five-nine, but Kareem's nothin' on this cat."

After barnstorming the country's basketball arenas, they gave Johnny Davis the "NBA Memorial Award for the Most Well-Hung Athlete." Remember, Johnny, you're reading it here first.

In any locker room, if you won't look, somehow they make you look. I mean, you can't always keep a straight face. Once, I was led blindfolded through the Texas Rangers' clubhouse, minding my own business, holding Frank Lucchesi's hand on my way to Billy Martin's office to do an interview with him for radio. The guys all started yelling: "Take it off, Sam." "Drop that towel and be a woman." "Come on in the showers." I found it all very silly and sophomoric. Then one voice said to me, "How does it feel?" I said, "How does *what* feel?" The room broke up in laughter. I

Article by Samantha Stevenson

ILLUSTRATION BY REAGAN WILSON



never heard about the incident again until I was reporting in Boston.

A Detroit writer asked me about this story. No, on second thought, he told me about the story. Duke Sims, one of the bawdier players in the American League that year, had come up and placed his penis in my hand—they say. And when I didn't feel anything, his teammates were slapping hands and rolling in laughter over my apparent put-down of the prankster, Sims. But Duke Sims didn't put anything in my hand that day.

•

The locker room is a fabled place. That is where sports reporting has gone on for years, and unless it is taken out of there and put in a separate, antiseptic interview area, much like the circus atmosphere the NFL has created for its Super Bowl, then sports reporting will go on in front of cubicles, in sweaty, crowded dressing areas. It's the best place to find the athlete relaxed and at home with his surroundings, making him more open to thoughtful answers.

Phyllis George was not a very good ambassador for women reporters. She told Johnny Carson that she would never go into a locker room because it wasn't very feminine and it probably smelled, anyway. I must tell Phyllis that it is a very feminine trip to be the only woman surrounded by men, dressed and undressed, in a locker room. And when you're doing your job, you don't have time to worry about things smelling—besides, most male athletes have more after-shave and perfumes spraying around than women. Occasionally, a beautiful body will pass by and your thoughts leave your notebook for a second to playfully think of a perfect fantasy. I could easily see myself with all my clothes off in the steamy showers, with my choice of men offering me soaps and suds. That small insight doesn't make me a bad reporter; it just makes me honest. But, mostly, the locker room is exactly what I said earlier, a cold-blooded business place. I guess I have never encountered the right team with the right personalities to have my fantasies realized and my reportage overcome.

Anyway, if reporters and athletes had their way, you'd be fucking your brains out with all of them. That's mostly what they think you're doing, anyway. I once wrote about a significant 76er's team meeting and nicknamed my secret source on the team "Deep Basket." The team's instant conclusion, naturally, was that I must be sleeping with Deep Basket in order to reap this information. Alas, they had been watching too many daytime soaps. But it was fascinating to watch some guys point the finger at each other, knowing they weren't Deep Basket, but worried the other guy might be. It was crazy.

In retrospect, sports have had an interesting effect on me. Sometimes I think athletes are all fucking crazy, and some-

Locker Room Protocol

A Semi-Anthropological View

By William F. Fry, Jr., M.D.

Walk with me through the swinging doors. Our lungs are assailed by waves of steamy heat, our nostrils by a pungent blend of human sweat and dank mold. Our eyes begin to adjust to the darkness and the wavering clouds of steam, and we can now make out the vague forms of long benches stretching before us into the Stygian depths. Each row of benches alternates with a double row of gray metal boxes fronted by doors, some of which we hear being banged back and forth by the denizens visible here and there in the mist.

Naked or half-clothed men stand about on the cement floor that glistens with pools of water, or on black rubber mats running the length of the bench rows. These men are busy pulling their garments on or off while laughing, bragging, chatting, coughing. Others dry their bodies with towels bearing the names of various clubs, spas, recreational centers, resort hotels, universities, etc. Some names are famous in the world of *le sport*. Others are humble, cloaked in obscurity.

This is the cult of sport; these are the jockstrap hordes. This sacred chamber is known as the Men's Locker Room. This name is derived from those rows of gray metal boxes, which are indeed lockers where the enthusiasts store their possessions during their various ritual acts.

As we wander around the premises and observe the actions of the locker-room occupants, as we listen to their conversations and consider the nature of their relationships with each other, it becomes increasingly apparent that this is a very well ordered community. It is evident that very powerful anthropologic principles are active, that behavior is guided by sets of complex, firm customs and regulations:

Regulation #1: All men care, but some men stare. More than casual attention to the genitals of an unattired man by another man in the locker room is thoroughly forbidden. It's already bad enough to stare at other parts of the body.

This rule has two sources for its importance. Part of its stringency derives from the competitiveness of the sports scene and from that nasty little sneaking anxiety to which a man is all too prone. These common psychological trends combine to produce an exquisite sensitivity to any hint of comparisons, even by one's peers. Comparisons are odious, especially when it all hangs out. Even those who hang out better than others are very sensitive to the possibility of jealous rejection by the less well endowed majority.

The other source of potency for this rule is the particular discomfort in western civilization, especially America, about any behavior that might present the slightest suggestion of homosexuality. Attention to the genital area carries too easily the chance that other than clinical considerations are involved. After all, there are many urologists who play golf, but how many urologists are there?

Regulation #2: There must be no deliberate touching of another man's body. Hasty reassurances are required if a locker roomer accidentally brushes another's body: "Oh, pardon me." "Sorry about that, old man." "Just passing by." A variation that might seem rude on superficial inspection is very fashionable because of its solid, reassuring quality: "Will you get the fuck out of my way!"

Especially—frantically, one sometimes thinks—proscribed is any touch that even faintly resembles a caress. Transgression of this rule is enough to throw an entire locker room into a broil.

Body zones are established to designate the magnitude of any violation of the rule. The core area is the genitals, then the groin and perianal region, the buttocks, thighs, abdomen, chest—radiating outward and upward in decreasing importance. There is

The author is a psychiatrist in Menlo Park, California, and on the clinical staff of Stanford University.

the occasion—if a man has been victorious in an especially vigorous handball game or tennis match, say, or if the other man is a younger relative of the cousin variety—when a slap on the shoulders or pat on the back is permissible, if delivered in such a fashion as to produce a resounding smack.

It must be noted that there are certain crude crowds—the volleyball bunch, Marines and long-distance runners are notorious in this—who do not respect the "No Touch" regulation to its full measure. They institute gross games of goosing, boisterous roughhousing and grabass. But even here, despite the rough-and-tumble outward appearance of the game, certain well-recognized structures control the behavior. No one may goose a man more than four years older or younger than himself. No man older than 45 may participate in this folderol. All grabass must be carried out with shouting—no whispers or soft tones. There must be plenty of loud laughter and vigorous running around. Quiet guffaws are too sinister for this already questionable activity. Of course, giggling is absolutely forbidden.

A variation of this roughneck activity is towel snapping. Since no body-to-body contact is involved, this is more widely practiced geographically but is likely to be restricted to certain occupational groups—plumbers, professional baseball players, life-insurance salesmen, dentists and boat operators.

As I have indicated, this locker-room roughhousing is carried out with a great deal of laughter and humor. Historically, an important theme of humor is "Drop the Soap." Although carefully avoided in commission, this theme is bantered about frequently by these groups and is considered exceedingly hilarious.

Regulation #3: Watch your step. The locker room is traditionally a wet, slippery place with cement floors and metal lockers. The benches in the aisles are hard, made of either wood or metal, and usually not upholstered. The lockers and the benches have sharp, dangerous corners.

As a result of these dangers and restrictions, rules exist to protect the physical welfare of the locker-room habitué. Any towel snapping must be carried out with protection of the genitals foremost in the aggressive party's mind. If this rule is broken, aggression against the attacker is justified, even encouraged. This eye-for-an-eye philosophy is found in only one other locker-room situation: when someone has urinated on your leg—except, of course, when the offender is over 90.

Any forward behavior—pushing, goosing, etc.—is proscribed while a man is climbing into his pants. Also, no one may attack a man clad only in his socks. There are no exceptions to this rule.

Regulation #4: Talk big and carry a small towel. When speaking, the man should emphasize the lower registers, talking slowly and quietly in the John Wayne manner. It may help to mock up a slight touch of country-western drawl. The steam in the locker room helps, in that it lends a dramatic tone to the round vowels. These speech qualities can contribute a nice counterpoint to the awkwardness of stepping into one's undershorts.

Because of the great potential for multiple echoes resounding off lockers, cement floors, walls and hard benches, the practice of singing in the locker room has acquired some ritual guidance. The generation that was in its full maturity a quarter of a century ago was very big on song, but singing is in less favor nowadays. Many of the younger-than-14 swimmers do a great deal of locker-room singing, although they rarely know the words.

Singing should be carried out with the same deep, round tones as speaking. Forbidden are love tunes or "cute" numbers, such as *Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Old Oak Tree.*

The singing scene is recognized as a good time for the introduction of the hearty, rough-and-tumble element, if that is appropriate to the style of the particular group. It is legitimate if the singing group is assailed by others in the locker room who are shouting "shut up," "terrible," "booo," or making feigned puking noises.

Regulation #5: Watch your language. The power of the spoken word creates a potential that hasn't been ignored. Swearing should be moderate, but it is encouraged in moderation. A little oath here and there is considered a good thing to emphasize the solidly masculine nature of the locker room. Round, hearty swear words are preferred, such as "hell," "damn" or "Christ's sake." Oaths that are too weak, such as "darn," "gee whiz" or "shucks," tend to create an uncomfortable atmosphere.

Some expressions can be decidedly disturbing and are forbidden. Examples are "heavens to Betsy" and "mercy." Similarly, the more declamatory ones, such as "shit," "fuck" or "asshole," are to be avoided, with exceptions found in certain specific segments of the population—professional football players, professional and amateur hockey players, professional bush-league baseball teams and Irish country clubs. Cursing is not allowed by those younger than 15 years old. It is considered unseemly and is frowned upon in those older than 54 years—especially if they are balding or sporting gray hair.

Regulation #6: Cover your ass. Psychosomatic factors enter the picture in a forcible fashion when we come to the final rule of this exotic culture. Because of the relationship between the human sense of smell and a man's psyche, and due to the steamy locker-room atmosphere, flatulence is absolutely forbidden. □

FEMALE SPORTSWRITER One professional football team chose stewardesses for its flights on the basis of who fucked the best. They had a special selection committee.

times I think I am. I wish I could tell you that every athlete is really a superhero, but it's not true; athletes are human—and that's not so bad. You see things, hear things, and become cold to all of it after a while. A team doctor once whispered into my ear that the single biggest injury in pro sports today is not a hamstring pull, but venereal disease. It didn't surprise me. When you're covering pro sports, it's all situation ethics, anyway. And sometimes the situation can get a little sticky.

Strange things also happen in ladies' rooms at sporting events. I suppose you've heard about Rocky Mountain highs? Well, sports fans, those people who insist that athletes and their close ones are America's purest showpieces would really freak out if they had seen what I saw during an NBA game in a western city: the coach's wife and the star player's girlfriend snorting coke in the bathroom. Actually, I thought it was a great scene—they were so calm about their choice of locations to sniff the delicate white snow.

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"You want to smoke, do an up or snort some coke?" That was a Philadelphia Flyers' hockey player talking to Suzanne, a 21-year-old girl who works at the Spectrum, the Flyers' home rink. Suzanne says there are myriads of rooms in the circular arena, some of them open to the players to take care of whatever business they wish. Suzanne says a lot of the Flyers do amphetamines before a game. Nothing new. Although no one will admit it—and the Flyers keep a sterling image in the city of Philadelphia—it is a usual routine for some of these hockey players to fuck around with the employees of the club before dressing for the game. Suzanne says she's been asked but hasn't participated, and points out that the utility and tape rooms are notorious for actual copulation. Perhaps it is the popping of pills that magnifies the players' senses enough that they think it's OK to screw these young and very stupid girls.

"It's funny, really," Suzanne says. "Their wives and girlfriends sit in the club . . . very straight, drinking martinis before the game."

Several wives of professional athletes in various sports have told me that it is difficult to be around their spouses after they have used amphetamines. Some fear for their own physical well-being after their husbands' sky-high performances. One very beautiful pro-football wife told me, "I only wish I could get him to stop. But he's afraid he won't be able to face another Sunday unless he takes those pills."

Drugs are not new to the sports scene. Amateur and professional athletes have long been using drugs to stimulate performance or maintain a level that will keep them in the starting lineup. A starting player for the Phillies in the early Seventies used to come to games so stoned on marijuana and coke that it was amazing he played so well for such a long period of time, without fizzling out. One NBA coach told me that during last year's playoff series one of his players was so freaked out on speed that he lost control of his game and helped the team to lose. Two pro football players were dropped from their squad last season by the manager because of drugs and pimping. That's right—one of the guys had his own ring of ladies of the night.

Professional sports have become so fucking competitive, and the salaries have escalated so much, that some guys feel they need a drug-supported life to withstand the glare of the publicity and the craziness of their fans. On a charter flight with the Philadelphia Eagles, a very straight and prominent star member of the team started babbling to the press that he was tired of seeing "white mustaches" on the trips home. The Eagles had hit the bottom of the bucket again last season, and some of the more hip players knew sweet cocaine would help them make it through the disgusting losers' syndrome for one more Sunday night.

•

When I was covering the Dallas Cowboys in the early Seventies, I learned that the players' wives reacted violently to any possibility that their husbands might be fucking around.

When the team won the first Super Bowl in 1972, the diamonds tarnished quickly and marriage statistics for the team started to resemble won-loss records. During this period of trauma, a group of wives banded together to protect their Cowboys. They became friendly with the secretary in the Cowboy offices, who was dating a member of the Cowboy staff, incidentally, and borrowed the keys to the training facilities from her.

Dressed in black on a moonless night, they broke into the North Dallas training center, ready to kill football groupies. They checked out most of the lockers and came away with handfuls of rubbers, incriminating personal letters and even pictures of girls. Two of the wives became pregnant shortly after they presented the evidence. None of the marriages broke up.

The things groupies do don't surprise me either. Turquoise (Mrs. J) Erving has the best appraisal of the darling dainties that hang around outside of every stadium and arena in the country. "Groupies are jock sniffers," Mrs. J said. But would Julius fuck around? "I look at it this way," Mrs. J continued, "—nobody's perfect. Whenever a woman thinks her husband is, she can forget it."

Groupies are everywhere, indeed. In the corridors, in the lobbies, outside players' rooms, in their beds. There are three kinds of groupies: teenagers who are stupid and disobey their parents; the nice, educated types who like minds and bodies; and the worst—the hard-core groupies who want the jock's jockstrap.

"Guys are more particular today," one tells me. "If they want, they can get a nice girl, an intelligent girl to go to bed with them. But the other kind, they're still out there. A girl named LaLa has gone down on the entire New England Whalers' hockey team and wants to try the New England Patriots next."

I am on the phone with Julie. Julie is five feet, nine inches, blond, blue-eyed and 27 years old. She wants to marry an athlete. She lives in Dallas and flies for a Texas airline. She graduated from the University of Texas and has never gone to bed with a soft body. Once, Julie really fell in love with a player, but he was married and a star—two strikes against any meaningful relationship. When he stopped playing house with her, she O.D.ed on sleeping pills. She didn't kill herself; she became a survivor.

"Yeah, imagine thinking a man was worth my life," Julie said. Julie is only one of thousands of girls who are hooked on athletes. There is the excitement and the new experience and the sex and the drugs. There is a story that one professional football team chose their stewardesses for the charter flight on the basis of who fucked the best. They had a special selection committee.

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There will always be the famous orgies, real or imagined—scenes few proper wives would believe.

"Yeah," Julie said, "a guy gets away from home and he goes crazy. A little strangeness always turns them on. And don't believe that bullshit of hard work and no play in training camp. Most of them bring a girl or hire one until camp's over. Those guys are red-blooded males. They've got to have it. Don't get me wrong; there are some nice guys."

One time, I remember telling a fellow reporter that I really thought a certain NBA player was an outstanding human being and superbly crafted, too.

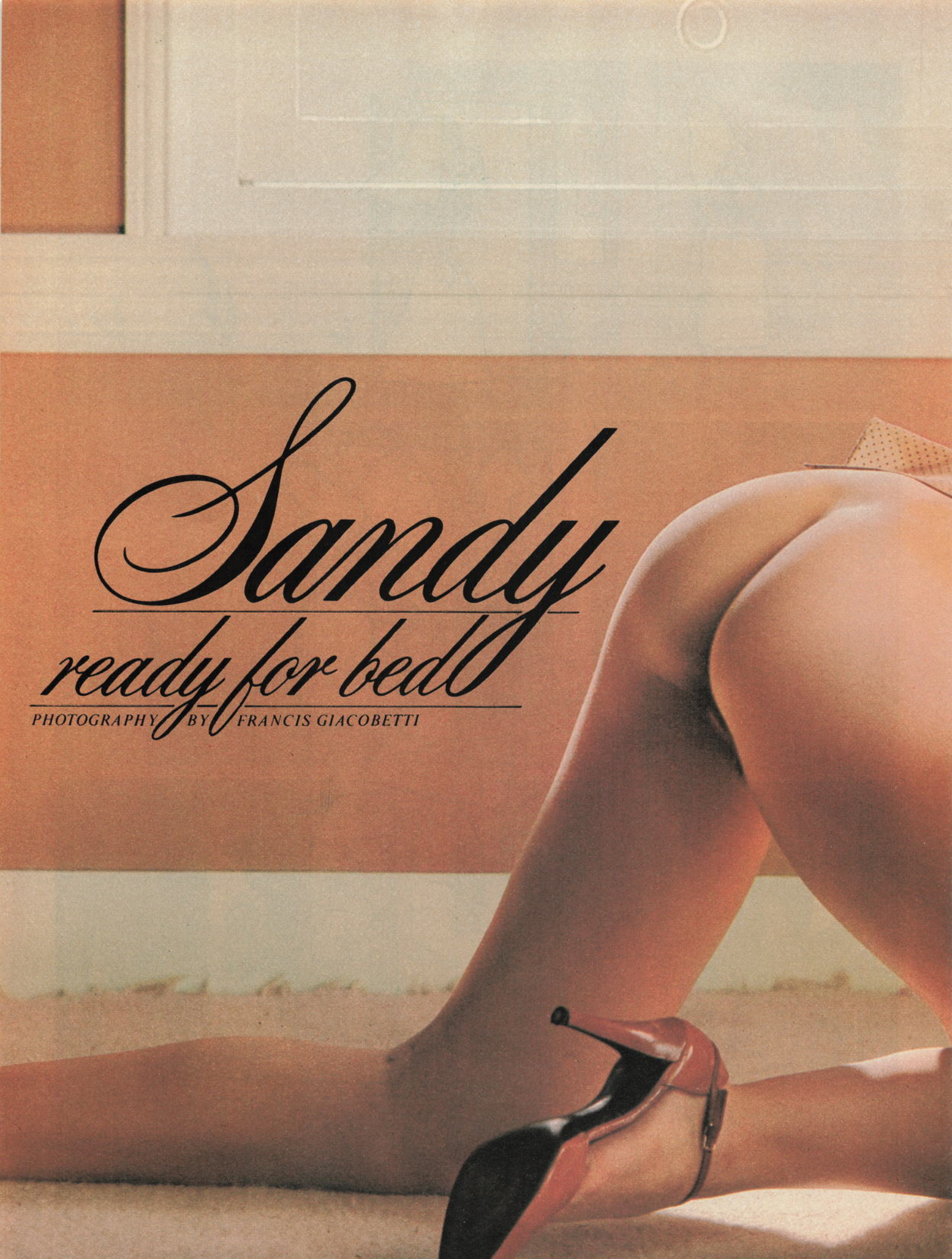
"Can you believe it?" I said. "He's so nice—actually warm and nice. And he's one of the few in that group over there who hasn't taken a shot at me."

"You mean you didn't know?" the reporter asked.

"Didn't know what?"

"He's gay." □

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE



Sandy

ready for bed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

Rats!
Insomnia again. What
I need is something to relax
me. Got any suggestions?

HOW MUCH IS THAT BODY IN THE WINDOW?

A PEEK INSIDE THE SEE-THROUGH, PUSH-UP, LOW-FASHION WORLD OF FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD

ARTICLE BY
BURR SNIDER

Ten o'clock on a balmy Southern California morning and I'm standing in front of the world headquarters of Frederick's of Hollywood, perusing the display windows, digging on the pastel lounge pajamas, the see-through harem pants, the wraparound bathing suits, the leopard-skin scuffies with the stiletto heels and the Lucite, rhinestone-encrusted crossbands, the push-up bras, the teddy chemises, the bikini panties, the fur-trimmed negligees. The windows are a carnival of primary colors and black lace, the worst vision of a lampshade beside some truck-stop mama's bed. Somehow, here on the mannequin, none of the stuff looks nearly as erotically arousing as it does in the Frederick's ads at the back of various magazines.

Nonetheless, I don't mind telling you that I'm excited. I have an appointment today with Mr. Frederick himself, the genius of the G strings who has made a fortune addressing himself exclusively to the slut in

Burr Snider lives in San Francisco, where even Candypants come flavored with granola.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE HEINER

FREDDIE'S FABULOUS MALE-ORDER MACHINE

Ah, yes, the Frederick's catalog. Lots of campy cartoon drawings to fire the imagination, but always the frustrating thought: What does that see-through baby-doll shorty look like on a real live girl? Hmmm, not bad, not bad at all. As far as describing these, um, outfits—well, nothing can match the copy that Mr. Frederick has thought up himself. "Slap a shimmery satin heart on your sexy ASSETS," exhorts the blurb for Teddy Bare **(1)**. Is this a nightie or a foundation garment or what? we ask. No one knows. No one cares. "Hi-hi" (five-inch) Limelight shoes. Night Games **(2)** is guaranteed to turn your girl into a "sizzling showplace." In case you didn't notice, this "tasty peach" nylon number is "S-H-E-E-R." For that "SEXciting hourglass silhouette," how about Collette **(3)**, a gold lamé basque, strategically boned? And while your lady's trying to figure out how to breathe, peel off her fishnet, Spider Lady hose and panties. String Along shoes to match. Fit To Be Tied **(4)** unties to "sex-pose fabulous cleavage"—once she turns around, that is, and before she drops her top on her Web of Love shoes. Fifi **(5)** is a "European-inspired" corselet, whatever that means. Much easier to understand are Frederick's Net Him panties. The Baby Bounce nightie **(6)** is a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRANT EDWARDS

the American housewife. Listen, me and Frederick's go back a *long* way—20 years at least—ever since the age of ten, when I first began my career in surreptitious sex by peeking through the cult mags on the raunch rack at the newsstands. For good eye-popping, month-in, month-out provocation, there was nothing quite to match the Frederick's of Hollywood underwear ad in the back pages of any given issue of *True, Stag, Action,* or any of the other countless lo-prole sex-and-violence formula rags that lived and died through the course of a luxuriously long adolescence. Up front in the book there would be stories like "How I Swam the Rhine and Destroyed Hitler's Secret Silesian Bordello," illustrated with drawings showing a lot of obviously sex-crazed women whose garments had been mostly blown away by a grenade concussion, leaving just enough wispy fabric to cover the barest portion of tit and crotch.

Sure, they were good enough for a quick inflammatory scan, mild foreplay as it were, but for the guaranteed instant rise you would always flip to the back of the book to check out the impossibly cantilevered, pneumatic, pouty-lipped cartoon houris who modeled the whorehouse underwear in the Frederick's ad. The art was such that they looked like so many savage-but-submissive sex slaves lounging around the seraglio. It was Frederick's genius to know he wasn't so much selling panties and bras and stuff as he was packaging pussy, and with their amazing, outlandish peekaboo raiment, those primitive pen-and-ink characters seemed to be literally quivering there on the page, waiting for a hot taste of the old Johnson. Now, what you have to bear in mind, you of little empathy, is that this was in the dim earlier years of puberty, that inchoate period when a nod is as good as a wink to a one-eyed snake—which is to say that to the as-yet-untutored libido, these goofy facsimiles of sensuality were every bit as atavistically arousing as the pinkest of centerfolds purports to be today.

Yes, a long way, Mr. Frederick and me. I sort of have this affectionate regard for him as a cultural artifact of puberty, at least in the fumbling way that condition was practiced in the Fifties. Such are my reflections as I take a last look at the gawdy garb in the windows and then head down a flight of

steal at $9, although why anybody would want to wear it with Moonglow stockings is beyond us. Freddie Mellinger claims he was the first to market underwired dressing gowns such as High Fashion **(7)**. Can't have those boobs falling down in bed. A lot more demure is Take the Wrap **(8)**, a baby-doll shorty with matching bikini. The Glamour Doll slippers of satin and marabou come "in a million colors"—shades of Jean Harlow. What covers the front but holds up the back? Why, a Gartini **(9)**, of course! The "naughtiest, sexiest teaser ever!" says the catalog; so who cares if the seams in her Sexy Legs stockings are a little crooked? Who's looking at seams, anyway? Mr. Frederick is very proud of his Split Personality **(10)**, a transparent, underwired baby-doll with "lettuce-edged" ruffles (as in *Let Us Entertain You*, perhaps?). Finally, there is the Shimmer Shaper **(11)**, a one-piece glistenet (who makes up these words?) body shaper of shimmery stretch nylon. "Snap crotch," the copy says. Sounds like the noise a cereal makes. The Frederick's catalog changes six times a year and costs $2. Besides the *lanjeray* that made Frederick's a generic term are ads for swimwear, sportswear, menswear (would you believe gold lamé, pouch G strings?), dresses, foundations, jewelry and something Mr. Frederick calls "novelties": Hot Hot Hot capsules to make you horny; Power Plus gel to slow you down; a Vibra cock ring (excuse us, Freddie calls it a *Love* ring) with variable speed controls; books, games, pillows, mirrors—and who's it all for? "Housewives in Texas," says Freddie's assistant, "lap it all up." □

marble stairs into a reception room where sits an absolute stunner behind a rounded desk. Of course, I expected all the women here to be wearing low-cut blouses and tight skirts slit up to the thigh, lots of makeup and stuff—and, of course, my hopes are dashed when I see that the receptionist is dressed to the nines in Beverly Hills flash, sexy but very subdued.

I announce my purpose, tugging bashfully at the brim of my Panama, and am directed to take a seat. I do as I'm told, immediately beginning some breathing exercises to alleviate anxiety—slow inhale, quell the quivers . . . deep . . . slow, take no more than you need, the lung is such a pig . . . slowly . . . that's better—and into the room stumbles some needed comic relief, the quintessential bumblefuck salesman out of the Jerry Lewis school, laden with bulky sample cases. He's bumping around against the walls like a drunken cossack, being totally manhandled by his load, breathing hard, glowing red as a boil, everything coming loose. The receptionist begins to giggle and I laugh out loud in a gesture of solidarity, but she doesn't deign to turn her head. I am extremely hot for this lady in an abstract sort of way, lusting after her in my heart. Who knows if there's not a pair of crotchless panties pulsating under that elegant outfit? Who knows if in the propinquity of all this overtly sexual merchandise the ethos doesn't call for quick and lustful couplings in secluded corners? Maybe I should just put it right to her, suggest a fast zipless for later on . . . . ? But there's no time for that, for here's Mister Eff, and we're off!

Going on the basis of his photo in the ads, I must admit that I had worked up a couple of basic images about what Frederick would be like in the flesh. The first, of course, was that of the archetypal slick-haired Hollywood cliché *roué*—a lustful, leering, depraved Casanova, not unlike the little pencil-mustached guys with the donkey dongs who always kept their socks on in the hotsy Cuban skin flicks of the Forties. My other image, way over at the other end of the spectrum, so to speak, was that he would turn out to be a classic prancing queen, all petulant and frantic, with a long cigarette holder and maybe a poodle underfoot. Wearing, I don't know, a smoking

(Continued on page 133)

HAVE IT YOUR WAY

Owning a franchise used to mean laying out 100 grand in order to spend 16 hours a day in grease up to your elbows dunkin' doughnuts, chicken or French fries. No more.

Article by Theodore Fischer

Buy a franchise? Are you serious? Work long hours in a paper beanie and plastic grin? Count French fries while people shout to hold the pickle? Chase degenerate teenagers out of the parking lot? Try to make generate teenagers thank your customers, empty garbage bins, not steal? It's got to be a put-on, right?

Maybe not. Let's take it from another angle. Say goodbye to idiotic fellow slaves. Tell the asshole boss to shove it. Tell the cold, impersonal corporate world to shove it. Tell the warm, personal corporate world, Dad and Uncle Sidney included, to shove

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE CARVER

WINDSOR 6 Motel
POOL
Speedai
KFC
Fanci Free
FOOTWEAR
JB
TRAVEL
Ricky
S. Carver

HAVE IT YOUR WAY You will note immediately that the whoppers of the franchise world lie well beyond your pecuniary grasp. Burger King expects you to have a $120,000 net worth.

it. Work hard but be your own boss. Keep all the profits and have it your way every night. Yeah, buy a franchise.

The truth about franchises may not be as awful as you think. First, the word *franchise* is not necessarily synonymous with fast and junky food. Many laundries, motels, convenience stores, charm schools, printers, exterminators and photo developers are franchises. We all know Burger King, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Dunkin' Donuts. But what about Ziebart Rustproofing, Budget Rent-A-Car, Jellystone Campgrounds, Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics, Manpower personnel, Muzak, Sir Speedy printers and Billie Jean King Tennis Centers?

Yeah, franchises. If you have money, credit, a demonstrably good character (still with us?), if you like the franchiser and the franchiser likes you, then you just might be the first on your block to be H&R Block.

Franchising, simply, is a method of doing business in which "they" (franchiser) sell you both the right to distribute an established product or service and the sophisticated operating procedures for marketing it. With a limited investment, "you" (franchisee) get a well-known name or trademark, advice as to location, efficient management and accounting systems, specialized training and access to the expertise of full-time company attorneys, accountants and troubleshooters—necessities that small, nonfranchised business people pay plenty for.

Some franchisers—convenience stores like 7-Eleven, for instance—sell only a trademark and a proven method of operation. Others, such as Qonaar Security Systems and Lien Chemical sanitation service, offer exclusive dealerships for products or services. The most prominent franchises are the so-called "turnkey operations," which include most large, fast-food chains. These furnish franchisees with all equipment, supplies and education needed to do business and hand him the key to the front door.

Franchising has actually been around since before the Colonel was in boot camp. Singer used the first franchises to sell sewing machines just after the Civil War. In the early 20th Century, franchising became the conventional method of distributing automobiles, gas and soft drinks. Newer types of franchises started flexing their golden arches in the Fifties, when a malted-milk-mixing-machine salesman named Ray Kroc figured he could sell more multimixers by sweetening the deal with a trademark and tips for pushing hamburgers. By 1970 Kroc had earned over $100 million from McDonald's. Kentucky Fried Chicken began franchising in 1966, and within three years, 30 KFC employees and 100 franchisees had become millionaires. Such phenomenal successes made it seem as if any idiot could strike it rich in franchising and, by 1969, 1200 franchisers had licensed over 500,000 outlets.

The most popular ploy of the Late, Great Sixties Franchise Boom was finding celebrities willing to trade their famous names and sterling reputations for shares of company stock. Remember Mickey Mantle's Country Cookin', Eva Gabor's wig boutiques, Trini Lopez' Mexican restaurants, Jerry Lewis Cinemas or Tony Bennett's Spaghetti House? With prestigious names and caricatures on their logos, enterprising franchisers and stars made their killings when fast bucks from lump-sum, up-front franchise fees inflated corporated earnings and drove up the prices of over-the-counter stocks. Before a Rowan-and-Martin Laugh-In franchise sold even its first Fickle Finger frankfurter, the parent company had socked it to plenty of eager franchisees. Alas, with many inexperienced and/or disreputable franchises competing among themselves, casualty rates were high and many investors lost their Arnold Palmer–laundered and dry-cleaned shirts.

Eventually, various tentacles of government started thinking that the poor franchisee deserved a break. The Internal Revenue Service stopped franchisers from reporting the entire franchise fee as earned income, ending easy profits from spectacular stock fluctuation. Lawsuits against Chicken Delight and Howard Johnson's revealed flagrant abuses of "tying arrangements"—franchise agreements requiring franchisees to buy certain items directly from the parent company. The exorbitant prices charged by Chicken Delight and HoJo attracted judicial attention to all such arrangements. Since the early Seventies, the Federal Trade Commission has been pushing for a national franchise registration rule making franchisers disclose information about ownership and operations to prospective franchisees. The rule may be enacted soon, but 14 states have their own franchise disclosure laws already. Only relatively legitimate and responsible firms survived the frantic franchise boom. A franchise director of one fast-food chain says, "Buying a franchise today is less like getting in a Gold Rush and more like betting a favorite to show."

A prospective franchisee is usually a person with no distinct skill or technical training who has a hankering to run his own business. Gingiss men's formalwear renters tells candidates, "You don't . . . need to have a background in retailing . . . need a formal business education . . . need promotional know-how. . . ." Franchisers already have all that. What you *do* need is cash money, bankability and the willingness to work your ass off doing billions of thankless tasks you never dreamed would be inflicted upon you.

And—you have to find this out sometime—owning a franchise is not the same as owning your own business. You simply won't be all that goddamned independent. As you may have already noticed, conformity is the bread and butter of the franchise system. You buy a franchise and trade your freedom to go broke on your own terms for another fellow's solid-gold sure-thing plan to coin money—and you do it their way. "Let's face it," says a motel franchise executive, "a franchise removes the individual from the decision-making process, but still makes him feel like an independent businessman."

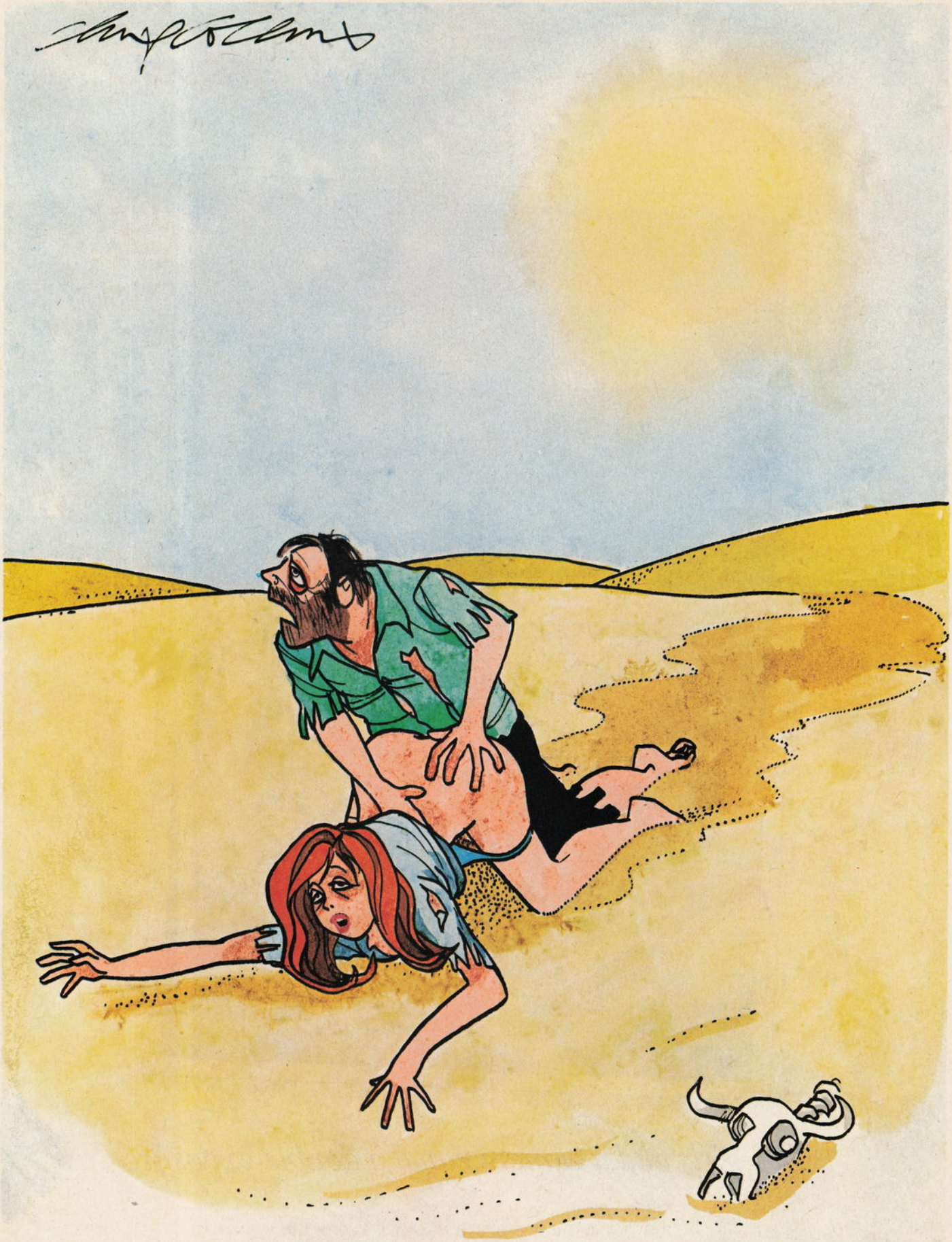
Knowing that franchises aren't cheap or easy, that you really aren't your own boss and it's really not much fun, your next question has to be how to get yours. The Federal Government, everybody's designated business partner, wants to help. For $4.75, you can buy the Commerce Department's *Franchise Opportunities Handbook*, a catalog of 750 "franchises who do not discriminate on the basis of race, color or national origin." Franchises are listed in 40 convenient categories like Foods—Donuts, Foods—Pancake/Waffle/Pretzel, Foods—Grocery/Specialty Stores, Hearing Aids, Printing and, for the uncommitted, Miscellaneous. Each listing includes address, description of operation, number and location of outlets, capital requirements, training and managerial assistance provided.

You will note immediately that the whoppers of the franchise world lie well beyond your pecuniary grasp. Burger King expects you to have a $120,000 net worth, excluding cars and residence; Holiday Inn wants $300,000—cash; Midas Muffler Shops go for $90,000. These franchises, priced well out of range of most individuals, are purchased by large companies when purchased at all. But despair not. Even a modest bankroll may be enough to buy your kind of place. Mind Power, a speed-reading and memory course, will give you the business for $3000. Restore vinyl with Vinylife for $4900. Publish *TV Facts* for $9500, be a Lawn Medic practitioner for $9950; or fight fat in your own Diet Workshop for $10–15,000.

Assuming you have enough chips to be relatively selective, how then to choose? Collin B. Weschke, secretary of the Inter-

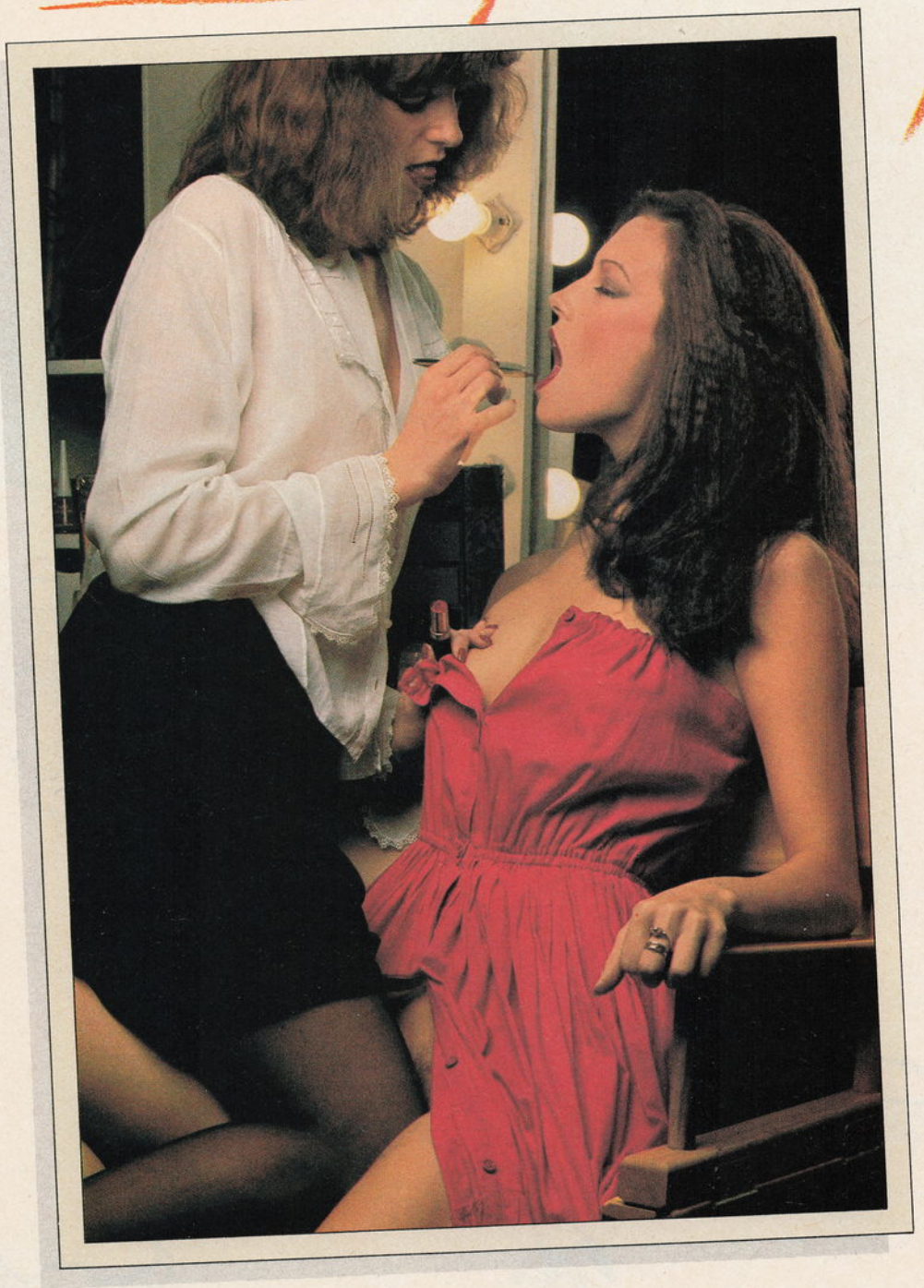
(Continued on page 128)

Theodore Fischer says that his idea of a perfect franchise is 31 flavors of H&R Block. But then, he lives in Chicago.



"Lubricant . . . lubricant . . ."

photo · play



Two girls and a camera equal a double exposure

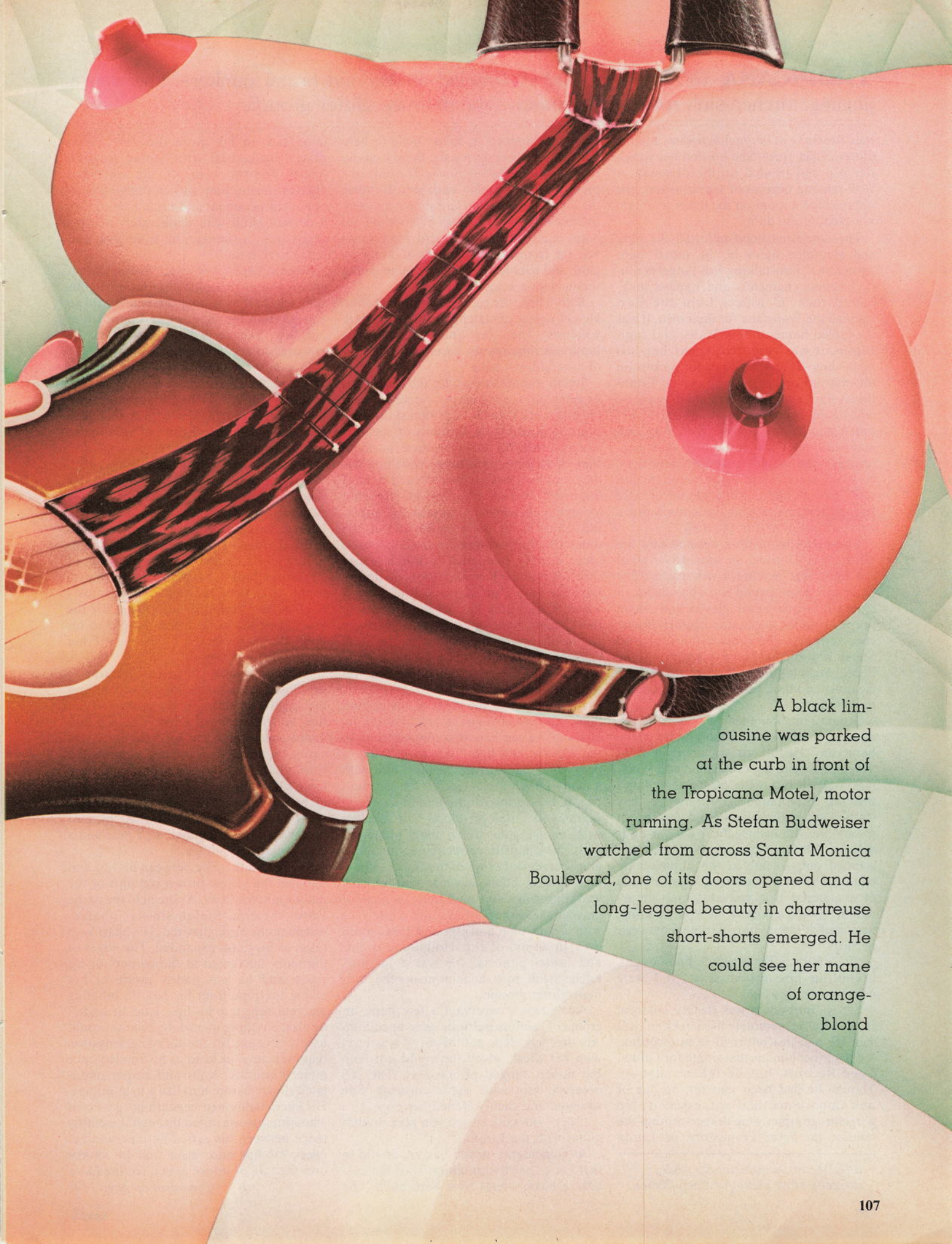
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

MOONLIGHT on the TROPICANA

FICTION BY BILLY MERNIT

They had been balling for hours, but the girl showed no signs of nearing orgasm or unconsciousness. The masquerading rock star could not disturb her placid, methodical gyrations, until . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYD



A black limousine was parked at the curb in front of the Tropicana Motel, motor running. As Stefan Budweiser watched from across Santa Monica Boulevard, one of its doors opened and a long-legged beauty in chartreuse short-shorts emerged. He could see her mane of orange-blond

TROPICANA In an era of chic Hollywood droids and brutal punkers, she was a jingling, kitchen-sink rock anachronism—the ultimate glitter groupie.

hair, the curve of her melon breasts and the glitter of her rings. She hoisted her shoulder bag and headed up the driveway. A slow-moving portrait of sensuousness, she approached a room on the lower level and knocked on the door.

The limousine hood reflected the pink and gray-blue lights of the motel sign: TROPICANA. Fast-talking Los Angeles music-business characters and hapless long-haired rock 'n' rollers from the East claimed the Tropicana for their own. It was the fabled home of Tom Waits, and Janis Joplin, it was rumored, spent her last nights here. It was the place for rockers on the way up or on the way down. Established stars, who got some kind of perverse enjoyment from the joint, would sometimes stop in for a visit. Would-be and had-been entertainers roomed near mysterious spades with golden Chevrolets. Raucous voices were heard through thin walls late at night, while ghosts of wild parties hovered around the seasick-green pool, which glowed in the dark.

The motel-room door opened and the girl went in. Outside, the limo driver sat in the front seat reading a newspaper. The passenger door opened and a bearded man emerged, wearing dark glasses and a long ponytail under a genuine Daniel Boone coonskin cap. He looked familiar and Stefan was sure he'd seen this guy on some Sunset Strip billboard. The star took out a cigarette and lit it, waiting, leaning against the hood.

Seeing a break in the flow of cars, Stefan ambled to the island in the middle of the boulevard. Headlights streamed by him. The motel-room door reopened and Longlegs walked out with an unsteady and unkempt long-haired man in tow. As they strolled down the blacktopped parking lot toward the limousine, the backseat door nearest Stefan opened. Another girl stepped out, waving at the approaching couple. She wore a full-length gown made of a material that was absolutely transparent. As she stood by the door, waiting, he stared at the inviting darkness between her legs.

"If I had a hit single," he thought, licking his lips involuntarily, "if I were number one this week . . ."

Stefan Budweiser was deeply envious. He did not feel remotely like a rock-'n'-roll star. He had just returned from recording the lead vocal on his first single for Gilded Cage Records, but he felt no elation. Though he had been sent for, no one of any importance had witnessed it. No gorgeous groupies were draped around the studio; no Peter Framptons or Linda Ronstadts stopped by to say hello or help out with the backup vocals; there were no reporters from *Rolling Stone*. The only one present besides Stefan had been Buttons, the lone engineer, who had shown his great interest in the proceedings by nodding out occasionally behind the board. Hollywood was far from the wastelands of Long Island, and here he was just one more young turkey with a song and a guitar.

Before him, the car doors slammed shut. He saw a glow of matches through the dark windows. Then the limousine, with its luminous inhabitants, eased into the flow of cars and was gone.

Stefan stood alone under the blank Los Angeles sky, feeling empty. Somewhere in the hills, rock stars in huge mansions were snorting insufferable amounts of cocaine, administered by sultry women in mere slips of expensive clothing. Watching the breeze ruffle the sickly palm tree in front of the motel, Stefan visualized exactly what awaited him when he crossed the street: the square room, the colorless carpet, the dim walls, the postwar relic of a TV, the too large double bed and its harsh white sheets. Up in the Beverly Hilton, no doubt, stars like Faye Dunaway and Rod Stewart traded jokes at the bar. At the Tropicana, the Chinese handyman emptied garbage by the driveway and waved to the desk clerk in the dingy office. With a sigh, Stefan walked across the boulevard, resigned to his dead-end fate.

He approached the steps to the second floor and noticed a girl seated halfway up. Her apparel was bizarre to the extreme. In the electric half-light, she looked like a bedraggled and waylaid tropical bird with a many-hued plumage of velvet, lace and denim. He stopped at the foot of the wood stairs to take it all in: blond hair streaked with orange and silver, long blood-red nails, dark purple velvet pants, uncountable scarves fluttering in the breeze, knee-high leather boots, a white feather boa, sparkling rings and necklaces. A haze of gray smoke settled around the white face with a dark blotch of lips and half-closed eyes. In an era of chic Hollywood droids and brutal punkers, she was a jingling, kitchen-sink rock anachronism—the ultimate glitter groupie.

As he slowly ascended a few steps, an aroma of jasmine perfume enveloped him. Another few steps and his head was level with her chest, which, he could not help but notice, bulged promisingly. The girl observed him with vague curiosity. She squinted and then widened her eyes.

"Hey," she said, "don't you play rhythm guitar with the Lizards?"

As coincidence would have it, he did in fact *know* the rhythm guitarist of the Lizards, a heavy-metal New York band. The man had, in his more innocent days, played basketball with Stefan in high school. The two were actually somewhat alike in height, hair and clothing style, if not in temperament and taste. Feeling like a deviant child who deliberately accepts candy from a stranger, he swallowed and replied: "Uh-huh."

The girl's eyes grew wider. Stefan experienced a strange sinking sensation in his stomach, half expecting the real Lizard to emerge from the shadows and punch him out. Why had he lied so baldly? Was he prepared to accept the consequences?

In a musical explosion of silver, beads and jade, the creature rose to her feet. She absently sucked at her black cigarette holder and studied him with a practiced gaze that roved from the tips of his boots to the top of his hair.

"Ever smoke Albanian blond hashish?"

Stefan reacted too slowly to invent. He shook his head. The girl walked up the steps a few paces ahead of him, then paused, looking back expectantly. Stefan realized suddenly that she had every intention of initiating him into the pleasures of Albanian blond hashish, in his motel room, that very moment. Abnormally lightheaded, he felt in his pocket for the key and slowly walked past the girl to his door. As he unlocked it, he heard her jingling behind him.

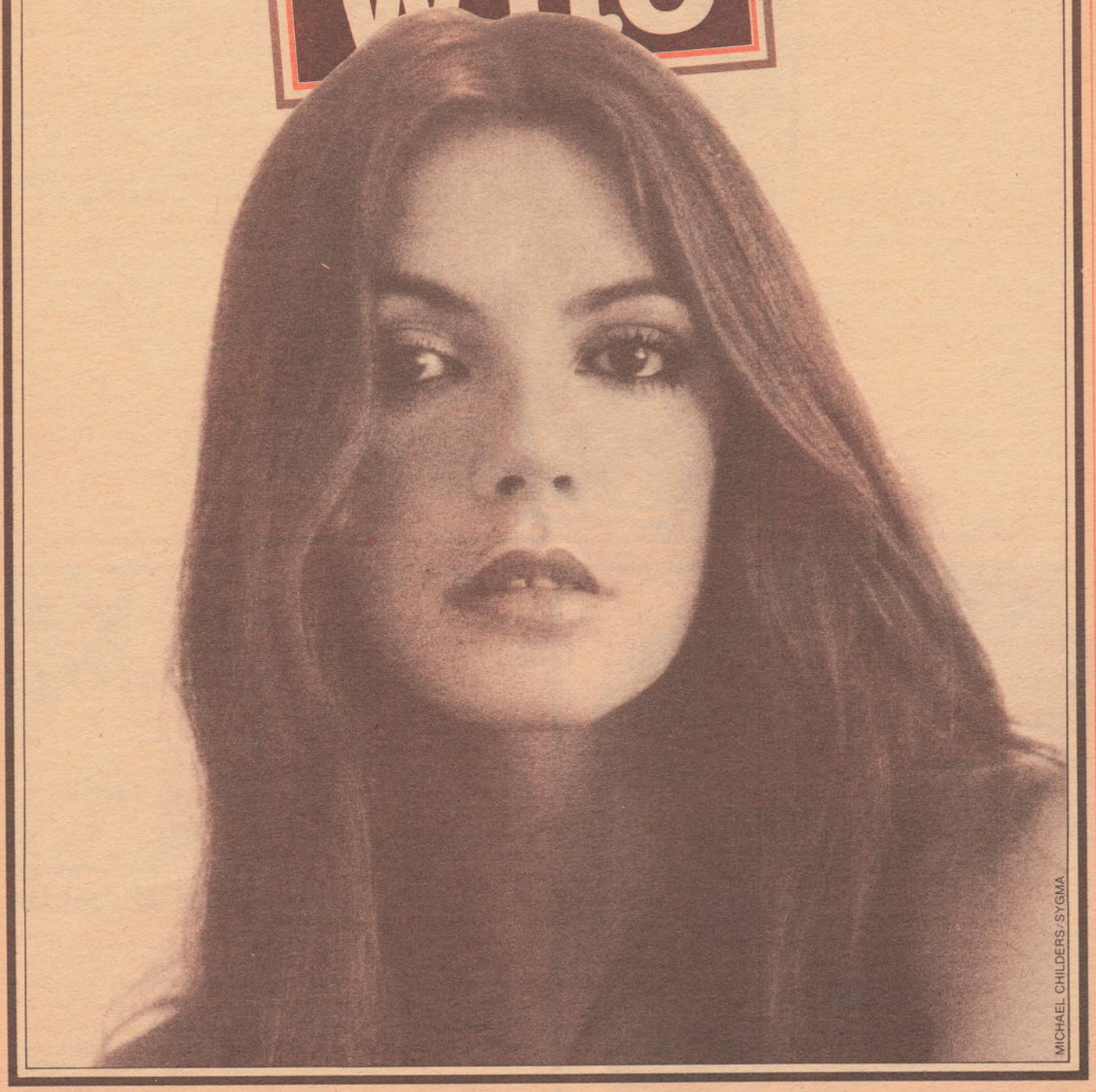
He stepped in and turned on the lamp as she closed the door. Stefan glanced around the squalid splendor of the room and felt that he was seeing it anew. The girl, obviously accustomed to such environs, was sitting on the edge of the bed, rummaging through her rhinestone purse. In the lamp's light, he could see that beneath the elaborate veneer of exotic makeup lurked a face one could call pretty. She had, by now, produced a long-stemmed gold pipe and a jewel-encrusted pillbox.

She placed the pipe between his lips and dumped the yellow-brown contents of the pillbox into the bowl. As she held the flame above the rim, Stefan slowly inhaled, watching the hash glow red. His heart beat faster as his lungs expanded. The edges of the room fluctuated at the corners of his vision and he was hardly aware of her taking the pipe from his mouth, inhaling and returning it to his lips. True, he hadn't smoked anything in a while, but that could hardly account for the dizzying sensation that overcame his head as he inhaled once more. Furniture, walls and carpet undulated slowly before him like a heat mirage. His knees ballooned beneath his gaze and a humming noise sailed through the empty space between his ears. The pipe was between his lips once more and he looked over the trail of smoke at her, feeling like a

(Continued on page 114)

Billy Mernit, a musician by trade, currently plays piano for Carly Simon.

WHO



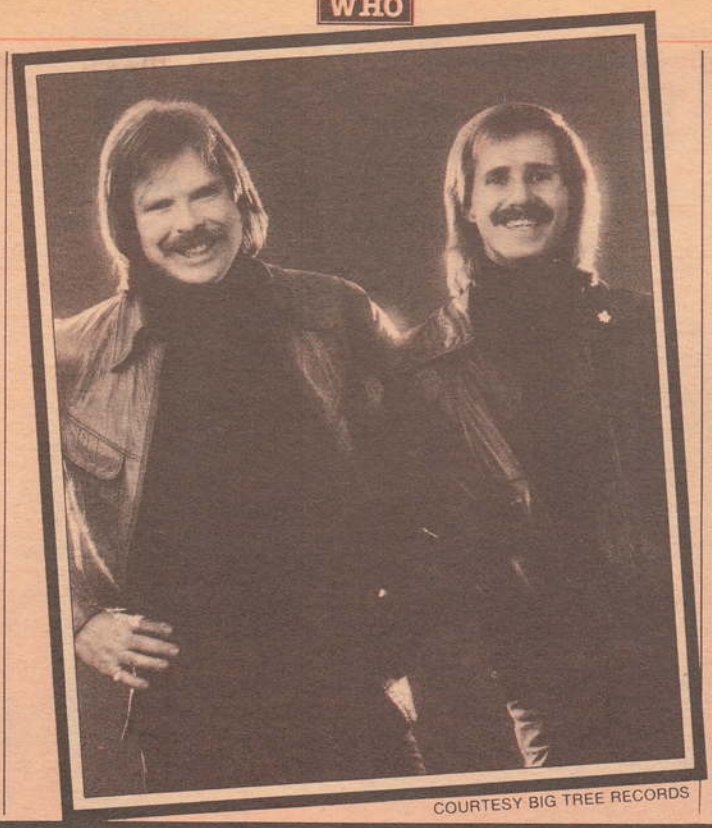
MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

Hot Fudge Sundae

Montreal's **Carole Laure** has come a long way since she was the virginal Miss World of 1984 in *Sweet Movie*. In that mostly unpalatable epic, Carole played a tasty snack who had her cherry snatched by a Mexican named El Mancho, and her ultimate sweet relief came when she drowned in a globby mass of chocolate syrup. After that one, her cookies were exposed in a slew of films by **Gilles Charles**, but she actually turned down *Emmanuelle* to brush up on her scriptwriting.

Carole has indeed played her share of strange birds, including a striptease dancer in a psycho ward, but her big break may be playing **Yves Montand**'s young mistress in **Alain Corneau**'s *La Menace*. Fame is important to this exotic hybrid (she's got Indian blood), and she's realistic about the long road that lies ahead. Quoting an old Buster Keaton adage, she observes, "As long as Tibetan peasants don't know how to spell your name, you're not a star." —PETER GAMBACCINI

Holy Britches!



COURTESY BIG TREE RECORDS

OUI: Do people often tell you what a great ass you have?

ENGLAND DAN: Well, I don't believe I've had the chance to discuss it before . . .

OUI: But now that it's been pointed out to you?

ENGLAND DAN: Well, I don't really think it's the object of the exercise.

OUI: But those tight red-satin pants—they must be a conscious turn-on for your audience?

ENGLAND DAN: No. When I bought them, it wasn't a conscious image thing. I don't think sex appeal is what most people want.

OUI: Oh, but come on—you don't have a great ass like that without knowing about it.

ENGLAND DAN: You can't talk about my butt like this—it's *my* butt you're talking about!

OUI: (Sighing) OK, what *are* you interested in?

ENGLAND DAN: The Baha'i faith, actually. It might sound a bit old-fashioned, but we believe in fidelity, no drinks and no narcotics . . .

OUI: Ooops.

England Dan (not English at all, but strictly Texan) and **John Ford Coley** tuned in to the Baha'i religion whilst trying to rescue Dan's brother (**Jimmy Seals** of **Seals & Croft**) from its clutches back in 1969. "John and I came to rescue him, studied it, tried to *disprove* it, and now . . . well, I don't know what we would do without it." *It* does seem to keep the two prolific musician/songwriters (they had a hit with *I'd Really Love to See You Tonight* and penned the theme to *James at 16*) out of the showbiz ratrace and firmly attuned to family life. Nonetheless, they do wear some very *hot*, tight satin pants.

—SUE RUSSELL

LYNN GOLDSMITH

Hot Prop

"My voice isn't black and it isn't white," says **Nona Hendryx**. "It's almost neuter." Well, any fool can see that *neuter* isn't the right word to describe Nona. She's on her own now, after years of slogging with **Patti LaBelle** and the **Blue Belles** from their mid-Sixties' *I Sold My Heart to the Junkman* phase to their Seventies' reincarnation as the silver-bedecked LaBelle space cadets, heroines of *Lady Marmalade* and other invitingly sexual anthems. "Sarah [Dash] was the ingenue, Patti was the Earth Mother and I was the protector," explains Nona. "Combined, we were Wonder Women."

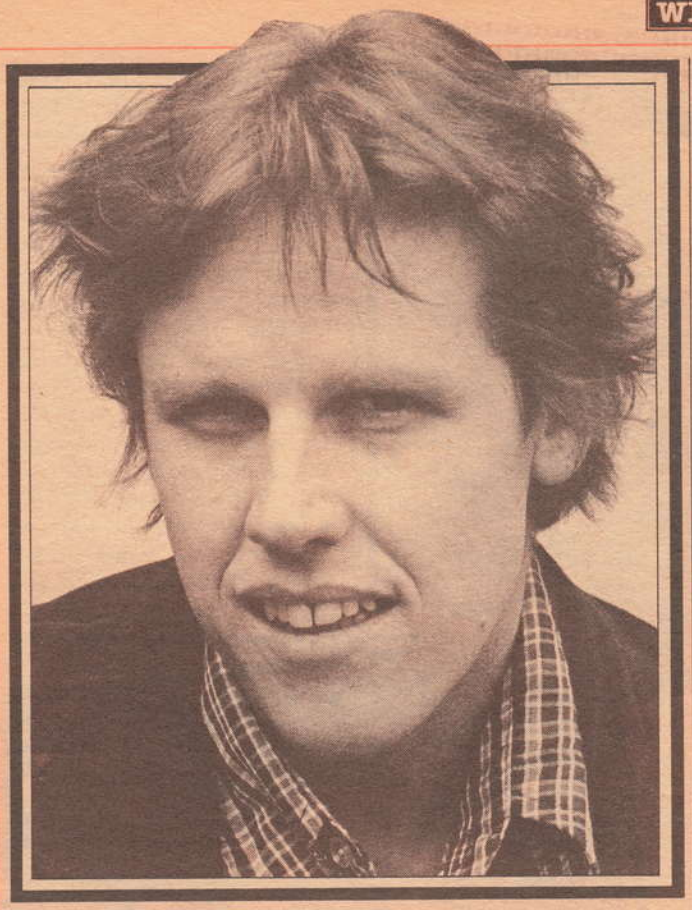
Nona is *still* wondrous. The composer of most of LaBelle's material, she's now at work on her second solo album, *Off My Rocker*. "This one will be verging on heavy metal," she assures us. "It's a direction that hasn't been tapped—except for **Jimi Hendrix** and **Buddy Miles**." And although Nona now wears something a little closer to plainclothes onstage, she still gets totally into her act. "I want to involve people in a setting, so I use my body as a prop." Nice scenery, Nona.

—P.G.

TONY KORODY/SYGMA

Maui Munchies

In modern Hawaii, the cuisine doesn't begin and end with pineapple, pig and poi. Today on Maui and in Honolulu, natives are crunching on bunches of **Dewey Kobayashi**'s Kitch'n Cook'd Potato Chips. The Aloha State's munchy king daily fries up half a ton of the greasy spud slices. Kitch'n Cook'd is a family business, and only Dewey, his father and his brother know the secret recipe. Business is booming so fast that mail orders from the mainland have to be returned, and big American conglomerates have been trying to buy Dewey out. But he swears, "To be my own boss is a dream I've realized. And working together keeps the family close. There's other wealth besides money." —P.G.



MAUREEN DONALDSON

Permanent New Wave

"They curled my hair every damned day; then they'd spray it with something; then they'd put in these little pink things and I'd have to sit there for forty-five minutes. When my friends came in from Oklahoma and saw me sitting there with rollers in my hair, they *knew* I'd gone Hollywood!"

But after three dye jobs, two permanent waves and a roller set, **Gary Busey** appears convincing in the title role of *The Buddy Holly Story*, another amidst the current spate of rock-'n'-roll films. "I've been playing drums for fifteen years and I started when I was listening to Holly," says Busey. "So it seems like I've been preparing for this movie all my life. I've *never* forgotten the words to *Maybe Baby* and *Peggy Sue* or *That'll Be the Day*." Neither have a lot of record producers—witness **Linda Ronstadt**'s success with *It's So Easy*.

Busey's movie shots include *A Star Is Born* and *Straight Time* with **Dustin Hoffman**, but the real ace up his sleeve is his musical background. Actually, he has two careers, two names and two personalities. While Gary acts, his alter ego, **Teddy Jack Eddy**, sits in with musicians like **Leon Russell** and **Willie Nelson.** Hence, the music in *The Buddy Holly Story* is played live. "You can't fake music," says Teddy/Gary. "Kids today are smart. They know when you're not singing. The actors had to become a band first, or we didn't have shit to stand on."

The Buddy Holly Story is not the first time Gary's had his hair kinked, by the way. For his junkie role in *Straight Time*, he grew it long and stringy and sprayed it with glycerin. "Have you ever tried to get that stuff out? Errr, it was *horrible*."

—S. R.

MAUREEN DONALDSON

Snatch Trek

"I couldn't give away the ending if I wanted to," claims a Spock-marked **Leonard Nimoy**. "I don't know what it is." What he's still in the dark about, of course, is the upcoming remake of *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Nimoy plays a psychiatrist who teams up with the befuddled **Donald Sutherland** to stem the advance of overgrown vegetables who clone humans. Just as several possible conclusions to the original film were cultivated, a jolly-green-giant assortment of climaxes to the new *Body Snatcher* was sown by director **Phil Ka**

"Phil told us the ending would be shot without anyone knowing that it *was* the ending," admits Nimoy.

The man who will also soon re-create Mr. Spock on the silver screen has become a "myths, monsters, magic and witchcraft" junkie, and believes

COURTESY UNITED ARTISTS

"there is something that exists in people's homes that has not been explained." Nimoy hopes to quench his lust for the bizarre by trekking to Siberia for this season's *In Search Of* series to determine the origin of an explosion that occurred there 70 years ago and was measured on seismographs around the world. And if he gets the chance, no doubt he'll continue to "boldly go where no man has gone before."

—P.G.

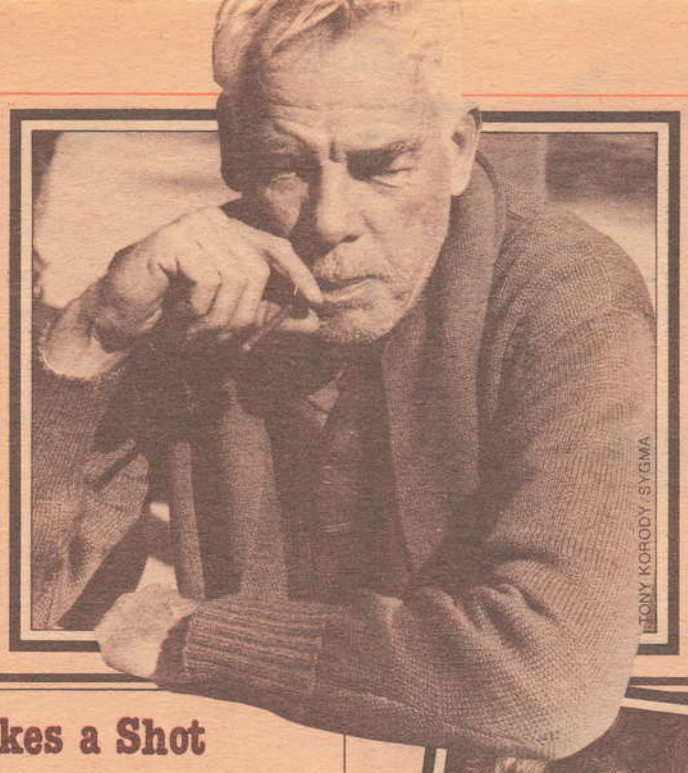
JENNY LENS

Best Punk-Shot by a Beaver

Deborah Harry of **Blondie** seemed a little road weary at her latest L.A. Roxy gig. After a while, that high-energy street noise just kicks up and knocks you on your ass. Then again, she might have been trying to work her audience up to a frenzied peak of excitement with some New Wave stage maneuvers. Debbie sings pretty good, too. —MICK MORRISON

One Dozen Big Red Ones

White-haired **Lee Marvin** is Sergeant Hell, a career soldier in charge of a platoon of rookie recruits that includes **Robert Carradine** and **Mark Hamill** in the World War Two action film *The Big Red One*. This military version of **John Wayne** and *The Cowboys* takes place in North Africa and Sicily (filmed, through the miracle of cinema, in Yugoslavia, California and Israel) and has the hotheaded sarge leading his troops into their first confrontations with death. Naturally, the sarge impresses upon them war's first rule of order: "Kill, before they kill you." Moviegoers may have thought they'd seen this all in *The Dirty Dozen*, but these here are some of the bloodiest battles of the war. This is serious and gruesome business: German ears are traded for American cigarettes, and a man's worth is measured by the number of his victims. And, if authenticity is what *The Big Red One* strives for, Marvin, Carradine and Hamill best be sharp. If things keep heating up in Israel, they may be dodging fake bullets on camera and skirting real skirmishes off the set. —P.G.


TONY KORODY/SYGMA

Delbert Takes a Shot

"I like to play in the clubs around Fort Worth," remarks **Delbert McClinton**. "That's how I know that I'm good, 'cause if you're bad when you play one of them clubs, somebody in the audience might just take a gun and shoot you."

Delbert doesn't have to worry. His name is as unlikely as was **Elvis Presley**'s, but the raw black rhythm and blues coming from the voice of this 35-year-old blues singer from Fort Worth has built him a following around Texas that is at once fanatical and devotional. His music is raw, angry and at times brutal, evoking memories of the way R&B sounded before **Arthur Godfrey** and **Dick Clark** Caucasianized it.

Outside of two years scuffling in L.A., McClinton has never left the Lone Star State except to record. Now, he's teamed up with Capricorn Records' president **Phil Walden**, who discovered **Otis Redding**, the **Allman Brothers** and **Jimmy Carter**, and Delbert is suddenly "happening" nationwide with a new album called *Second Wind*.

Although he'd rather play the blues bars, where he can rap about his jams with **Freddie King**, about beating **Buster Brown** in a harmonica-blowing contest, or about the time **Jimmy Reed** puked all over his mike, Delbert seems destined for the big time. With his dark sunglasses and hard delivery, he might well be the new king. A lot of folks around Texas swear by it. —JIM NASH

COURTESY CAPRICORN RECORDS

Karate Goulash

For 31-year-old **Emil Farkas**, the road to Hollywood has been lumpy. It started in Budapest, not the most accommodating place to its Jewish residents at the time, so Farkas spent much of his youth running from fascist gangs. At nine, he took up judo just to survive, and a year later he became the Hungarian Junior Champion. When the Soviet tanks rolled through Hungary during the 1956 revolution, Farkas and his family fled across Europe, eventually settling in Canada. Continuing his studies in martial arts there, he was, by the age of 17, the youngest person in Canada to hold black belts in three different karate styles.

Seeking instruction under a famed Japanese master, **Nishiyama**, Farkas came to Los Angeles in 1969, where he was noticed in a class one day by record producer **Phil Spector**. A stint as Spector's bodyguard exposed the young karate expert to the inner workings of Tinseltown, and soon he set up his own school in Beverly Hills—attracting the likes of **Peter Fonda** and **James Caan**. Then, of course, Farkas landed a few movie and television contracts, first as a stunt man, then as an actor and stunt/action choreographer. Today, he has over 70 films and television shows under his belt and has also branched out into production of his own kick-'em-ups. So, what makes Emil run? "Just looking for that bigger slice of the pie." —GEORGE GOLDSMITH

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CHICAGO RIOTS TRIVIA QUIZ

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 55)

1. C
2. D
3. C
4. D
5. C
6. D
7. E
8. C
9. D & E
10. A & B & C
11. B & D & G
12. B
13. A
14. A & C & D
15. A-3, B-1, C-2, D-5, E-4
16. A-4, B-13, C-11, D-9, E-7, F-1, G-6, H-5
17. B & E
18. D
19. False. They were acquitted.
20. True
21. False
22. True
23. False. New Hampshire.
24. True
25. False
26. True
27. True
28. True
29. False
30. False
31. False

BONUS ANSWERS

1) A McCarthy slogan meaning well dressed and short-haired.
2) A reference to the Russian "pacification" of Czechoslovakia right before the convention.
3) Abbie Hoffman's answer in court when asked if he and other defendants had agreed to provoke violence.
4) A form of toxic tear gas sprayed at close range from an aerosol can.
5) The official Yippie slogan.

TROPICANA

(Continued from page 108)

goldfish gaping out the side of a fishbowl.

"DMT, too," she replied in answer to his unvoiced question.

Stefan believed for a moment that he was sinking through the carpet as if it were quicksand. He stretched out one leg to affirm the existence of his feet, which shone back at him from a distance of many miles. The girl shifted beside him, jingling in her bag.

"Here," she said, a moment or a light-year later. He felt a small round object enter his mouth and swallowed involuntarily. "I don't know what it is, but I know it's good," she continued. "You look a little wasted."

She fitted another cigarette in her holder and stretched out on the bed, propping up the pillows behind her head. Stefan, his neck giraffe-size, slowly turned his head to look at her. His eyes were attracted to the sparkling array of jewelry and cloth around her torso, which blinked and glowed like an intricate pinball machine. Each object stood out in relief against the next: Indian beads, rhinestones, pearls, silk scarves, tassels of silver and strands of gold. She regarded him, Sphinx-like through the smoke, with something like amusement. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it, wordless. She sat up slowly and reached over to plant a hand on his groin. She traced the outline of his hardening member with a finger and then squeezed it slightly, as if testing the ripeness of a cucumber in a supermarket.

"Hmmmmm," was her comment. She removed her hand from his hard-on and took the cigarette from her holder. She placed it in his mouth. He inhaled, discovered that it was a joint, and looked back across an expanse of shimmering haze.

"Why don't you bring it over?" she asked.

He glanced down at the bulge in his jeans in confusion and then realized she was referring to some object outside the scope of his vision. He followed the direction of her eyes to the wall behind him. There, in all its ancient majesty, was the television.

"Sure," he muttered, and stood. The bed sloped away from him at a funhouse tilt. Placing one foot carefully ahead of the other, he arrived at the TV, which was on a wooden platform with wheels. He pulled it toward him, walking slowly backward to the bed. The wheels creaked unmercifully. The sound seemed as loud as a prolonged scream, and he had a sudden intense image of the Tropicana desk clerk holding his ears in pain. He blinked, stopping in his tracks. Small see-through amoebas wafted across the wall. He knew then, with the instinctive assurance of a well-heeled drug abuser, that he was experiencing the early stages of a genuine acid hallucination.

Blind panic grabbed his chest and then evaporated. He was filled with an unearthly calm. She had given him a tab, some unknown quantity of LSD. So here he was, in his Tropicana motel room with a bizarre personage who thought he was a Lizard. The situation, although it seemed like some berserk movie reel running rampant in his brain, did have possibilities. He only hoped he could withstand the whirlpool force of the girl's bottomless drug supply, continue his impersonation and not run screaming through the window to the pool below in abject hysteria. He had heard of such things . . . But she wanted the TV. Here it was. He moved it over the carpet with infinite care till the screen's bottom touched the edge of the bedspread. The girl was sitting up, languidly unlacing one boot. She stopped to reach over his shoulder and turn on the TV.

"You do it," she said, indicating the boot, and lay back against the pillows.

Many eyeholes and finger fumbles later, both boots were unlaced. He tugged one off and then the other, and saw not skin but some silver-threaded material he assumed was knee socks. The girl sighed pleasantly, eyes fixed on the tube glowing behind him. He realized that the voices he had thought were located conspiratorially outside his shaded window were actually emanating from the TV set. In spite of his dazed condition, the warmth of lust was blossoming. With renewed vigor, Stefan rolled down the tops of both knee socks and pulled them off. Now he saw a dark-red material he guessed to be tights. He looked from her toes to her thighs wrapped in the purple velvet. Above the purple began the multicolored jungle of glittering objects that seemed to move about her waist as if alive. He took hold of what turned out to be a sash of silk and slid it from around her. Beneath was rope, entwined with a scarf. He untangled them. Still he couldn't perceive an inch of skin.

From the TV issued a strain of music so subterranean in tone that he had to turn for a quick glance. In glowing black and white was the almost three-dimensional image of Boris Karloff in the guise of Frankenstein's monster.

With a small shudder, he returned to the task at hand. The girl, eyes still affixed to the tube, languidly lifted an imitation-pearl necklace from her chest and pulled it up over her head. Encouraged, Stefan grabbed another necklace and followed suit. Her arms returned to her sides and she slowly ran her tongue around her lips. He was experiencing this infinity of disrobing as an elaborate game by now and was content to carefully remove one article at a time. Greasy Fifties' rock 'n' roll sounded from the TV, and turning to it he saw the

girl had changed channels with her foot. He squinted at the image and recognized a film he had seen years ago. It was the one in which reckless, thrill-seeking teenagers, under the influence of bad liquor and worse company, consumed a strange chemical cooked up by somebody's kid brother—weird with horn-rimmed glasses, experimenting in a homemade basement lab—and grew 25 feet tall. The giant teens terrorized their town. In this scene now unfolding, they were making their appearance at a beach party. "Well, where's the music?" said the blond gangleader of the giants. Their Lilliputian companions cowered below, a sea of gaping mouths. "Let's dance!" said a 25-foot, bikinied beach bunny. The Teenage Giants danced . . .

Stefan began lifting more necklaces from the unstirring girl's form. He saw her in the dark through a colored screen of his own hallucinations, and when his hand finally closed upon a warm and vibrant breast, he was startled to see it loom so white before him.

Mounds of jewelry and cloth were strewn about the bed. Incredibly enough, the girl was now naked from the waist up, with the exception of one thin gold tube resting between her breasts on a silver chain. Her breasts were wonderful. Their contours rose in classic curves, with large nipples like two dark eyes quivering suggestively beneath his gaze. The girl arched her back leisurely, then settled back to watch the TV and be undressed in extreme slow motion. He bent over her, finding at last the clasps at the top of her purple velvet pants, parted them and unzipped the zipper. He pulled down the material and discovered a pair of green boxer shorts underneath.

He rubbed his eyes, refocused them and slipped the green boxer shorts, emblazoned with some high school track insignia, past her knees. There were the red tights. He pulled the tights off completely. Below was an elaborate old-fashioned garter belt of white lace. His fingers eagerly untied silk knots, straps. From the TV came the sound of breaking glass and heartrending screams. The girl was smoking yet another joint and the aroma of marijuana, jasmine and sweat assailed his nostrils. The garter belt resisted every entreaty of his hands, but after an interminable stretch of exploration parted with ease in the middle. He stared bleakly at the pink cotton underwear beneath it. Sighing, he pulled the elastic down. Under the pajama-party underwear was a pair of black silk panties. The girl lifted one leg and switched channels with her foot.

He heard the familiar voice of Eddie, clothing salesman of Los Angeles: "You cannot, I say *cannot* buy a suit for more than $49.95 at Ed's this week—I promise you! People say, 'Eddie, are you kidding me?' I am *not* kidding you!" Stefan again

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TROPICANA

saw her firm, perfect breasts, the whorl of her navel in smooth, luminous skin, the black silk stretching thin lines over the curve of long, milky thighs. He felt he knew every luscious inch, almost, without really having touched her. Hesitantly he drew the panties down. He saw a large triangle of bright white and was confused until he touched what was obviously a G string made of white rabbit fur. He grabbed the strings and tugged the fur down past what was at last, undeniably, her red-blond pubic hair, glowing with gold glitter and shaved on the top into the shape of a valentine.

For the first time in a long while, the girl stirred. Deliciously naked, she arose from the debris of her wardrobe and crawled forward on her knees, still staring at the television. Stefan smelled a new, subtler scent that aroused in him an animal sensation of raw lust. He removed his jeans in one simple movement and stood beside the bed expectantly.

The girl crouched on all fours, her face a scant foot or so from the TV screen. She turned her head toward him, looking over her shoulder, tongue slowly licking her sultry lower lip. Beyond her, on the screen, Dr. Pretorious glared back at him, and Colin Clive, his eyeballs bulging in anticipation, tensely turned toward what was to be the monster's bride on the operating table. Stefan suddenly comprehended what she wanted of him. He was to mount her from behind so she could watch the TV without obstacle. Looking at her crouched there, he had an acid revelation about the meaning of the phrase *dog style.* He half expected her to growl as he climbed on the bed behind her. Her tits wobbled invitingly as her head turned back to the screen, so he grasped hold of one, positioning himself. In the glow of the TV light, he could see that in the middle of one buttock was a nice-sized tattoo of a naval battleship. Before it started firing, he shifted his gaze to the TV and with one hand stroked the inside of her thighs. His fingers probed into the warm, moist crevice. She reached a hand out—and changed the channel.

"The score is fifty for the Devils and sixty-three for the T-Birds at the Derby—the girls are on the deck. Here comes little Cathy Trailer—a lot of gumph! Oh, she's got Patty 'Big Bertha' Cannon in a bear hug, all 263 pounds—"

He had three fingers inside her now, sliding and kneading the moist red flesh, but she remained crouched in a relaxed attitude, engrossed in the roller derby. Stefan felt his enthusiastic erection wane a bit.

By now, the acid was taking full effect. The room, electric blue in the television glow, began to breathe in rhythm with Stefan as he spread her pliant cheeks and

thrust himself into the warm and wet. Phantom darning needles buzzed in his ears; glowworms in Busby Berkeley–esque formations flashed before his eyes. The girl moved her legs further apart to accommodate him, resting her chin on the palms of her hands, elbows on the bed. Elsa Lanchester, the bride of Frankenstein, lurched toward him, arms outstretched, reaching past the perimeters of the screen and over the bedspread, grazing the girl's shoulders.

Stefan closed his eyes and did his best to concentrate on gliding in and out between her cheeks. Her skin felt cool beneath his hands. Although he had been tickling, stroking, pumping her with all his force, the girl appeared to be about as excited as she would be by a manicure.

Was this the price of fame and fortune? Suddenly, the rationale for the Lizard lifestyle struck him in crystal clarity: high heels, made-up faces, see-through spacesuit clothing, mounds of pills and endless parties. Why not? The sex was boring, the music duller, the people more android than human. Image was everything; it eclipsed reality. You might as well take it all the way out. Decadence was the last security, a state so baroque no one would try to touch you. Happiness was a lit joint, a tight cunt and a warm TV.

"You—go!" Boris Karloff informed him. "We—stay. We belong—with the dead!"

Stefan was actually grateful for this reprieve. For a while, he had felt riveted on the bed like the bride on the boards, trapped in Dr. Pretorious' laboratory. Explosions filled the room as the shit hit the giant fans of Universal Studios. The girl shuddered briefly beneath his hands, muttering some soft curse.

THE END printed across his eyeballs like a neon tattoo. Stefan slid out from between her thighs. He needed a moment to assess the situation. The girl, in a blue halo of TV glare, stood up on her knees. Her voice whispered out from the black void inside her silhouette.

"The mirror," she said.

He got up and crossed the room softly. Above the buzz of television static, he could hear the murmur of the metal ocean of Santa Monica Boulevard. He lifted the mirror and carried it to the bed. The girl took it from his hands in a smoke cloud and placed it flat against the headboard. She slipped off the bed and stood by the TV, clicking channels. Stefan, vibrating in the darkness, lay down on his back. In a moment, she was above him. A nipple brushed his cheek as she grasped the base of his cock. She slid onto him with an obscene sucking noise. He heard the unmistakable sound of congas behind her and a drone of low native voices. He looked up past her undulating hips and quivering breasts and found her eyes, fixed on the mirror before her, looking at the TV reflection. He closed his eyes. A blaze of cathode rays splintered and formed the

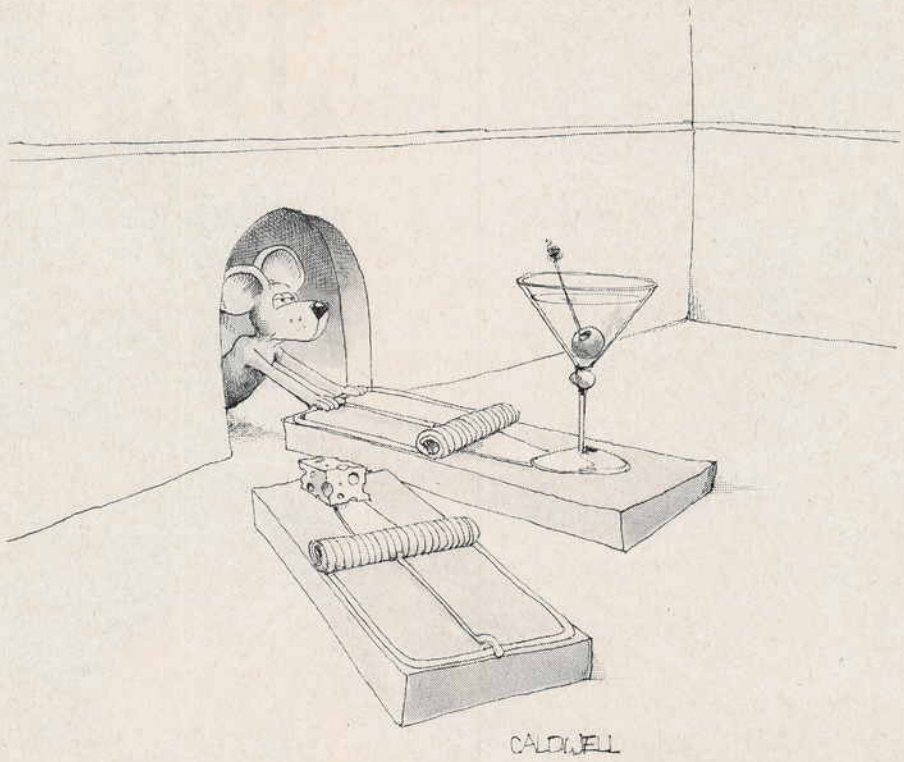

image of the Tropicana palm tree, sparks flying from electric leaves. He opened his eyes, looking past her bobbing figure as she rode him carousel-horse style, and rested his gaze on John Carradine, with his haggard visage bent over his bongos. The girl spread wide her supple arms, balancing on him, rubbing her tawdry behind on his thighs, her knees tightening around his feverish hips.

In a quick motion that Stefan perceived as an extended series of afterimages in the air, she tore the little chain from around her neck, bent forward and planted the end of the small gold tube in one of his nostrils. Amyl nitrite. He breathed in automatically. Immediately his body accelerated; a series of berserk floodlights swept across his brain. The lead singer of the Lizards, a teenage giant, lifted him into the air high above the rooftops of suburbia. The girl was still attached to him as they landed in a local duck pond. He had a strange vision of her as a life-size rubber duck. Then, slowly, infinite seconds of electronic ping-pong dots going off behind his eyes, he felt the surface of the bed return beneath him, saw the rounded contours of her shoulders against the TV, the outline of her breasts rising in the darkness before his face.

A line of zombies filed across the cardboard voodoo synagogue behind her. Carradine was doing a rope trick. Bela crept down a flight of subterranean stairs. The drums beat on. Time became elastic, one long humping continuum. He was there, in the jungle; he was here, in the moonlight on the Tropicana, grinding away with a casual persistence, not coming, not going, adrift in a seamy sea of skin and Slavic mumbo jumbo from the grade-B voodoo man in black. The mirror shivered behind his head; the B wheezed through a used-car commercial; pairs of silver headlight beams slid across the ceiling; pairs of silver eyes illuminated the recesses of his mind. The girl rode on him in slow breaths, reeking of juices and jasmine.

He moved his hands over the smooth curve of her back. The combined effects of acid, amyl and dope induced in him a clarity of vision that brought the perimeters of the TV screen wide, encompassing him and his midnight rider. They were in Bela's basement now, balling in the corner as he passed his hands over an inert woman in a white gown, intoning: "Motion to motion . . . mind to mind . . . (thumpa-thumpa-thumpa-thumpa) emotion to emotion . . . soul to soul . . ." She shifted him to one side a bit in order to see the TV screen. Now Stefan could see his face in the mirror staring back at him over her shoulder, his hands around her back, her smooth buttocks sliding over his thighs. He saw clearly before him the reflection, not of his own face, but that of—a *lizard.*

He quickly shut his eyes. He could hear "the greatest hits of the Seventies" blaring tinnily from the set. He was riding a red billboard bullet down a single-lane highway of record chart lists.

"For a limited time only!" intoned the announcer.

It was always for a limited time, Stefan reflected sagely, his bullet careening effortlessly off the edges of the chart and into a black hole surrounding him, a cunt. In his ears was a sudden intake of breath. He realized the girl was picking up speed;

NEXT

SEPTEMBER

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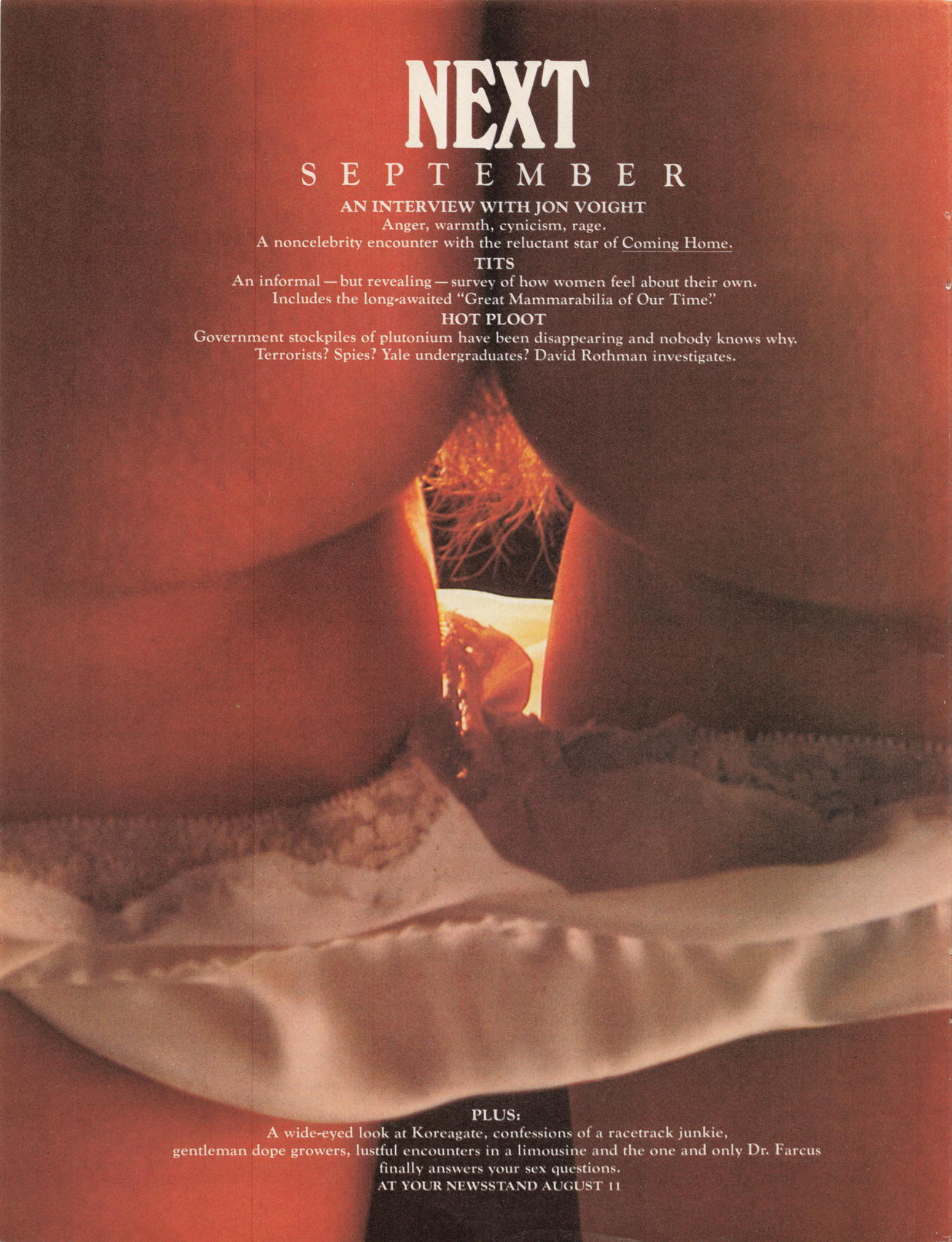

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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUGUST 11

TROPICANA

for the first time in eons, she appeared to be aroused. She licked at his ear, bit into his shoulder and moaned softly. He decided to risk another confrontation with the mirror and opened his eyes, an oddly familiar sound humming in his ears.

Of course. It was the Lizards, playing the maddening chorus from their one major hit, *Nookie*. He twisted his head to the screen, but even as he looked, they were replaced by another group. The girl's sudden spurt of passion faded. She was back to riding him like a Jack LaLanne exerciser. A wave of irritation passed through him. The face in the mirror now was his own, not the Lizard's.

They had been balling for hours and the girl still showed no sign of nearing orgasm or unconsciousness. Nothing he had done had disturbed her placid, methodical gyrations. The appearance of the Lizards on the tube had momentarily excited her, but before Stefan's worried gaze, the TV station began its sign-off pattern. He wondered what would happen when the girl was deprived of her media stimulant.

What was the difference, he mused, between Stefan Budweiser and the Lizard? For the girl, he was the Lizard, who wielded his guitar on a floodlit, smoke-bombed stage. For himself, he was Stefan, image unknown, a minuscule dot in the universe, humping away on a motel bed in a blither of drug-induced schizophrenia. A cock was a cock, yes, but it was Lizard-cock the indefatigable she-demon astride him desired. Her psychology obviously equated a bullet record on the charts with superstar come. She yawned in his ear, grinding along. This was too much. His ego, let alone his body, was being battered flat.

Suddenly a bizarre but acidly correct flash seared through his brain. Of course! It was obvious. He gently pushed her off him and rose from the bed. He planted his feet on the slowly revolving floor and groped toward the closet. The girl, another joint magically implanted between her lips, knelt on the bed, disconsolately flipping the TV dials. No station was on the air. But Stefan had reached the thing he wanted, and he strapped it on his naked shoulder while turning back to the bed.

As soon as the girl caught sight of Stefan wearing his guitar over his erection, the joint dropped from her lips in a shower of ashes. Her eyes bulged. She sat back like a rag doll, arms and legs akimbo, staring.

He knew what he had to do. The Lizards' hit was made up exclusively of four simple chords. Since he was impersonating the rhythm guitarist and not the cretinesque glitter-god lead singer, he merely hummed over the chords to the verse. The words on the record had been unintelligible anyway. When he got to the imbecilic chorus, he just intoned, with the best leer he could muster, the breathy and lewd line: "Nookie."

"Keep a sharp eye out. We're in pygmy country now."

The effect of this upon his companion was stunning. She came to life with magical speed. One hand grasped a breast, a long-nailed finger stroking the rouged nipple, the other darting between her thighs to stroke the hair of her heart-ridged mound. She breathed loud, eyes rolling, shoulders wiggling in rhythm with his guitar strums, two bobbing boobs thrust toward him, nipples erect. Her hand closed over her valentine, tugging at its inner redness, hips squirming, back arching, toes clenching the bed sheets.

Stefan played with renewed fervor, his prick nudging the guitar to an oblique angle from his body. "Nookie!" he whispered sardonically. *"Noooooookie!"*

It was as if his hands were upon her, not his guitar. She whimpered beneath each stroke, tongue licking the air, tossing her hair about, kneading furiously between her legs and squeezing her breast in rhythmic frenzy. She wheezed and panted in unrestrained delirium. Stefan could stand it no longer.

He ripped the guitar from his body and pounced on her in one swift dive. As he entered her, plunging with abandoned delight into her slippery quim, he shouted, "Noooooooookie!" in her ear. She wrapped herself around him, clawing and biting, and began frantically gasping out a series of strange epithets. "Uh–uh–Wonder–ah–Woman! Oh! Beat it, beat it, beat the clock." She continued to moan, grabbing handfuls of his ass, stuffing him inside her writhing thighs, panting. "God! Oh! Jackpot! *Jackpot!*"

Pummeling into her in a haze of sweat, skin and hair, Stefan was a hot, steaming vinyl disc shooting into a thousand teenage slits. His guitar, an electric darning needle, weaved a dense, pungent cloth of metallic kisses over a thousand beaches where teenage giants danced.

"Aaaaaah, another world," she groaned beneath him in shuddering breaths. "Baa–aaah–bon–an–za!"

Stefan rode a long, lean lizard through an arch of coed legs as he accelerated, fucking with ecstatic fury.

"Mamma–*Maude*," she screamed suddenly. "Mmm-mmmm–*Mister Ed!*"

She arched her back, hot stiff points pressed against his chest, arms flailing, eyes rolling. Victory was at hand. She was coming; her fevered body was twitching, spastic, helpless. Her mouth stretched wide in a gloriously smiling silent scream. Stefan felt the hot spurt rising in him, up, up, a column of liquid ecstasy.

All was suddenly golden. He heard the crackle of a cosmic car radio, the d.j. voice of the ages, magnetic tones echoing.

"NUMBER *ONE*–ONE—One——one——one——one——one."

And so Stefan Budweiser came into a stardom of his own. □

PORSCHE Steve McQueen demonstrated a new 911 for the late Bruce Lee on a winding mountain road and scared him so badly he crawled under the dashboard.

(Continued from page 52)
engine three times in four years. By 1973, the 911 could thumb its streamlined nose at every American car in production. The ever-tightening web of emission controls finally caught up with Porsche in 1975, but by then the Turbo Carrera was on the street with the final word in ultimate performance.

A clinical observer might detect a strain of schizophrenia in the Porsche family that established its place in the performance aristocracy by doing more with less. The philosophy seemed to switch from less is more to more is better. But at the very time the 911 topped the heap of the dwindling field of muscle cars, it was attracting a customer who didn't care about top speed, quarter-mile ETs or cornering power. As Porsche cracked the rarified price bracket of Jensens and Mercedes-Benz 450s, it left the nonaffluent enthusiast behind. The car that made its name as a machine for serious drivers became a favorite tool for social climbers.

Not that it wasn't well suited for the job. More than any other car, Porsche always offered a combination of race-car performance and luxury-sedan comfort. When the factory saw where the new customer was coming from, it was a piece of cake to soften the already smooth ride, cut down the road noise and freshen up the interior. The serious driving options are still in the catalog, but Southern California customers, who buy half of the Porsches imported into the U. S., favor a "comfort group" option with narrower wheels, softer tires and suspension, power-assisted brakes and . . . cruise control. Cruise control? On a Porsche? Right, baby. It's come to that. Who cares about handling? We're talking image. Now, where the hell's my coke spoon?

The cynic might seize on this talk as proof that Porsche loyalists have always been an insecure lot of snobs whose sense of superiority rests on being a small elite. But Porsches are designed and built to be appreciated. That means driving them hard, fast and well. You think Steve McQueen drives a Porsche to impress the parking-lot attendants? Then how come he co-drove a Porsche prototype to second place at Sebring with his foot in a cast? Or how about the time he demonstrated a new 911 for the late Bruce Lee on a winding mountain road and scared the legendary karate master so badly he crawled under the dashboard? Then there's Paul Newman, on location in Louisiana, taking his 911 to the local dirt track and running with the good old boys in their stockers until he tied the course record one lap before rolling the car. How many Cadillac Seville or Mercedes drivers do you know who get their cars upside down on a red clay oval and then drive them back to work? Newman got the dents ironed out of that car and still drives it.

Now to the question of loyalty. Status seekers change horses with every shift in the social breeze, but Porsches and their owners tend to stick together longer than the average marriage these days. Newman's 911 is a '73. Robert Redford drives a '74. McQueen drives a '69 911S and a '58 Speedster. Actually, McQueen raced his in the late Fifties and early Sixties and then sold it. Then, like so many other former Speedster owners, he regretted letting it go and tried to find another. It was a seller's market, but nobody was selling until McQueen went to a Porsche dealer, who located the current owner of McQueen's former car and helped arrange a reunion.

The fierce loyalty streak doesn't stop with owners. It's just as strong among Porsche salesmen and servicemen. If you talk to them off the record, you'll get an earful of contempt for the nouveau Porsche buyer who dings his car in parking lots, doesn't watch the oil level, drives it like a Buick and maintains it like a taxi. That's why prices on late-model used Porsches run lower than earlier models that got the feed and caring they deserve.

It's easy to see how this messed up the once happy family of Porsche lovers. Actually, the trouble began when the 911 phased out the 356. For those who couldn't afford it, the factory offered an economy version called the 912, basically a stripped 911 with a warmed-over 356 motor in place of the 911 six. The 90-horsepower four in a 140-mph body made the 912 a real sheep in wolf's clothing, and many 911 drivers considered it a poor relative. That raised the problem of whether to flash one's lights or not, since 912s and 911s look the same from the front. The whole business got stickier when Porsche dropped the 912 and collaborated with Volkswagen to produce the midengined, VW-powered 914. The hybrid 914 was a thoroughly respectable sports car in its own right, but it had an identity problem. Designed by Porsche and manufactured by Volkswagen, the 914 didn't get a Porsche emblem on the hood, even though it had the Porsche name on the tail. There were stories of 914 owners being rejected as applicants for Porsche Club membership because the 914 wasn't a true Porsche. It sold in Europe as a Volkswagen-Porsche, easily shortened to VoPo, a nickname that horrified both companies since it's the common name for the hated East German border guards.

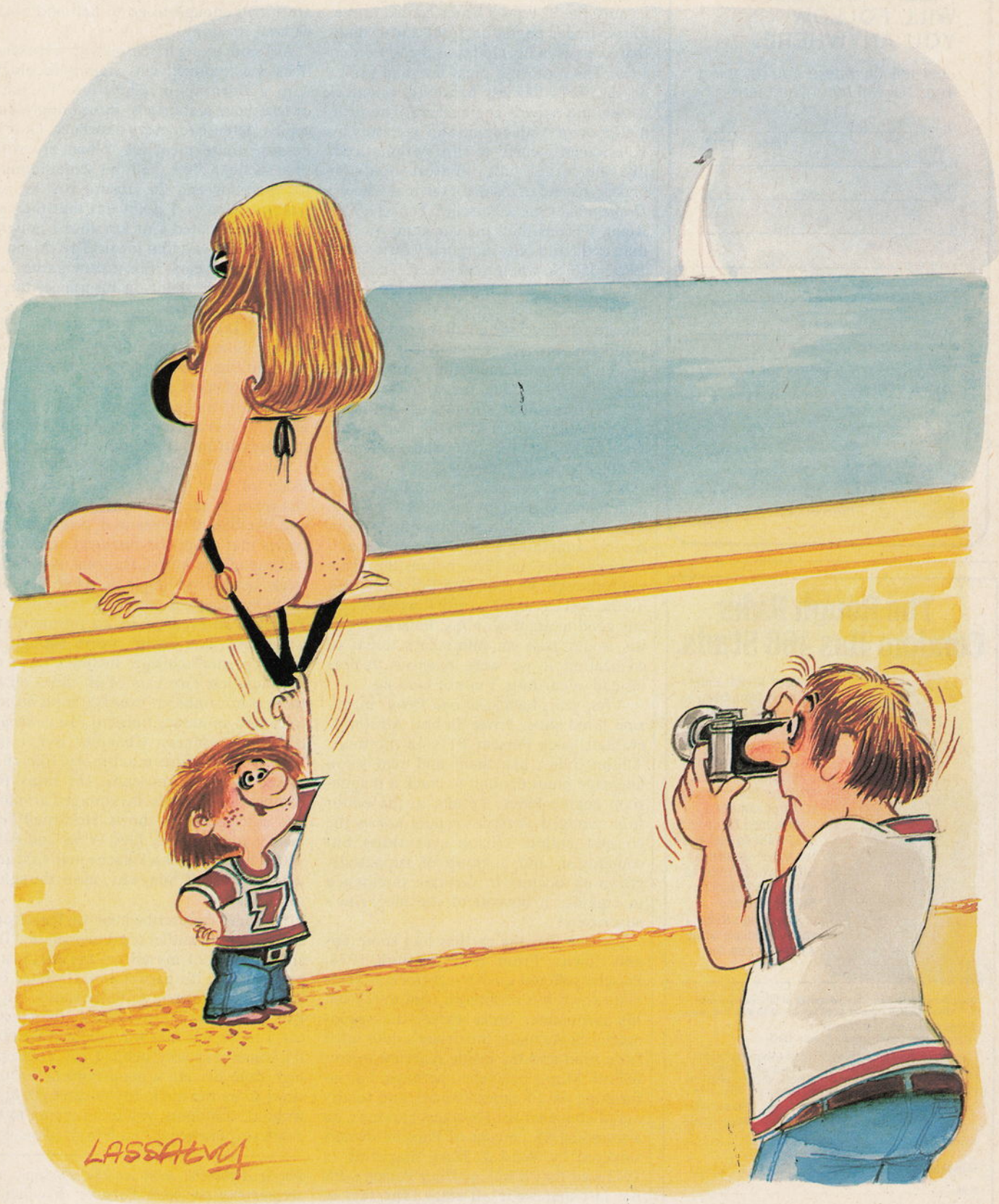
The Porsche Club of America decreed the 914 far more a Porsche than the original 356, but the controversy never really subsided, even after the car was discontinued in 1976. Then, almost as if someone punched a button by mistake, the 912 was revived for a single model year with an engine choked by emission controls to give even more anemic performance than the original 912, but this time it was dressed up in a '76, 911 body with a $12,000 price tag. It wasn't that the Porsche works had gone cuckoo. A new medium-priced model called the 924 was on the way. Until it was ready, the company needed a lower-priced model in the lineup; so the 912 was disinterred for one year and rolled onto the showroom floor reeking of embalming fluid.

By this time, most 911 drivers had completely given up waving to anybody except the Turbo Carrera drivers, who are too exalted to have to wave at anybody but each other. For the fortunate, able to cough up $36,000 or make the $400 monthly lease payments (Why not? With a Turbo Carrera, who needs a fancy address? You can sleep in the car and pick up your mail at the Porsche dealer's), the Turbo is the ultimate hot street machine. It has all the glory of the Porsche factory racers of the Seventies, which cut a devastating swathe through the opposition until they were ruled out of the world-series Can Am circuit because they had left the competition in pieces.

Blatantly illegal-looking, with bulging fenders to accommodate huge wheels and tires, the Turbo is ready to battle anything on the road. A jumbo rear spoiler helps the car grip the pavement on the far side of 100, and the turbocharger helps you touch 120 in the time it takes a Corvette to hit 80. The factory claims 156 mph for the top speed, but several owners have seen over 160 on the clock. Standard equipment includes lush deep-pile carpeting, full leather interior, air conditioning, headlight washers, electrically adjustable, heated outside rearview mirrors and a four-speaker Blaupunkt stereo system. All that and 19 miles per gallon.

Granted, it's not cheap, but the Turbo's a bargain compared to the competition. It can smoke off a $40,000 Ferrari Boxer without breathing hard. It eats Maseratis, Panteras and Trans-Ams for snacks. About the only thing on four wheels that can run down a Turbo is a Lamborghini Countach, a piece of automotive exotica likely to run you $100,000 to get it street legal. Still, the Turbo is way beyond the reach of the traditional Porsche lover, and even McQueen, Redford and Newman don't drive Turbos. Too conspicuous.

The enthusiast of moderate means has the choice between a used Porsche or a new 924, which came into production with an image problem of its own. A total break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Stamford Hygienic

PORSCHE

with the Porsche tradition of air-cooled, rear-engined cars with opposed-cylinder layouts, the 924 has a water-cooled inline, four-cylinder engine in front and a body that looks as radical today as the 911 did in 1965. The motoring press lavished praise on the 924's flawless handling, practical design and superb engineering. The little matter of an Audi engine and assembly by Volkswagen seemed to slip by unnoticed, like the rather tacky feature of drum brakes, instead of discs, on the rear wheels. *Drum* brakes on a Porsche? For $11,000? Right. Besides that, the car is no quicker than a 912 and only marginally faster than 1963's 356. So where's the joker? The joker is that the 924 is a Porsche—and it's selling as fast as dealers can get them into the showroom. The 356 had all the room in the world for improvement when it first appeared, and the handwriting on the wall says the 924 is due for a five-cylinder engine transplant soon, with a turbocharger and maybe a six in the near future. Disc brakes for the rear wheels are undoubtedly on their way.

If you have somehow missed this story's underlying current of snobbery towards 912s, 914s and 924s, remember that you're reading something written by a 911 owner. I bought mine in 1973, before the price went through the roof, and I'm convinced it's the best car in the world. It wouldn't do any good to argue with me. Porsche loyalists would pose an immediate threat to civilization if we were religious zealots instead of car nuts. I'm not kidding.

A few years back, *Car and Driver* magazine hired IROC driver Bobby Allison to evaluate stock Porsche 911s on the track. Allison didn't like them and said so in language blunt enough to crack a magnesium engine block. Letters to the editor from enraged Porsche owners across the country called Allison everything but communist, and a group of supposedly grown-up doctors in Georgia threatened to organize a boycott of the magazine's advertisers!

It's true that the car has had some ups and downs. From 1972 through 1974, Porsche suffered quality-control problems that caused bits of interior trim to fall off. My tachometer broke twice; the speedometer broke once; the driver's door latch froze solid and the inside rearview mirror fell off. Minor problems, perhaps, but infuriating on an expensive car, and totally out of character for Porsches. However, an astounding 95 percent of Porsche owners surveyed by *Road & Track* magazine in 1973 said they'd buy another Porsche. It's not just that we're all crazy. The fact is, those nitty little problems plague most high-priced GT cars, including Ferraris, Maseratis and Lamborghinis. The important side of the coin for Porsche owners is that the big things hold together. The clutch, gearbox, starter, brakes and engine are strong enough to go to hell and back without breaking.

As I said, trying to reason with a Porsche freak is as productive as arguing theology with a born-again Christian. Porsche owners have a spurious, infuriatingly deceptive defense for every drawback. I know because I use them all. When my wife protests the $200 I shell out semiannually for tune-ups and the absurd cost of replacement parts, I point out that the car hasn't depreciated a nickel since I bought it. In effect, I say, that means I've driven it free for five years, if you can ignore the thousands I've spent on insurance, tune-ups and miscellaneous bits and pieces, which, I keep saying, would wear out in any car. Sure, a new battery is $90; a set of the right tires is $400; new shocks are $250 and a set of spark plugs is $50—but look at the price of coffee these days! I tell her it's all worth it every time I drive the car, and it's true (for me). But I'm not alone.

Take the case of Otis Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, vice-chairman of the Times Mirror Company and wielder of substantial power in the circles that shape the financial and social makeup of Southern California. A Porsche freak beyond all hope of rehabilitation, Chandler keeps a glittering collection of Porsches showcased in an immaculate warehouse. The lineup, worth enough to endow a small college, includes three of the mightiest race cars of all time—all of them comfortable at over 200 mph on the track and spotlessly finished like *concours d'elegance* winners. Chandler is not the type to keep fine machinery like that locked up in a museum. He races the competition models in vintage-car races and enters them in shows. He's tried Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Jags, Alfas and Corvettes, but says he's a Porsche man first and always. I asked him why, even though I already knew.

"It's hard to describe how you feel about a Porsche," Chandler tried to explain. "It's an extension of myself—of my life. It's a personal car; it's part of you. It's hard for non-Porsche owners to understand, but a Porsche is more of a good friend than just a car. I never felt that way about a Ferrari. It's something very deep. I get a natural high from driving a good Porsche on the street or on the track. If you can't get high without stimulants, you're not going to be able to experience the high from a Porsche."

For a definitive look at the Porsche, we recommend the book Porsche: Excellence Was Expected, *by Karl Ludvigsen (E.P. Dutton & Co., $64.95), with 860 pages of text and photos detailing the complete history of Porsche sports and racing cars.* □

PORSCHE ROOTS

Speedster

The Speedster rates its own category. This nimble, quirky bare-bones roadster is a vintage enthusiast's delight. To a Speedster lover, the car's vices are virtues, and one of them is total lack of outward vision when the folding top is up. Like caviar, a Speedster is something you either crave or don't. Made from 1954 through 1958, the first three models were really VW parts in a Porsche costume. The '57 and '58 models are the Speedsters to buy—especially the '58 Super Speedster, which *flies*. A clean '57 or '58 will fetch between $8000 and $12,000; a Speedster restored to original mint condition has a market value as high as $20,000. For $8000 you can buy a VW-powered replica.

Classic Porsches

There's no evidence that Porsches, like fine wine, improve with age, but they do get more expensive. Any 356 model from the Sixties will sell in good condition for more than it cost new. The price will never go down; so if you want one, buy now. Most desirable are the SCs ('64 and '65), with disc brakes and a powerful engine, and the Super 90 ('60 through '63). Those cars will equal a 924 in acceleration and top speed; the "S," normal and "C" models are more sluggish. Plan on spending around $5000 for a clean car; the value of a fully restored, cherry model is $12–15,000. All models came in either coupe or convertible versions.

911 SC

Rear-engined 172 horsepower air-cooled overhead cam six. Top speed 136, 0–60 in 6 seconds, 19 mpg. The last of the rear-engined Porsches and the best of the 911 line. Due to be phased out next year or the year after, as world demand for the 928 increases. The SC's bigger engine (up from 2.7 to 3.0 liters) gives far better acceleration than the sluggish '76 and '77 models, while maintaining uncannily low noise levels. Refined accommodations for two and enough power to blow off Corvettes, Firebird Trans-Ams and Ferrari 308 GTBs. Plan to spend a few thousand on options—and forget the rear seats, except for occasional small children. List price, $18,000; Targa removable, $1100 extra.

Turbo Carrera

Turbocharged rear-engined 250 horsepower six-cylinder coupe. Top speed 160-plus, 0–60 in 5.7 seconds, 18 mpg. Only 500 Turbo Carreras will come off the assembly line in the 1979 model year. The King Kong of luxury high-performance cars, the Turbo Carrera has more of almost everything than any two-seater ever made. Docile in traffic, the Turbo goes into hyperspace when you kick in the turbocharger. That's asking for whiplash and serious trouble with the law, but it's an experience not to be missed even if you have to steal one. All luxury options are standard. The Ferrari Boxer and Lamborghini Countach are faster, but they get terrible gas mileage and cost twice as much. List price, $36,000.

924

Watercooled, 110 horsepower, front-mounted four-cylinder engine in this coupe. Reaches 0–60 in 12 seconds, top speed 118, 20 mpg. Forget stoplight GPs with this car. You'll lose to Rabbits, Sciroccos and Toyota Celicas, among others. The 924 excels at 70–80 mph on secondary roads with plenty of curves to show off the fine handling. Like all Porsches, especially newer models, the 924 is state of the ergonomic art. That means seats, controls and interior are laid out for maximum comfort and efficiency. Superb accommodations for two, with generous luggage capacity and the virtues of Porsche engineering and reliability. Unlike the Turbo and the 911 SC, there are no phase-out plans. List price, $11,000.

1978 Type 928

The first all-new-from-the-ground-up Porsche, ever. A winner. The Porsche of the 1980s and likely to be *the* performance car of the next decade. Has a 230 horsepower front-mounted, water-cooled, aluminum block overhead cam V8. Top speed around 140 mph; 0–60 time is 6.5 seconds. A muscular, elegant, sexy, sophisticated road-burner with luxury-car appointments, race-car road holding, a truly stylish interior, generous luggage capacity, usable rear seats and all the promise of Porsche's reliability record. An automotive Clark Kent with the style of James Bond, the 928 is more easily manageable than the Turbo, with plenty of untapped potential for more power. List price, $26,000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY WILLETT/FROM THE COLLECTION OF BOB SMITH PORSCHE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

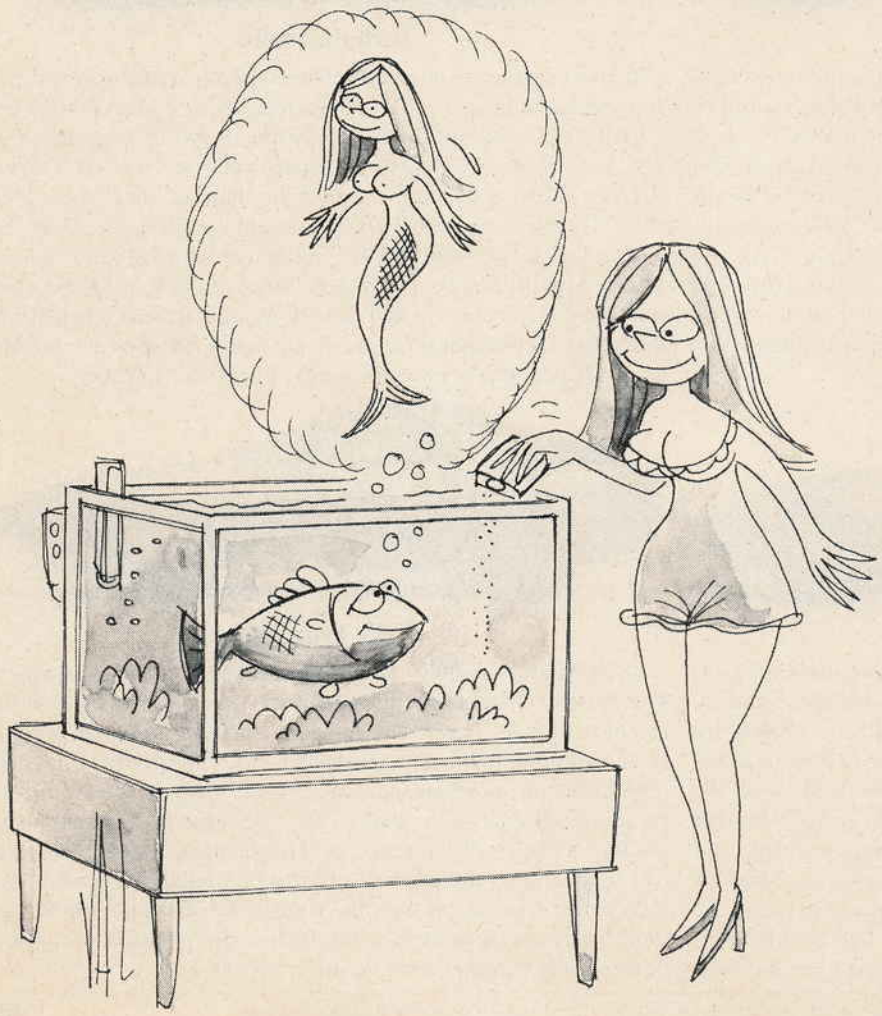
STILL WATCHING I was ready for bigger game. The most hunted dreamed of meeting the most watched. To walk up, doff my disguise and say, "Let me shake your fucking hand."

(Continued from page 58)

to conduct secret activity. In Athens, two agents who had been identified were summarily executed as they left their office. Morale inside the Company was at its lowest point in history. Rightly or wrongly, Agee was blamed for all of this. The Agency tried to discredit him with rumors about excessive drinking, psychotic episodes and KGB connections, but journalists proved the stories false and instead told of an earnest, clearheaded crusader dedicated to ending CIA subversion.

Agee was by this time living in England and working on a second book, one that would document the history of the CIA. Occasionally, he would travel to other countries to lecture. In September of 1976, he was invited to speak before the Jamaican Council for Human Rights. Agee brought word of the CIA's current effort to subvert the government of Prime Minister Michael Manley. He pointed out the pattern of terrorism and economic sabotage. He told of the illegal flight of capital, and of the credit squeeze by international lending institutions and private banks, and how fresh capital was enriching the coffers of previously unheard-of right-wing newspapers. In other words, exactly the same program applied in Chile against Salvador Allende was now being applied in Jamaica. At the end of his tour, Agee held a press conference at which he presented the names, addresses, phone numbers and make and color of cars belonging to eight CIA agents working out of the American mission in Kingston, agents subsequently rounded up and deported.

Agee got a tremendous reception in Jamaica; some observers credit his revelations with helping to save the elections for Manley. Returning to England, Agee was surprised to discover that he faced deportation. Friends in Washington passed the word that the plot he had unearthed in Jamaica was a joint American-British intelligence operation. In November, the British government declared him a "national-security risk" and began court proceedings aimed at expelling him from the country. Despite massive support by journalists, teachers and several members of Parliament, the government succeeded in its effort: In July 1977, Agee, his wife Angela and his two children by a former marriage were forced out of England.



President Giscard d'Estaing, caught up with the fashionable human-rights movement, had just that summer rededicated his government to ensuring that France remain a haven for political refugees and dissenters. After checking out Switzerland and Sweden, Agee moved to Paris. A month later, the Giscard government declared that letting him stay would "jeopardize relations with friendly governments." In Boulogne-sur-Mer, Philip waited for Angela to arrive from England. When they embraced on the dock, the border police, who had been waiting, placed them both under arrest. What followed was an anxious night. Papers were taken from Philip—to be photographed, analyzed and presumably passed back to agencies of those "friendly governments" referred to in the deportation order. They were interrogated about all their contacts. After an hour they were separated. Philip was driven to the nearby police station and locked up. He was not allowed to call anyone. He knew nothing of Angela's fate. He was terror-stricken that she, traveling under a Brazilian passport, would be returned to Rio de Janeiro, where as a revolutionary she had been wounded, jailed and tortured by the secret police. They would be delighted to receive her again. The next morning, Philip learned Angela had been released. The French were concerned only with him. He was escorted by car and then by train to the Belgian border and warned not to return. *Au revoir* to the land famous for sheltering dissenters.

During the fight to stay in England, Agee had traveled to Amsterdam. Friends urged him to stay. Lawyers made inquiries with government officials and found there was apparently no opposition. Amsterdam is the San Francisco of Europe. It's long been the citadel of free expression. The Netherlands since the 17th Century has welcomed political refugees. Censorship seemed unheard of. You can purchase guerrilla manuals such as *The Anarchist Cookbook,* communist and fascist newspapers, pornography of every description, religious and antireligious tracts. It was the only country besides Sweden that allowed the sale of *Steal This Book.* It has the oldest, most active gay movement in the world. It has decriminalized marijuana and started heroin-maintenance programs. Its social-welfare policies are the most progressive in Western Europe. When the hippie movement hit Europe, instead of offering resistance and repression, Amsterdam welcomed the long-haired wanderers: Parks were made available for sleeping, and city officials arranged rock concerts and other activities. As far as political freedom, the Netherlands at the time had

no less than 90 political parties, of which some 22 were represented by legislators. It seemed like a good place for Agee to head, and the Belgians were more than happy to hurry him along. Belgium is, after all, home base of NATO.

The Dutch government indeed proved more hospitable than the French. Agee was issued a three-month residence permit. Angela, the kids, the refrigerator and his files full of CIA secrets joined him in Amsterdam. He was free to continue his work, to come and go as he wished. The Agees, after a year (or six years, if you count the CIA harassment while Philip wrote *Inside the Company*), seemed safe at last—safe from deportation, anyway. There would always be disgruntled agents who in their wrath would hold him responsible for dishonoring the corps or contributing to some fellow agent's death. We are, after all, talking about people trained and licensed to assassinate enemies. What Agee did was not exactly akin to dropping out of his Friday-night poker game.

Our story now shifts back to the good ol' U. S. of A., where I had spent the intervening years evading capture, showing up in places like the FBI building, Los Alamos, and the Inaugural Ball. Doing live TV-show call-ins, holding press conferences in Canada, posing for photos crossing the Mexican border and hamming it up with Mickey Mouse at Walt Disney World.

I was now ready for bigger game. The most hunted dreamed of meeting the most watched. To walk up, doff the disguise and say, "Philip Agee, let me shake your fucking hand." This was not going to be all that simple. True, Agee had responded about a year ago by calling a friend and offering to do what he could. At least he didn't view me as some sort of Typhoid Abbie. But how was I to make contact? To crack the network of surveillance would be much more complicated than almost anything I had yet accomplished. I would need accomplices. We'd be working in a strange country. Besides, I had no idea where Agee was headed. All I knew was that the guy who had stuck his ass on the line to lay open the truth about who really controls foreign policy had just been booted out of two countries and was being hounded off the planet by the CIA—and no one was doing a damn thing about it. Obviously, a job for Superschmuck. I juggled the poetic symmetry. The Wandering Jew meets the Jumpy Jesuit.

On some nameless highway, I hit the phone booth. After a few calls, I put together Agee's stateside contacts and figured which end to plug into. Secret rendezvous, Manhattan bar: "You don't understand A—. He's watched 24 hours a day. He sleeps in a different place each night." (Later, I found out Agee lives quite openly. His apartment has a two-inch plate with his name on the door. Practically anyone who calls his office is given his address and phone number.)

"Look, let him decide. Just deliver this letter to him. I'll call you in three weeks at this phone booth number."

I'm determined to get to Europe. I line up one other assignment, an interview with Charlie Chaplin. Three weeks roll by. Ring! Ring! Ring! "He wants to see you, but on one condition."

"What's that?"

"He doesn't want to see your face. Says some folks still think he's an agent and if you get caught they'll say he set you up."

So it was on. In the letter, I outlined how I'd make future contact if he agreed. As per standard procedure, I let the courier believe it couldn't be arranged and I thanked the person; then I let Agee know, via another contact, that I agreed. Each step was going to be complicated. Agee's one condition was extremely interesting. We're such a visual culture; living this life, I had long ago come to realize that visual identification was one of the least of the difficulties. Anyone who doubts should examine the "Son of Sam" wanted poster and compare it to Mr. D.B. himself. Before he was caught, that famous drawing pointed to a face whose features included wide lips, high angular cheekbones and tightly drawn skin. As anyone familiar with thematic apperception tests knows, witnesses pump all their prejudices into visual recollections. There were other security concerns, but no matter—Agee would meet the masked reporter. Each to his own hang-ups.

Another month passes and it's touchdown Schiphol airport. You'll have to forgive my paranoia about Europe. Twice before, in the Sixties, I'd been wacked by French cops. I had been deported by Scotland Yard during a little consorting with the IRA ten years ago. And, of course, there was always the long gulp every time you showed your passport and Immigration opened a big book or punched a computer keyboard. Even if I had none of this to worry about, there was still this lingering anxiety. If you startled me in the night by shouting "Europe!" I'd see Nazis all over the place. The nightmares of youth just never seem to die. On this day, security is particularly intense. Plainclothes police (many of whom I later learned *were* Germans) appear everywhere. The RAF (Revolutionary Army Faction) had threatened to blow up a few Lufthansa airplanes. A few days previously, Dutch police had arrested two suspected RAF members after a gunfight at a phone booth just two miles from the airport. German BD agents had spread out all over Europe. Tourists suspected of being hijackers had been clubbed to the ground in the airports at Ibiza and Rome. Border officials were exceptionally jumpy.

The mysterious and beautiful Mme. Ange arrived from Paris with vital information. "Our first problem is hotel registration. It's not like the States. Here you must fill in your passport numbers, and they're filed with the police. Amsterdam is small, and this RAF activity has alerted everyone to suspicious behavior. I'll distract the clerk; you fill in false information. We estimate a week, though, before we have to change places and identities. Agreed?"

She handed me a package containing notes and everything Agee had written. I sent it on ahead. I'll be up for two nights cramming for the interview. Days we will spend on strategy. Madame Ange will be the intermediary. She will use the elevator evasion ploy lifted from *The French Connection.* (The Shell building seems to be the only place in all Amsterdam that's high enough.) She'll carry a change of clothes and a wig for Agee. Together, we carry out surveillance of his home. Once Agee and Mme. Ange are together and have "lost their tails," we'll make the initial rendezvous. I had worked that out on the plane ride over. Anyone who engages in symbol warfare would pick the one place in Amsterdam that I could meet Philip Agee: That was 263 Prinsengracht, in the secret annex where Anne Frank hid out. If it was a setup, from here I could play a number of options, not the least of which was an appeal to Israel's Law of the Returned. Like all such laws, a hoax—but what a way to expose it. Anyway, I'd go down swinging in the best of company. If I had a Jesus, she was Anne Frank.*

After two days, we were ready when the news broke. Agee was being kicked out of Holland! The Secretary of the Ministry of Justice had determined that Agee's presence was "of such a nature as to endanger Dutch public order" and "disruptive to Dutch foreign policy."

There was a routine Lenny Bruce used to do about his legal hassles. "So I'd get busted in New York; then I'd get busted in Chicago. Everyplace it would make big news. So by the time I hit Podunk or Peaville, somebody'd say, 'We bettah bust him too. If we don't, how the hell will they know we have a police force?' " Agee was trapped in a Lenny Bruce monolog, and my chances of pulling off this little assignment were fading fast. I had visions of following him to Denmark, to Sweden . . . and finally, in ten years, we'd rendezvous in some alleyway in Tripoli: "Mr. Agee, I presume."

We buried our blues under a 20-course *rijsttafel* dinner, one of the better by-products of Dutch colonialism in Indonesia. The next morning brought more bad news: Charlie Chaplin was dying in Switzerland. Mme. Ange consoled me at breakfast: "Maybe they can use a short-order cook around here."

Determined to follow through on the

**Readers interested in retracing events can find my signature in the visitor book.*

STILL WATCHING Before I realized what was happening, I was facing a screaming South Moluccan, white foam pouring forth from his mouth. "Nobody gonna help you here."

meeting with Agee, we improvised on the original plan. Mme. Ange would ring up, give the code words, and then say we were in Paris and ready to proceed as scheduled (the following day was the agreed-upon date). Philip was nervous. Yes, he wanted to meet. Now was no good. Coming to Amsterdam was much too dangerous. Maybe in the future, but not now. Definitely not now.

"Not now? But, damn it, we're here!"

"You've got to see it from his point of view," insisted Mme. Ange.

"But that's just it. He's worried about *my* safety and some bullshit New York grand jury when he should be concerned about *his* problems and the deportation. Besides, he should fight this from the U. S. They won't lift a finger to stop him. Not now, with Carter committed to human rights. With new revelations daily. That CIA code of silence was always an unenforceable law. Frank Snepp, a Saigon agent, just published a book without prior approval. There were lots of magazines running anti-CIA material. Naming names."

I came to Holland to convince him to go home. Frustration mounted. My isolation. His isolation. I brought him things to read. Ideas. Contacts. There was no doubt in my mind he was going about this ass backwards. The U. S. was the only place where the U. S. wasn't strong enough to disrupt his life and work.

The good Madame agreed to walk in on him and explain all this. She could be very persuasive. I stationed myself in a bar a few blocks from Anne Frank's house and waited for the call. Two hours later it came. Philip was adamant. Busto! Can't win 'em all. Philip was getting kicked out, Charlie was tapping out, and I was about ready to flip out and go back to New York. We walked it off touring the museums. Vermeer's *The Milkmaid* cooled me out. Mme. Ange enlightened me: "Vermeer went for absolutes, didn't he?—absolute truth."

The next few days we toured the city while I spent my nights composing long letters to Agee, then ripping them up. He held a press conference which Mme. Ange attended. Not even Agee could have recognized her. She brought back his statement of events. I could easily have gone, but I was gradually cooling down, beginning to see his work as more important than our meeting. Later, we read an article in *Vrij Nederland* denouncing the government decision. Agee was launching his counter-attack. His case went up for appeal.

We spent time walking the quiet, narrow streets, exploring 17th-Century neighborhoods, riding canal boats and waiting for Agee to change his mind or for some new approach to suggest itself. A thin patina of snow covered the cobblestones. A flock of swans, wings flapping, landed on a silent waterway. Charming Amsterdam rekindled love and hope. Automobiles had not conquered the city. Most people still traveled on bicycles or on the public trams. I remembered reading a piece by Frank Serpico (who is tucked away here) with nothing but praise for the Dutch police. The chief inspector of police in Rotterdam, a pacifist, publicly attacked the German government for the Stuttgart prison murders; very few here accept the "suicide" story. Things are very loose. Gambling and prostitution are illegal, but there are slot machines in every bar and scantily clad women advertise their wares from windows along the street. Sex is, in fact, the big tourist attraction.

During the spring, marijuana plants are for sale in the flower market. We bought a piece of Afghanistan hashish just by walking into a shop off the street. The clerk behind the counter weighed it on a scale, just as you would tomatoes back in Texas. At a private club, we noticed mirrors on the bar, for coke sniffers. "It makes sense," said the bartender. "They were tying up the toilets too long." Yes, Amsterdam seemed governed by the same enlightenment reflected in Rembrandt's portraits. Everyone agreed, "As long as you pay your taxes, nobody cares what you do." Why then were they booting out Agee, someone who hadn't violated any Dutch law—or, for that matter, any other country's laws?

The answer came in recognizing a change in the Lowland wind. To put it mildly, the Dutch had weathered a stormy year. Half a dozen different embassies had been occupied: Iranian. Japanese. French. German. In Drenthe, South Moluccans took over a schoolhouse and a train for a siege that lasted weeks. In Utrecht, a German RAF member shot and killed a policeman. In Amsterdam, a millionaire industrialist had just been kidnapped. The open-clinic policy had attracted addicts from all over Europe, and muggings, previously unheard of, were becoming commonplace. Amsterdam had replaced Marseilles as the hub of the world's heroin-distribution network.

The Dutch were beginning to lose their patience with foreigners. Cries for law and order were being considered seriously. The coalition government, which had been paralyzed for eight months, was being regrouped under a center-right coalition. Andreas van Agt, of the Christian Democratic Party, had just been instructed by the Queen to form a new government. He was antiabortion and pro–big business, and he favored tougher criminal penalties. (The Netherlands has no death penalty, and the stiffest sentence for any crime is 20 years.) Van Agt was in charge of the ministry that decided Agee's case.

There were other reasons. Despite increasing nationalization and social-welfare benefits, large Dutch-based multinational corporations, such as Unilever, Philips (Norelco) and Shell Petroleum determine the foreign policy of the Netherlands. The BVD, which is the Dutch version of the CIA, depends on its U. S. intelligence ally for satellite reports and data gathered from worldwide electronic monitoring systems. The Company has powerful friends among the tulips. It was only a matter of pressing the right button before Agee got the word. In Dutch, the word is "neen," as in "no."

Our last night in Amsterdam, we found ourselves walking along the famed Zeedijk, a seafront mélange of Chinese dope smugglers, African gunrunners and prostitutes, laughing and drinking. "Smack! Coke! Grass!" shouted the street vendors.

"How much for some grass?" I asked a guy, more to overcome social isolation than anything else. The price was outrageous.

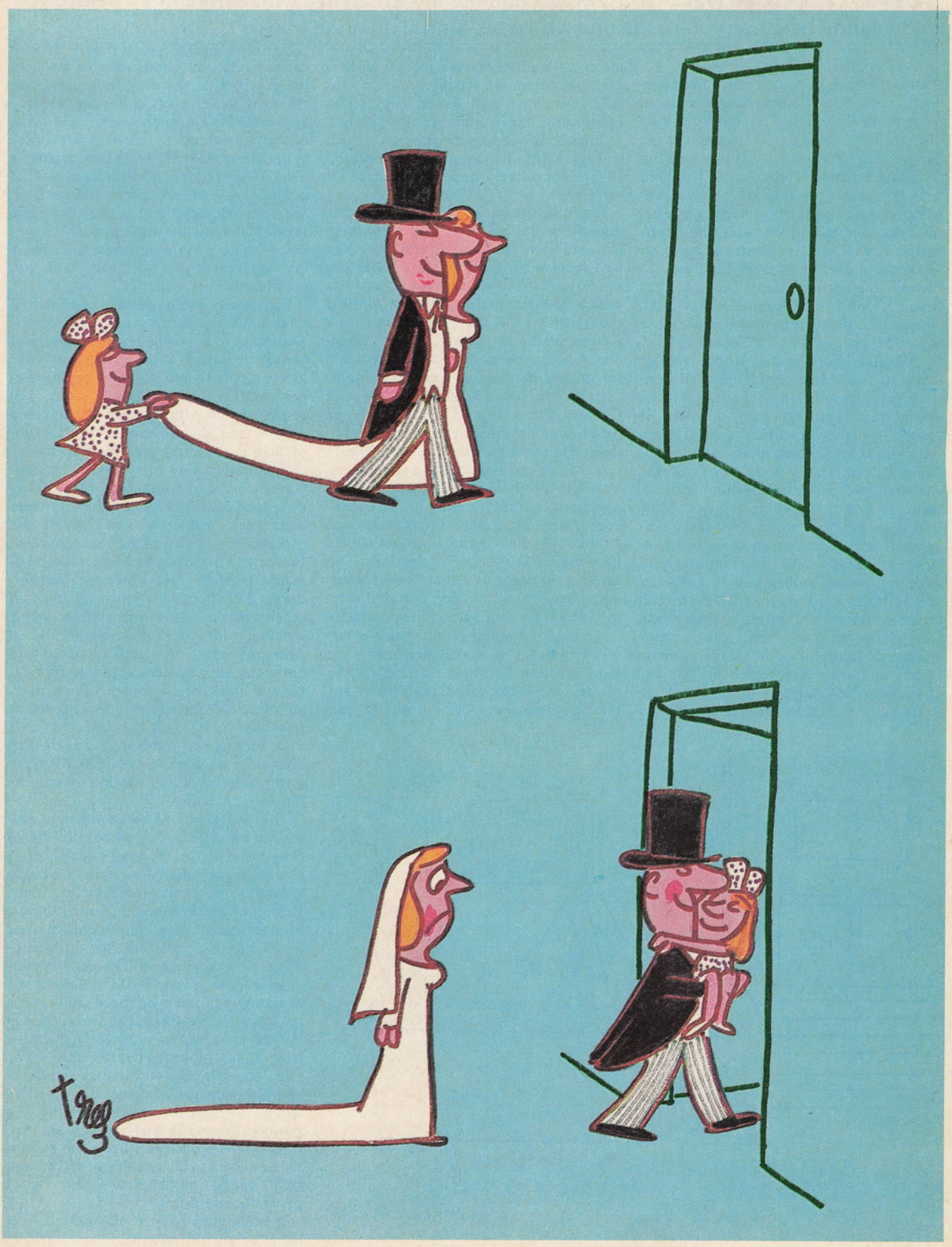
"No, thanks," I replied.

"Give me money, man!" he roared. Before I realized what was happening, I was facing a screaming South Moluccan. White foam was pouring from his mouth, rage burned in his eyes, and a knife, clutched tightly in his right hand, caught the reflection of the blinking sign. "Don't look around. Nobody gonna help you here." He was right. In seconds I was surrounded. North, south and west, Moluccans were popping out of the woodwork. Philip was right. Amsterdam was dangerous. Was this to be the end of Little Caesar? Struck down by junkie madness? *"Fuuuuck you!"* I screamed at the top of my lungs. Mme. Ange wrestled an uncooperative taxi to a halt and somehow we managed a getaway. "You know what it says in my guidebook about the Zeedijk—did you ever expect to find *this* in Amsterdam?"

So it was time to leave. Just blocks away was the man I came 5000 miles to see, but we could not make it happen. The Blue Meanies had scored an unknowing victory. Agee and I passed in the night—two rolling stones with no place to go. Men without countries. I worked on the letter all night, scrambling my ideas, frustrations and a bit of grab-ass philosophizing.

"Go home, Philip. You can win the fight. I'll always feel close to you because, for us, *la guerre, ce n'est pas fini.*"

Five days later, Dutch courts denied the appeal of Philip Agee to remain in the Netherlands. A week afterwards, on Christmas Eve, Charlie Chaplin died peacefully in his sleep. □



HAVE IT YOUR WAY You'd better find out if you can live with a franchiser before you marry him, because you're the one who pays for the divorce.

(Continued from page 96)
national Franchise Association, a franchise-industry lobby and oversight organization, says, "Match yourself to the franchise. We're always getting calls from guys who want to open a franchise, any franchise, on Highway So-and-so, New Jersey. This kind of fellow is going to get hurt." That means if you think a ring job is something you get at a massage parlor, you won't be happy with a Regal Car-Care Center. If you can't add your dinner check and don't want to divide your income, don't become a tax man. If you like children the way W.C. Fields did, don't put your money into a Mary Moppet's Day-Care School.

Personal idiosyncracies aside, a close examination of new wrinkles in the American complexion can yield some ideas about franchises to get into—or avoid. As new-car prices continue accelerating, Americans are keeping their clunkers running longer. That's good news for the "automobile aftermarket"—transmission, tune-up and rustproofing services. More working mothers make day care, preschools and laundries good investments. Extra leisure time and leisure money—plus unemployment, strikes and truancy—are favorable conditions for miniature-golf courses, skateboard parks, campgrounds, any place where the family can recreate. Take advantage of your town's rampant crime and arson waves: Sell burglar and fire alarms. As property values skyrocket, nationally franchised real-estate brokers are doing land-office business and, in general, businesses are relying more on outside consultants and leased equipment. Specifically, the Commerce Department recommends vending machines that sell soft drinks by the case, office layout and staffing consultants, and solar furnace installers.

If a franchise has a bright future, seems interesting and has costs in your parking lot, send away for more information. You will receive promotional literature designed both to sell you the product as if you were a customer and to convince you that the franchiser has the same qualities as a prospective bride—beauty, honesty, financial stability and an open-ended potential for mutual happiness. "Let's Talk Profits . . ." invites Dollar Rent-A-Car. "Go with Country Clean and be a winner in the Revolution," the easy-care fabric revolution. "Hair is a growing business," quips Great Expectations unisex hairdressers. You also get homey asides about extra-monetary gratification, such as that experienced by the Mr. Rooter drain cleaner who "found $10,000 in diamond rings that had been flushed in anger down the drain. This saved a marriage and they lived happily ever after." (You, too, can uproot divorce for a $5000 fee and $2250 for equipment.)

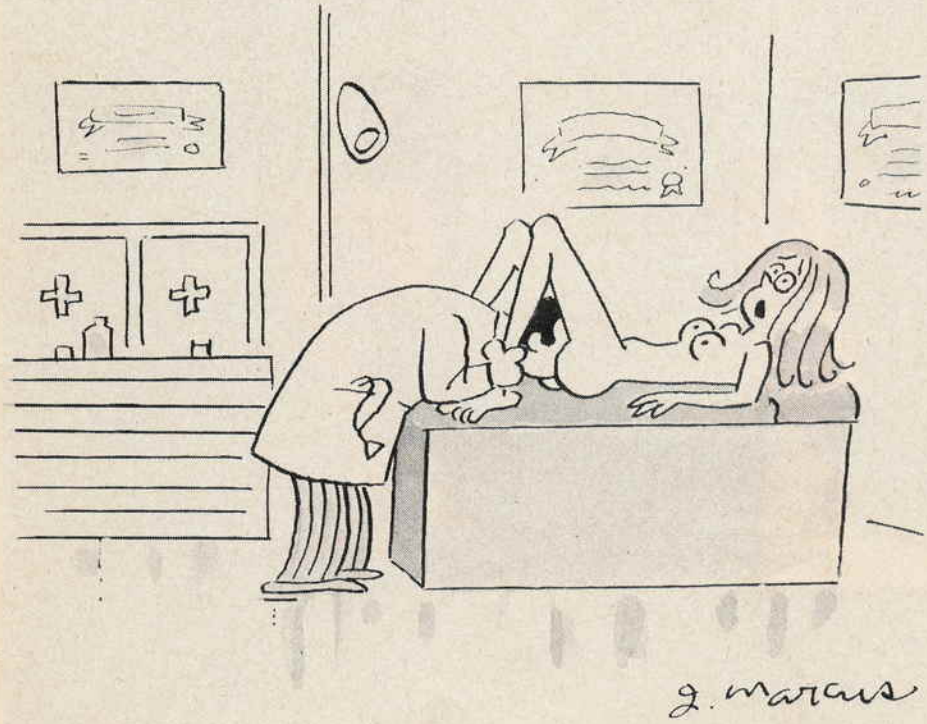
Finding out about profits—the old bottom line as far as you're concerned—is as hard as eating Taco Bell enchiladas with a plastic fork. When asked, franchisers mutter something about location and the franchisee's personality and initiative, and how the sky itself is the only limit. They are reluctant to serve up dollar figures they may someday choke on. A few bold firms do venture estimates—Putt-Putt miniature-golf courses say $7500–18,000 net on a $70,000 investment. Dollar Rent-A-Car predicts an $8495 profit on a 100-car fleet. Jellystone Campground owners can pack in $67,000 annually—but estimates as specific as these are rare, and most franchisers say only that if you work very hard, you ought to do very well.

Franchisers often include confidential financial-report forms with prospectuses. They want to know the same things about you as you want to know about them: your location, what you do, how long in business, what you have, how you got it, who you know and who you owe. If you come up with the right answers, the next inevitable step is a meeting with the franchiser.

Financial responsibility alone is, to most franchisers, insufficient proof of being their kind of people. The more conscientious insist on interviews to separate jive turkeys from Kentucky Fried Chicken. Bresler's 33 Flavors' procedure is typical of many. Bresler's first observes prospects during a 2½-hour slide presentation of all aspects of their franchise system. While watching slides of 33 Flavors stores, prospects are judged by questions asked and answered, attentiveness, ability to spot deliberate and obvious contradictions, overall attitude. What are they looking for in franchisees? "It's hard to be specific," says C.D. Baxstresser, director of franchising. "Basically, we don't want somebody who's a complete robot, but we don't want any hip-shooters either."

The few good men and women who survive the ordeal—only about two out of five—are invited to another slide show in order to learn exactly how much cold cash it takes to enter the ice-cream business. Here, they get the scoop on franchise fees, royalties, advertising assessments, master leases, product costs, supplies and equipment. Any prospects still in good humor after this are closeted with two company executives who, acting as devil's advocates, tell would-be ice-cream people everything they never wanted to know about the business—about broken windows and showcases, sticky messages on cabinets and floors and how teenage employees don't believe that giving away ice cream is stealing. If a prospect keeps his cool through all that, then Bresler's decides whether to submit the candidate to the scrutiny of an Equifax credit check and their own program of psychological testing.

If everyone is happy, the prospect receives a franchise offering, the formal document enumerating all aspects of the



"This is a Pap Test?"

franchise relationship. Before getting this far, you should have picked up a copy of the Small Business Administration's "Franchise Index/Profile," the Better Business Bureau's "Facts on Selecting a Franchise," or the International Franchise Association's "Investigate Before Investing." All are pamphlets containing questions prospective franchisees ought to have answered before coughing up hard-won dollars. Many answers require a little help from friends like your lawyer and accountant—when working out a franchise agreement, be sure to bring your own—and other franchise holders, but you can find out a great deal by yourself. For instance, visit a unit as a customer. Check out the cheeseburger. Slurp down a shake. Observe. Are children laughing? Parents groaning? Employees glowering? When all else fails, trust your vibes.

What you must find out: Is the product or service actually any good? Is it part of a growing market? How much of your time is required? (Most franchises are full-time commitments. In addition to other expenses, you need enough to live on for at least a year.) When did the company go into business? How many franchises have they sold and how many more are planned? What percentage of units fail? A franchiser should be willing to explain failures and even put you in touch with the failee. What new products are planned? Who is the competition? Where is the competition?

Which of your franchiser's units are company-owned? Is the parent company buying back its franchises, and what was the date of the most recent acquisition?

Understand your space and building requirements. Know the nature and amount of all costs, and whether the franchiser will help with financing. (Few franchisers will. If you can't get a loan from a conventional source like a bank, try the Small Business Administration.) Have a good idea of potential income and operating expenses.

Most important, be aware of all your company's uniform operating procedures. As previously mentioned, the "no surprise" mystique is the foundation of successful franchising. Operating policies often encompass details like hours of business, prices, employee dress, portion size, housekeeping techniques, lighting—whatever the franchiser believes makes the franchise whatever it is. Parent-company inspectors, often incognito, visit stores and cite franchisees for any observed lapses of conformity. Habitual noncompliance is punished by warnings, admonishments, threats and, ultimately, revocation of franchise. So you'd better find out if you can live with a franchiser *before* you marry him, because you're the one who pays for the divorce.

The Better Business Bureau suggests several ways to avoid a Golden Fleece. "Be wary of franchises that: Promise exorbitant profits with meager investments. . . . Demand you 'act immediately' before investigating in order to 'get in on the ground floor'. . . . Promise 'easy sale' of the franchised product or service. . . . Use names which 'sound like' but which are unconnected with nationally known reputable firms. . . . (International Horse of Pancakes? 7-Come-11 Foods?) . . . Promise large incomes from 'work-at-home' or 'spare-time' efforts . . . ." You should "beware of 'selected' lists of franchises as supplied by some franchisers—the company may be deliberately screening out dissident franchisees."

Weschke of the IFA warns, "Watch out for pyramid deals where the franchisee makes his money selling subdealerships. They're illegal but still around. Stay away from rack jobbing—that's buying the right to sell certain merchandise, usually cosmetics and household-cleaning materials. These businesses seem to attract people without much money who are gullible and greedy."

Selling franchises is a great way for a young company to accumulate capital, but once a reputation is established, particularly after a location or market is broken in, parent companies often find it much more profitable to run units themselves. John Y. Brown, Jr., of Kentucky Fried Chicken, once said, "We'll make more on 300 company-owned stores than we will from 2100 franchises." On one day in 1971, Jack-in-the-Box canceled 682 franchises with 30 days' notice. McDonald's, which now operates 30 percent of its stores, announced in 1975 that there would be no renewals after the franchise agreements' original 20-year terms expired (although they may resell to some existing owners). When a franchise expires or is terminated, ex-franchisees get only fair market value for equipment and inventory. Such was the case when, in a three-year period, International House of Pancakes terminated 109 of an average 250 franchises without paying a cent for goodwill.

One more thing, Little Mac: You should know that there are some community residents who won't hail your appearance with the joy of the Second Coming. Citizens of San Francisco, New Orleans, Washington, D.C., and Manhattan have greeted fast-food stores entering their turfs with organized resistance and urban guerrilla warfare. Seems some city folk feel that franchises bring neighborhoods unwanted traffic, litter and Mr. Stranger-Dangers—not to mention indigestion—and wish the Colonel and his army would retreat to the 'burbs from whence they came. So far, antifranchise activists have won no judicial victories, but the towns of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Aspen, Colorado, ban franchises from the premises—a movement which is picking up moderate speed.

Now that buying-a-franchise-wise we've done it all for you, can you be expected to act with wisdom? Bresler's C.D. Baxstresser thinks not. "Whatever franchise your readers buy is going to be the wrong fucking one. They're going to buy one that gives them plenty of credit and helps them finance, sounds like fun and promises a million bucks. And they're going to get fucked over." Same to you, fella. So, what's it to be? Sucker or suckee? Taxman, grease monkey, innkeeper, chef? Or stay right where you are? You're the one who must decide. But if you chicken out, don't complain when the asshole boss shouts at you for being late or Uncle Sidney asks you when you're going to wax his car. □

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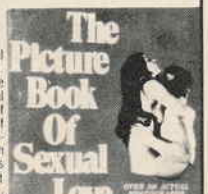

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BANG THE GONG SLOWLY

(Continued from page 77)

surefire laugh line when the time came to evaluate the Twins' heady performance. "It's funny," she mused. "That's how I started, too."

Then there were the Brothers 'Verts (as in *perverts*). Standing with backs to the camera, Spencer, bandleader Milton DeLugg and producer Gene Banks whistled the melody to *Zippidy-Do-Dah*. Each time they came to the word *zip*, they simulated unzipping their flies, right on the beat. "On the second chorus," Spencer remembers, "DeLugg would make believe his dick got caught in the zipper. He'd go 'Arrrgh!' and we'd carry him offstage."

Later, on Easter Sunday, several *Gong Show* regulars sat around swapping memories of all-time grossed-out acts. "The worst one I ever saw was three guys who came out with a toothbrush, toothpaste and a glass of water," said the Unknown Comic, shaking his bagless head in dismay. "The first guy puts toothpaste on the brush and brushes his teeth until the foam builds up. Then he sips some water, gargles and spits it back in the glass. The second guy takes the same toothbrush, brushes *his* teeth, gargles the same water and spits it back in the glass. The third guy grabs the brush and pauses for a moment. Then he discards it and drinks the glass of water all the way down. The panel was too stunned to gong them."

Morgan's favorite was a dancer who got completely carried away. "It was a real erotic dance," she recalls. "She was hot. She got down on her knees and was actually fucking the stage. But she did it great. Real artistic. Real pretty moves. She had it going. I liked her. When her act was seen on the air, they ran OOPS! cards upside down, sideways, every way you can think of. Out of a minute and a half, she was seen for maybe twenty seconds."

In the midst of these reveries, head writer Spencer excuses himself to pursue another one of his salaried chores—creating funny one-liners for Barris to lay on rejected contestants. "I can't understand why you were gonged," Barris will say, trying to relieve the disappointment. "I like your act. But then again, I like pockmarks."

While another act begins rehearsal, Spencer scribbles potential "but then I likes" on a note pad. Green ham. Known felons. Toe jam. Dead-end streets. Soft-boiled eggplant. Wild-goose chases. Lardos. Cellulite.

At the same time, he supervises cue-card writers, committing to paper his latest Jaye P. introductions: "She's just done a perverted film about Tupperware called *Deep Dish*." And: "She hopes you'll pick up her latest recording, *Send in the Clowns, I'm Done with the Acrobats*."

Meanwhile, Barris oversees the rehearsal, standing near a couple of permanent fixtures on the bandstand—male and female flasher dolls.

The curtain soon rises on a girl in a blue bikini, who's lying prone on a surfboard. Her nose is creamed with Noskote. So is the nose of the swimsuited male kneeling athwart her outstretched legs. To the taped strains of the Sixties' surfing hit *Wipe-Out*, his bare hands beat out the rhythm on the girl's ample buttocks. *Plippity-plop-plippity-plop-plop*. The band freaks out.

"If you think you just saw something kinky," Barris tells them, munching on a chocolate marshmallow Easter egg, "wait'll you see this next act."

It's a couple of senior citizens, billed as Grandpa Chuck and Grandma June, jitterbugging to a recording of *Opus One*. When Grandma June's skirt swirls, revealing a latticework of varicose veins on spindly legs, the band oohs and aahs as if they'd just seen Cheryl Tiegs in her boudoir.

"One more time!" Barris yells, after the dance is over. Grandpa and Grandma pick it up at the beginning.

"One more time!" he shouts again. They dutifully follow instructions, delighted at this unexpected attention.

"One more time!" Barris persists, his smile masking the cunning mind of a Torquemada.

The elderly couple is now breathing heavily, panting, struggling for air. Mercifully, Barris finally ushers them offstage.

Following in rapid succession are: a Tahitian male, clad in a grass skirt, who does a hula dance; a plump Irish accordionist who sings and snorts barnyard sounds; a yodeler; a black square-dance group; and a stinker of an act, Mr. 1900, a 78-year-old arthritic who executes clumsy pirouettes to *Lara's Theme*.

While Mr. 1900 attempts a wobbly turn, Barris feverishly fans the immediate area around himself. It's fart city.

"Who did that?" he asks rhetorically, seeking a scapegoat. He turns to the bandstand. "Did you do something, Milt?" DeLugg demurs. "Did you, Mr. 1900, pass wind?"

Mr. 1900 is perplexed. He knows that's not part of his act. He limps off into the wings, shaking his head. A stagehand opens the studio door to clear the air.

The director calls for a ten-minute break and Barris saunters to the sidelines, sampling a collection of Easter bonnets he will wear once the taping commences. Among them: a Philadelphia Electric Company hard hat, a knitted woolen burnoose, a cowboy's ten-gallon Stetson, a Milwaukee Brewers' baseball cap, a pith helmet stenciled with the words *Erin Go Bragh*, a gas mask for gonged contestants, a crash helmet, a Coast Guard helmet with built-

in sunglasses, and a white fire helmet. Most of them are gifts from viewers.

"God, I love this show," he says, lighting up a fresh Dunhill cigar. "That was the best first hour of rehearsal we've ever had. The funniest acts of all time." He exits through the stage door to catch some sun on the hood of his 450 SL Mercedes convertible.

Larry Spencer slumps in the empty bleachers, still hard at work on his list of "I likes."

"Larry's now into phlegm and pus and pockmarks," observes a staff member, looking over his shoulder. Sure enough, Spencer's list has swollen with some new goodies.

"It's not easy," he says. "A lot of these lines are based on pain."

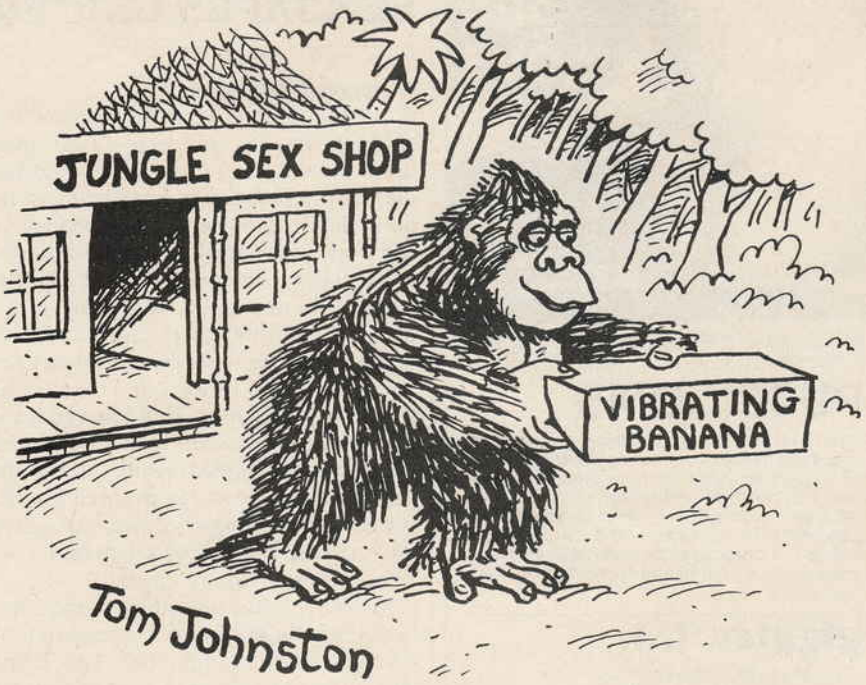
Among his latest inspirations are root canal, rigor mortis, herpes, shingles, rickets, mononucleosis, rancid milk, warts, morgues, death row and bus fumes. All that's missing is "I like Ike."

Three hours later, the sort of audience you would expect for *The Gong Show*—a parade of polyester, women in J.C. Penney jump suits, dropouts in cutoffs and tank tops—has been prodded into Stage 3's 400 bleacher seats. It includes a couple of rows of crewcut, "Gong ho" Marines, bussed in from the boot-camp base at Twentynine Palms. A skeptic wonders whether this escapade is part of their combat training.

"We came to see Jaye P.," the Marines tell warm-up announcer Johnny Jacobs, unmentionable erotic fantasies dancing in their sophomoric heads. But moments later, just before air time for *Gong Show* 443, many of them revise the target of their lascivious thoughts as Jacobs brings out the show's outrageous-looking hostess. She's Carol Connors, one of the stars of *Deep Throat*, recently visible in *Hustler* getting it on with porn-film legend John C. (Johnny Wadd) Holmes. In recent months, she's become a *Gong Show* fixture, introducing Barris at the top of the show with a voice that would arouse eunuchs. Delivering lines like: "And here's that hot little man who always gives me a burning sensation . . ." And: "The man who can go through my express checkout line anytime . . ." All the while, her bounteous breasts threaten to emerge from a formfitting dress that must have been sewn right on her body.

This is also a big night for the Unknown Comic, actually a 33-year-old former computer programmer from Montreal named Murray Langston. After 90 *Gong Show* outings, spitting out stand-up one-liners, it's the first time he'll be rating acts as a sit-down panel member. This promotion is consistent with his newly found celebrity. He's just returned from headlining at the Sahara Hotel lounge in Las Vegas.

Acknowledging the wild applause from the bleachers, the Unknown Comic races across stage, grabs a gong mallet and gooses a female camera operator. Then he kisses fellow panelist Jaye P. Morgan hard on the lips. The Marines go berserk as his tongue subsequently wiggles out of one of the eye slits carved from the supermarket sack that conceals his face.



He awards the opening act, Disco Baby, an eight rating. "She can jump in the sack with me anytime," he says.

"I gave her a nine for the cheeks," says Jaye P., noting the dancer's inviting rear.

"If she's a Disco Baby," says the other off-the-wall panelist, writer/comedian Pat McCormick, "I'd like permission to change her diaper."

Standing in the shadows, Larry Spencer beams. All of these are his lines, fed to the panelists during a preshow briefing. So are the reactions to the next act, Grandpa Chuck and Grandma June.

"I especially liked the Geritol leaking down their legs," says McCormick.

"I enjoy watching older people on drugs," adds the Unknown Comic.

And so it goes, for the next four hours, on into the night. Between gurgling Poland water and lofting orange peels towards the band, Barris observes that a subsequent contestant "discovered her talent after wolfing down a dozen prune crumpets." McCormick later suggests that "she parlayed an act out of a bean dinner."

The Unknown Comic quickly gongs Surfer and the Woman, deliberately using the wrong end of the mallet.

"The guy's obviously a pain in the butt," he snorts.

Assessing a woman who imitates train whistles, he notes: "I thought she sounded a little horny." (Big laughs from the Marines.)

Moments later, suffering an identity crisis, Murray Langston bolts from his chair and races to the center-stage spotlight. "I'm big time," he tells America, between manic chuckles. "I think it's time I expose the Unknown Comic." With that, he zips down his trousers, uncovering a pair of outlandish polka-dot shorts. The curtain falls just in time.

By now, midway through taping the second segment of the new season—show #444—Jaye P. is already in midseason form. "I love that song, *Rolling in My Sweet Baby's Arms*," she tells a country-and-western duo. "I did that with the Seventh Fleet." And the beat goes on.

Ogling five strapping young male singers: "I'd like to make a bed sheet out of them." Reacting to the fowl impressions of the Bird Lady of Arleta: "I think she should go pluck herself." Leering at the manlihood of a soul singer wearing pajamas and slippers and struggling through the high notes of *Undercover Angel*: "Anyone dressed for bed, I have to give a ten to." And finally, dismissing a trio of intentionally inept pseudoacrobats—the Flying Beggars and Thieves—with a resounding gong, Jaye P. giggles: "They can go take a flying fuck!"

The audience gasps. Barris winces. Obviously, this predictable lapse of taste will be eliminated when the censors see the show the following morning. Not to worry.

"We're still on the air," Barris says, pridefully. "They're getting close. But they haven't caught us yet." □

Richard Warren Lewis is a screenwriter, editor and collector of succulents, although not necessarily in that order.

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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

up, rather unsteadily, muttering something about going. By this time I was pretty drunk myself, and I grabbed her around the waist—with her standing and my sitting up in the bed, my head was at the level of her cunt—and I stuck my head under her dress. Before she could react, I'd pushed her panties down and buried my face in her cunt, probing her deeply with my tongue, wanting to devour her sweet (and plentiful) juices. I sucked her clitoris, then moved my mouth up and down in a rubbing motion. She shuddered and moaned deeply and crumpled against me, falling on top of my face as I devoured her. Her breath was coming in quick little gasps, and then she cried out as I penetrated both her openings with my fingers.

My other hand snaked up to the top of her blouse; in my frenzy I managed to rip off several buttons, but finally I got it open and off her shoulders. I pushed her onto her back on the bed. My robe had long ago opened from our gyrations, and my throbbing cock rubbed up and down against the silk of her skirt as I unfastened her bra, tossed it on the floor, and took her breast into my mouth. The harder I sucked, the more she moaned; I began biting her, being really rough, and she dug her nails into my ass and moved her pelvis frantically against my cock.

I just had to get inside her; so I turned her over onto her stomach, pushed her skirt up and plunged into her from the rear, driving the length of my cock straight up to her belly, while bringing my arms around and underneath her body so I could play with her tits and clit. Our rhythm was so deep and so powerful that within minutes we both came in enormous waves of passion. She screamed, "Fuck me, deeper, harder—give it to me, give it to me," until we collapsed in exhaustion.

We both fell asleep for a few minutes. I woke and went into the bathroom to clean up. I stood in the bathroom, shivering—this time from the flu—and in the midst of my pleasure at having realized my fantasy, I finally became conscious of my very real sickness. All I wanted to do was get in bed and sleep. I must have stood there for a while, because when I got back to the room Dr. S. was gone. She left a prescription for penicillin on the rumpled bed—and five pearl buttons on the floor from her blouse. She must have been so embarrassed that she raced out without scooping them up.

CARL I.
Bennington, Vermont

SEXUALLY AGGRESSIVE WOMEN

Speaking as a male chauvinist pig to a men's magazine, let me say that there is a very large difference between being sexually aware and being sexually aggressive. The letters in your September issue referred to ladies who are sexually *aware*—aware that they are responsible for getting off their backs and asking for what they want.

I'll tell you about a sexually aggressive woman I once knew. I am in a wheelchair, and once I was having a drink with this well-built piece we call a nurse's aide in training. I was talking to her about the problems of being in a wheelchair and getting sex, when my arm "accidentally" fell on her shoulder. There being no sign of rejection, I grew bolder and pulled her toward me. Next, I slid my hand to the buttons on her blouse. My coordination is affected by my condition, and I was having difficulty unbuttoning her, still fearing rejection, when her hand came up and brushed mine aside. I looked at her, fearing the worst, but she was smiling and began undoing her own blouse, giving me a gorgeous view of her buttes in a lacy bra.

After leaning forward, unclasping her bra and letting me pull her blouse off, she snuggled into my chest . . . and then it happened! I felt pressure down below; then a grasping, seeking hand enveloped my pulsating manhood and exposed it to the night air. Then she kissed my lips and snuggled down into my lap and gave me a new thrill—the first and most memorable blow job of my life. Afterwards, she asked me if I would repay her by going with her to a friend's house and spending the day in bed with her. I could stuff my cock into her cunt as often as I was able, eat her, perform 69 or do anything else I wanted to her. Needless to say, I agreed, and when I asked her why she wanted to do it with me, she said, "I get a thrill from doing my own thing and getting what I want out of life. If the truth be known, women would love to try what you and I have shared, but they are scared, scared of what others may say. But it's no use owning a cunt unless you know how to use it." Not only was that woman sexually aggressive—she was sexually aware, which is even more important.

BRIAN D.
Newcastle, Australia

FAT *VS.* THIN

I have been pretty overweight most of my life, and I am not physically attractive to women. I have many female friends who are like sisters to me, but only one who was interested in sex. That one has confirmed to me what I suspected all along: Fat guys try harder. She has had many guys, most hung like horses, she says, but she also says that I'm the best fuck she ever had, and it's not because of my cock—I'm far from heroically hung. The truth is that we fatties really appreciate sex when we get it.

SIMON R.
Lake Havasu City, Arizona

HOW MUCH IS THAT BODY? "I can give him the hill and the pool and the hot-to-trot, sex-mad movie star! I can put it all in a plain brown wrapper and send it to him C.O.D."

(Continued from page 93)
jacket and dancing pumps.

Forget it, kids. In reality, Frederick Mellinger turns out to be . . . well, a real *mensch*. With maybe a happy little touch of the *gonif* thrown in. His vibe speaks more of Seventh Avenue than Seventh Heaven. Tanned, a little stocky, but still fit-looking. In his early 60s, I'd say (lots of tennis and golf, he'll tell me), with well-groomed salt-and-pepper hair, a tastefully fitted, businesslike three-piece suit, subdued tie—all very virile, very dynamic, even down to the hard and hearty handshake. He could be—well, pick it—a successful surgeon, a high-powered lawyer, maybe even a judge. Except for the eyes. They are dark brown and incongruously dreamy, even, I might say, soulful.

He's sorry he's kept me waiting (although he hasn't), bustles me into his office, introduces me to his secretary and, without a pause, launches right off into his preprogrammed PR tape, a sort of canned stream-of-consciousness spiel he's worked out over many years of being his own personal publicist. "Nobody believes that we don't have anybody doing our PR," he tells me right off. "But we don't need it. We get plenty of publicity just through having an unusual identification." And then he adds out of nowhere: "We're in our third generation of buyers."

Before we get down to it in spades, he jumps up to bustle around his office, getting coffee, gathering together his memorabilia, making me comfortable. The office itself is no big deal, kind of unpretentious and cluttered, sample boxes scattered all over the place with hints of bright gauzy material peeking out of them. He excuses himself to go to the john and I take the opportunity to sneak around and look at the celebrity stills on the wall. There's Mr. Eff with Johnny, with Dino, with a gaggle of minimally clad models, all grinning like pirates.

Frederick Mellinger is not one for the structured interview. He doesn't start at the starting place but proceeds from wherever he happens to be when he gets his pace, and then the words roll like drumfire. I haven't asked a single question, but who needs it? The man's a dream. He's giving me a short history of the firm: started in 1946 as Frederick's of Fifth Avenue, shortly after he got out of the army . . . six months later moved to L.A., "above a whorehouse in Chinatown," he chuckles, and then he can't recall a precise date so picks up the phone to dial one of his old-time employees. "Frank? Mr. Mellinger. When was it we moved into the building on Washington Boulevard?" Satisfied, he guns back into the monolog.

It goes something like this when rendered chronologically: Lower East Side kid of immigrant parents starts out at the bottom of the "lanjeray" (pronounced with the Seventh Avenue long *a*) business as a shipping clerk while still a teenager. Continues his schooling at night, which in a curious Horatio Alger way is responsible for his first step up the ladder. "Yeah, that was really what got me my first break. My boss wanted me to work late one night and I told him I couldn't because I had to go to school. He said, 'Freddy, what are you wasting your time in school for? The only way to learn the business is to be in the business.' So he asked me if I wanted to go to Chicago to the main office to be a buyer. My parents were against it but I quit school and went anyway."

In Chicago, he learned fast and built up the business. Only it didn't turn out to be quite as satisfying as he'd hoped. Everything seemed so antiquated: the product, the methods, everything. Procedures were being blindly followed simply because things had always been done that way. "It was what I call the 'bando' mentality," Frederick says. "*Bando* is French slang for brassiere and it means just that, a band across the chest to tie down the breasts. I thought, 'If God gave women breasts, how about doing something to beautify them, rather than suppressing or compressing them?' They were hard, those old bras; they had a hardware look to them. And the snaps and hooks they used looked like horse hitches almost. Hosiery, to them, was an item worn to smooth out the leg because fashion called for it. I felt the public was ready to move on to something else entirely, and being a young, freethinking kid, I challenged the status quo. But my ideas were always torpedoed."

Ah, the sad lot of the visionary, to be painfully ahead of his time. But then came the war and Freddie went off to join the army. After three years of listening to barracks-room ballads of longing and horniness, he was even more convinced that his daring ideas for undergarments were more valid than ever.

"In the army I found out that everyone was just as horny as me. The GIs would hang up pinups of movie stars in their bathing suits and lanjeray, and they would wonder why they couldn't get the same stuff for their wives and girlfriends. They'd say: 'Hey, why flannel? Why that old, wool knitted underwear that's almost like wearing armor?' "

Freddie Mellinger's gonadal instincts hadn't told him wrong. America was in heat. The war brought the era of severe morality and sexual naiveté to a crashing end, and passion was about to be loosed on the land. Freddie saw the Grables, the Hayworths, the Lana Turners and the Ginger Rogerses pinned up above every bunk in the billets, saw guys mooning over the taut, callipygian curves, each one fantasizing himself lying beside some hillside Beverly pool with one of those unattainable creatures catering to his every kinky whim and . . . "Well, fuck a duck!" thought Freddie Mellinger, late of the Chicago Mail Order Co., lingerie specialists. "*I can put him there!* I can give him the hill and the pool and the hot-to-trot, sex-mad movie star! I can put it all in a plain brown wrapper and send it to him C.O.D. The postage will be next to nothing. After all, how much can a dream weigh? Listen, GI, you get the old lady into one of *these* numbers, get those lights down low, and what you got, soldier, compliments of former Sergeant Freddie Mellinger, right there in your little tract bungalow in Hicksville is . . . Rita! Lana! Betty! Ginger! To do with as you please! Your own little personal Hollywood hooker, and you're her very favorite trick!"

After six months in New York, Freddie packed up the show and moved to his true primal home of Hollywood. But it took another piece of lucky timing to send his sexy drawers' biz into the big-time of high-volume sales and high-profile renown. The infamous scandal rag, *Confidential*, came rolling off the presses in the early Fifties and became an instant *cause célèbre* in the publishing world with its wild and scabrous stories of hijinks and peccadilloes among movie stars. Freddie ran a small column ad in the very first issue and within months he was up to two full pages of illustrated underwear in every copy. "It was simple," he recalls. "*Confidential* skyrocketed and so did we. And they were a weekly, which meant that we got a lot of quick orders and a lot of new names for our mailing lists." A perfect marriage. Or at least a great affair.

And where was Freddie Mellinger getting the design ideas that were transforming suburban housewives into copies of the raunchiest Baltimore strippers? "Mostly from the movies," says Frederick, "although we'll steal from anyone. We were designing from a man's point of view and we knew that men liked the kind of illusion that Hollywood created in women. All that tricky lighting that showed the stars to their best advantage. But the question was: How do we break the ice with the women? I felt that the woman should have an opportunity to pick for herself. I mean, you couldn't sell a woman a strapless dress if all her foundation garments had straps on them that would show. We never close the door on any source of information, and we soon found that the crazier we got, the better they liked it. I had a money pocket sewn into the lip of a stocking. Novelty—

HOW MUCH IS THAT BODY? And without even a discernible trace of self-consciousness, Freddie bends over to demonstrate for me how the bra is worn.

and they ate it up. A money pocket!"

It was in the early Fifties that Frederick first discovered the bikini, just starting to break into the world's consciousness from a tiny beach at Saint-Tropez. "Oh, the bikini," he recalls fondly. "I first saw a bikini in Marseilles around 1950. I bought one, brought it back and had it copied and put it on a model. It was really rather a modest affair, looking at it today, but it caused the first arrest for indecent exposure on Long Beach. Still one of our most enduring items today."

In the early years, Frederick's was strictly a catalog mail-order operation. But when more and more retail customers started showing up at the offices over the whorehouse, he started thinking in terms of retail outlets. "It was really mad back then," he says. "We didn't really have a showroom and customers had to try on the stuff in the bathroom in the back. The customers were literally fighting with the shipping clerks who were trying to fill orders for the goods." Frederick had a lot of qualms about going retail over-the-counter, but when he put in the first store in Omaha, the lines started forming immediately. "That was a very conservative market and they went crazy for the stuff. People were driving hundreds of miles to get to the store. Then we went into Milwaukee and the same thing happened, and I knew it was going to work." Now, with some 112 retail outlets—most of them, as the company promotional material emphasizes, in *regional* shopping centers—it is abundantly clear that Freddie's slick chix click in the stix.

Freddie goes to root around in some file cabinets and comes back with a huge stack of old catalog layouts and copy dummies. "This is some of the earliest stuff," he explains. "Look at that torpedo bra. It shapes the breast to a point, very big in the 'sweater girl' years. That was also one of our most durable items. And here, look at this 'teddy' schmeeze. That was pretty racy for back then . . ."

Schmeeze? I have to look closely at the page before I realize that what he is saying is *chemise*. ". . . And here's the very first plunge bra at $3.50, and matching brief—very, very racy then. Nobody was doing it. And here in 1951, the first fig-leaf panty. And here . . ." His enthusiasm is mounting as he trips down Nostalgia Lane looking at his catalogs of shady ladies. ". . . Look at this—just an ordinary panty until I had 'em split them up the sides and put lacing thongs in for the jungle look. And here in 1952, we started the padded bra in various combinations: strapless, wasp-waisted, plunged so you could wear it under a low, *low* dress. Nobody was making padded bras then." His stubby fingers dart over the page. "And here in 1954, we've come to an even more pointed look. And here's the open-ended bra, one of our very first items. There was a very makeshift one existing at the time, and I just took it and improved upon it, made it more appetizing." Mr. Frederick looks up at me with those wonderfully liquid eyes. "We've always been consistent with our approach to women," he says.

It is now evident that, once embarked, Mr. Eff intends to see this through to the end. We will have nothing less than a full account of the erotic evolution of Frederick's of Hollywood's Babylonian wares. "Now the ad copy," he says. "To describe our stuff in nuts-and-bolts terms, that takes away from it. Any cake needs frosting, and since the fashions were not meant to be drab or ordinary, we thought we'd have fun with the customers. *With* them, not at their expense. And since we're offbeat, we used offbeat copy."

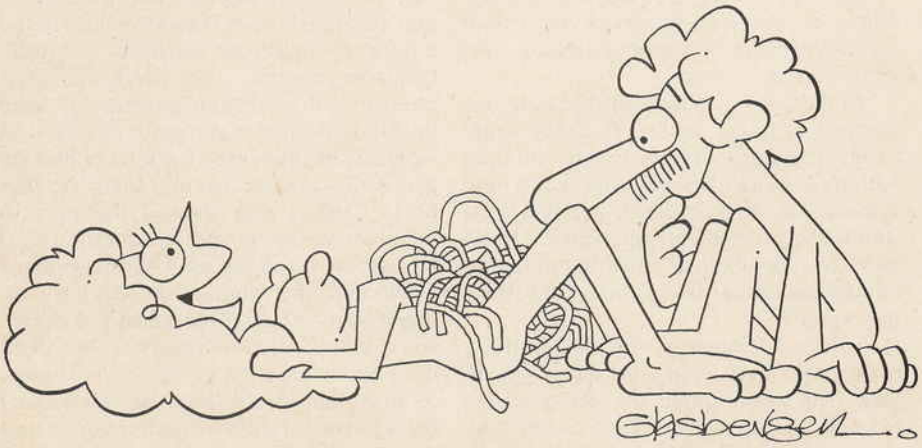
Offbeat? Well, that's one way of putting it, Mr. Eff. A few others that come to mind are coy, cutesy, cloying, treacly, jejune and puerile. But, you know, different strokes. And there must be a bunch of folks out there who get off on the likes of the Naughty Nets, the Hollywood Scandals, the Baby Pants, the Riot Squad bra-panty outfits, the Sheer Sorcery, Double Dipper and Pretty Plunge bras, the Poodle Pants, the Glitteramas, the Two-Timers, the Ooh-La-La!s, the Beastly Bikinis (primitive pelts for the best undressed woman) and the Mighty-Mite Crotchless Nothing . . .

"Ah, and here, the crotchless panty!" enthuses Freddie. "I don't know how I forgot it. I saw the first one in Hamburg, on the Reeperbahn. When I brought it back, the first time I put it on a model my wife happened to be in— Wait, have you ever seen a pair?" Well, not up close, I murmur, and Mr. Eff goes rooting around in a box of loose samples and pulls out a little wisp of bright ghastly purples. It is split, as you might imagine, right down the middle with a fine line of black lace sewn along the fissure. There is a hand-sewn cutout on the backside. Mr. Eff and I fondle them reverently.

"Well, as I was saying, when the model went to put them on, she assumed the leg holes were straps and she put it on like it was a bra. Came out bottomless. And my wife standing right there. I said, 'Hey! You got that wrong! That's a panty!' " He sticks his hand through the hole and laughs. "We gave women a sort of an open-air deal down there."

He rifles on through the box, throwing circus rainbows of intimate items around the room with abandon. He's Gatsby to my Daisy, showing off his amazing treasure trove. Only when the table is totally covered with this wild, sensational array does Mr. Eff show a sign of letting up, and I am finally able to slip in a question. What about the Sixties and the liberation movements, the no-underwear look and the bra burnings? I'm wondering. Surely that must have put a little crimp in the sales figures.

Frederick laughs heartily. "Didn't hurt us a bit. *Our* customers weren't affected by it, and besides, we felt that the designers who were creating the no-bra look were simply creating customers who a few years later could not go without a bra. I mean, there's a question of gravity. If you go braless, the breasts sag. Without support those ligaments and sinews stretch." Then he begins spouting a litany of fiscal facts and figures at me, none of which I understand. What I *do* understand, however, is the bottom line: close to $25 million in sales every year and growing, which can only mean there are a fuck of a lot of open



"It's my own special recipe. I call it 'cunnilinguine'."

crotches tasting the fresh air out there in the heartlands.

"Let's take a swing through the store," suggests Frederick after a break for lunch, and we charge through the door into the grandest fuck fantasia you can imagine. The "lanjeray" is displayed like precious baubles. First the shoe racks, every variation possible on the basic five-inch Yvonne de Carlo stiletto heel in leopard skin, plastic, sequins and lamé. Mr. Eff fondles them affectionately, pointing out to me the arcane design secrets of each. Then he spots a young woman browsing through the shoes while one of her kids gurgles in his stroller and the other tosses a ball in good manic-kid fashion across the floor. "Isn't that perfect?" Frederick chortles. "It couldn't be any better if we'd set it up. I *told* you we're a family business. My God, I love to see that!"

We move back to the negligees, where he shows me a gold chiffon number with an ostrich-feather trim. "A three-hundred-dollar item and we can't keep it in stock," he says. I'm digging on the salesgirls, who are not exactly the kind of workers you would imagine in an erotic emporium. They look like your average middle-aged housewives from the San Fernando Valley—plain, wholesome, *nice* ladies who smile a lot and seem as if they'd be offended at the mention of anything more *entime* than a Mrs. Denton corset.

Welcome to L.A., where your grandmother can get a job flogging items out of a whore's work chest.

At the rear of the store are the bra displays. Frederick grabs a box and pulls the contents out. "Here's a favorite, the push-up shelf bra. Here, you can feel it." We stand there caressing the foam inside the pad. "And ha! The no-bra bra!" He grabs another box. "This is another one of our innovations. It's just a shell with adhesive strips to paste it underneath." And without even a discernible *trace* of self-consciousness, Mr. Eff bends over to demonstrate for me how the bra is worn. "She just inserts the breasts in here like this," he pantomimes a woman stuffing her tits into the cup, "and then when she stands back up they just stand right up there!" He grabs another handful of bras in shouting shades of sateen, holds his hands up in front of me and looks me in the eye. "This," he says solemnly, "is not just another piece of underwear."

On we go, through the labia-pink baby-doll shorty nighties, the silver lamé peignoirs, miles of black lace and Kewpie-doll sateen, the sequined teddies, the foam ass-pads, the leg enhancers . . . and Jesus! My head is reeling! I've been warped into a Tijuana whorehouse and am being smothered in see-through pastels while a tattoo of stiletto heels beats on my head. Mr. Eff's voice brings me back. "Now let's take a look at some *novelty* items . . ."

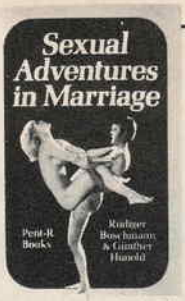
There is a special counter for the theatrical garb that strippers wear, but I can't honestly see any difference between that and what the regular lay folks get. And once again, we come to the real cinch-pin of the enterprise. "Here we are, the Crotchless Panty," says Mr. Eff. "The little nothings with the powerful impact. You know, this really is a fun business.

"I tell ya another story: This is a story I tell when people start telling me I treat women like sex objects. A guy comes into our store out in the Valley one day when I happen to be there, and he's dragging his wife along and it's clear she isn't happy about being there. But the guy is *very* insistent. 'What can you do to my wife?' he asks. Not *for* her—*to* her. And she really needed help—really a dowdy one, ratty hair and wearing some schleppy old clothes—but she was fighting him all the way. I put a padded bra on her and she came out looking 200 percent better, but he still didn't like it. We put her in a nice new top with puffy sleeves to cover her arms, which weren't too attractive either; and she's looking better and better, but she's still fighting all the way. Next, a waist-cincher, which helps a lot, but her husband *still* isn't satisfied. 'What else can ya do?' he keeps asking. He wants the whole ball of wax. So, we put her in padded stockings and put a fanny bun on her, give her some stiletto pumps, put a little more padding here and there—and *still* the guy wants more. He was happy spending the money, I think. So, finally we give her one of the human-hair wigs, only it's specially domed to change the shape of her face, which is too round. Well, she looked terrific. Not great, but terrific compared to before . . ."

I'm standing there waiting for a punch line, but it ain't much when it comes. "I don't think she would admit it, but she was pleased; she wanted to keep her man," says Mr. Eff. "This is the kind of thing that can break up a family."

It occurs to me that we have finally come to the irreducible zero of the whole infinite question of cosmetic sexual deception, and it is time for me to finally exercise my journalistic prerogative and probe for the hard-core secret behind the secret. "But listen," I say. "You get this woman all transformed, give her new breasts, pad her rear, cinch in her waist, cover up her blemishes, give her a new face and put a fake head of hair on her . . . but it's all just that, just padding and tricks. I mean, inevitably there has to come the time when it all comes off and there she is, standing there without all her supports and foam and all, in all her flabby, stretch-marked glory. What I want to know is, what happens there at the awful moment of truth?"

Frederick of Hollywood gives me a long look out of those marvelous dreamy eyes. Then a huge smile washes across his tanned, lined face. "At the moment of truth," he says triumphantly, caressing every syllable, "it's too late." □



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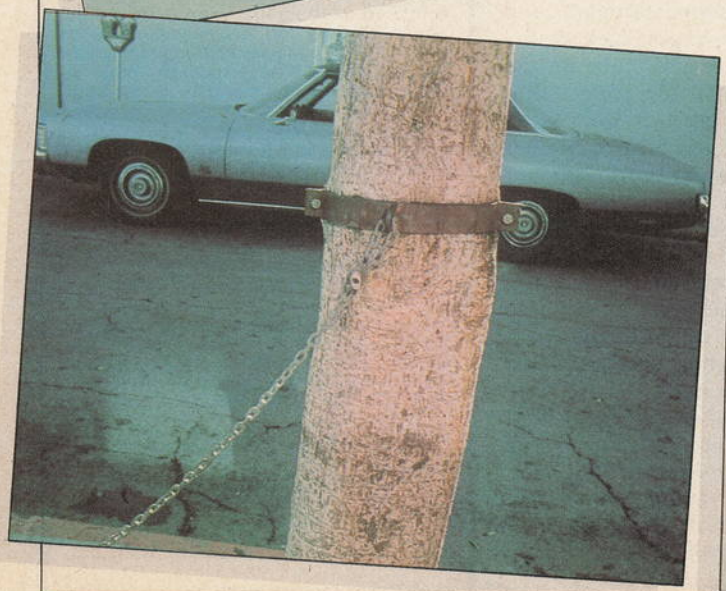

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